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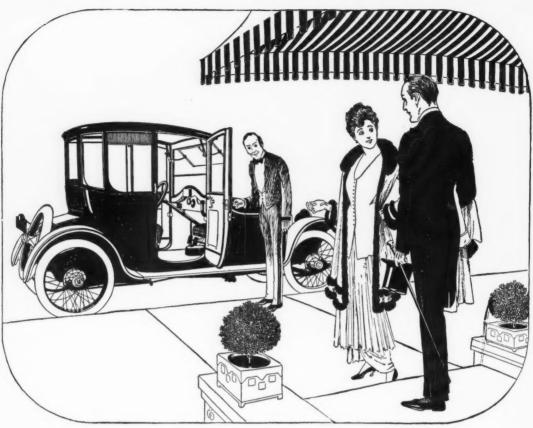
CURRENT HISTORY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINEOF The New Hork Times

FEBRUARY 1916

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Army in France

(Photo from P. S. Rogers.)



GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Commander in Chief of British Forces in France and Belgium
(From a Painting by John St. Heller Landor.)

The New York Times

CURRENT HISTORY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1916

WORLD AFFAIRS OF THE MONTH

GROWING BITTERNESS

The first month of the new year has brought only a deepening of the great combat and an ever-growing bitterness between the warring groups of nations. It is evident that the struggle must be still fiercer before it can be ended. Over against the recent Teutonic triumphs in the Balkans stand the gathering millions of England under conscription. To the fall of Montenegro the reply of Lord Kitchener and Sir Douglas Haig is: "We now have troops and munitions enough to win." On both sides the inevitable Dead Sea fruits of hatred are ripening.

Is the war about to enter upon a new phase on the high seas? At this writing (Jan. 20) Great Britain is seriously considering a full and absolute blockade against Germany, with the consent and assistance of France, thus legalizing her seizure of all cargoes suspected on grounds of their "ultimate destination."

Ever since the beginning of the paper blockade in March, 1915, this has been a subject of sore interest to American exporters. The United States has never acknowledged the legality of British seizures under the so-called Orders in Council, and in the note of Oct. 21, 1915, Secretary Lansing formally challenged their validity, declaring that "the present British measures cannot be regarded as constituting a blockade in law, in practice, or in effect." Our Government has always been willing to grant the le-

gality of a real blockade, but it must be complete, closing the Baltic as well as the North Sea ports, and shutting off the trade of all other neutral nations as thoroughly as that of the United States.

To try to close the Baltic ports would be to undertake one of the most hazardous naval tasks of the war, involving enormous losses from submarines. Yet unless this be done the United States will continue to have just ground for protest.

MILITARY EVENTS

In a military sense the outstanding features of the month began with the complete evacuation of Gallipoli Peninsula by the British. The destination of these troops has not been made public, but it is understood that most of them were transferred to Greece. On the eastern front the Russians resumed a vigorous offensive, gaining some ground in Galicia and Bukowina. Severe fighting here, especially around Czernowitz, an important railroad point held by the Austrians, at first gave promise of decisive results; but toward the end of January this vigor seemed to slacken.

The aggressive advance of the Turks in Mesopotamia early in the month created apprehension as to the fate of General Townshend's Bagdad expedition, but the latest news indicates that General Aylmer's relief force has succeeded in saving the situation for the British.

On the western front the nibbling process has gone on without any decisive result. The acceptance of conscription by England, preparations for increasing the British Navy by 50,000 men, and a closer working arrangement among the Entente Allies—these are indications of a strengthened determination to fight to a finish.

The conduct of Italy in confining her activities almost solely to the Trentino has created much unfavorable comment, amounting in some quarters to a suspicion that her attitude toward the Entente is not sincere. The Austrian capture of Mount Lovcen, with the consequent domination of Montenegro and the whole east shore of the Adriatic; is one of the most serious reverses the Allies have undergone, and Italy's neglect to do more to prevent it is as yet unexplained.

Since the sinking of the Persia no sensational catastrophe has occurred in the field of naval warfare. At this writing it is not yet officially known whether the Persia was sunk by a submarine or not. The controversy over the Baralong incident, in which Germany charges British marines with the shooting of German submarine sailors after they had leaped into the sea, has become exceedingly bitter.

STRENGTHENING OUR DEFENSES

In the United States the discussion of military and naval preparedness has continued to rage on the rostrum, in the press, and in Congress, where an infusion of party politics added a new element of heat. Opinions even in regard to the Administration program ran the whole gamut of praise and denunciation. Thus far the nation at large can hardly be said to have taken the subject very seriously. One of the most noteworthy attempts to awaken men to the importance of a reasonable increase in our defenses was that of ex-Senator Elihu Root. In his address to the New York State Bar Association, Jan. 15, Mr. Root declared that the nation must arm for coming peril, and pleaded for a revival of the spirit of '76. Among his most impressive sentences were these:

The whole business of government in which we are all concerned is becoming serious, grave, threatening. No man in America has any right to rest contented and easy and indifferent, for never before, not even in the time of the civil war, have all the energies and all the devotion of the American democracy been demanded for the perpetuity of American institutions, for the continuance of the American Republic against foes without and more insidious fees within, than in this year of grace 1916.

God knows I love peace and I despise all foolish and wicked wars, but I do not wish for my country the peace of slavery, or dishonor, or injustice, or poltroonery. I want to see in my country the spirit that beat in the breasts of the men at Concord Bridge, who were just and Godfearing men, but who were ready to fight for their liberty. And if the hundred million people of America have the spirit, and it is made manifest, they won't have to fight.

Coming from a man whose calm judgment has been esteemed even by his political opponents for a generation, this address attracted unusual attention. Perhaps it is a milestone along the road to the new and unknown epoch into which the war is driving even the most peaceful nations.

PERIL FROM WITHIN

No less impressive was Mr. Root's warning of the danger to American institutions at the hands of new citizens nurtured in traditions different from ours. The conflicting ideals now battling in the European trenches are represented among our immigrant millions. We assume that the spirit of American freedom comes with the air we breathe, and that our institutions will endure forever without effort. Mr. Root reminds us that it is not so—that liberty has always been born of struggle, devotion, and sacrifice. There is a peril from within as well as from without.

Our millions from the continent of Europe have been reared to regard law as a thing imposed upon the people by a superior power, not as an outgrowth of the life and will of the people themselves. This great mass of newcomers will change us, said Mr. Root, if we do not change them. It is a truth to give pause to the busiest man. These people who

know not the spirit of Concord Bridge— Where once the embattled farmers stood

And fired the shot heard round the worldwill unconsciously tend to create the very conditions from which they have fled, and which have plunged Europe into incalculable bloodshed. Mr. Root brought the argument home by remarking that 30 per cent. even of the lawyers of New York are either foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and that most of them cannot get away from the traditions of the countries from which they come. Only by getting the spirit of American institutions into them can the European traditions be got out of them. Before that can happen, somebody must attend to it. Somebody must make our ideals vocal, trust in them, exhibit them with loyalty and devotion. Mr. Root laid the task upon the American bar, but it is a duty for all Americans. The war and its incidental plots against American laws have merely emphasized anew the truth which Mr. Root voiced so earnestly.

FOR A POWERFUL NAVY

Among the many causes that have intensified the discussion of American preparedness against invasion was the belated publication of Admiral Dewey's confidential report of July 30, in which he and the other members of the General Board of the Navy delivered the following radical opinion as to what our nation should do to preserve its rights on the high seas:

The navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world. It should be gradually increased to this point by such a rate of development year by year as may be permitted by the facilities of the country, but the limit above defined should be attained not later than 1925.

This recommendation, with a building program calling for eight dreadnoughts as a beginning in 1917, involved so farreaching a change of national policy that it became at once a centre of debate. It would mean the possibility of a future naval competition with Great Britain. German critics were not slow to point out that just such a program—

only smaller—caused the first friction between their nation and the English. President Wilson and Secretary Daniels, after receiving the July report, adopted a five-year building program for the navy, but one vitally different and somewhat less ambitious. The two measures, with variations, are among the most important subjects now before Congress.

KINGS IN EXILE

The spectacle of European monarchs without kingdoms to rule over is no novelty, as the case of ex-King Manuel of Portugal might illustrate; but the sympathy of the whole world outside the Teutonic battle lines is with King Nicholas of Montenegro, as it was with King Peter of Serbia and King Albert of Belgium. Unlike the two last named, the Montenegrin sovereign has bowed before an overwhelming force, laying down his arms unconditionally and suing for a separate peace on Jan. 13. The news was naturally received with rejoicings in the Austro-Hungarian Parliament when the Premier announced it. The Teutonic hope, however, that this may presage a break in the ranks of the Entente has no visible foundation. Montenegro was not one of the powers that signed an agreement to make no separate peace in this war. It is simply a small but valiant victim of the Teutonic steam roller. The real significance of the Montenegrin surrender lies in the great military and naval advantage gained by Austria on the shores of the Adriatic.

KING CONSTANTINE'S PLIGHT

Another ruler whose predicament calls for the sympathies of neutral nations is King Constantine of Greece. If the wireless advices from Berlin have any solid basis, Constantine is in danger of losing his throne at the hands of the Entente Allies. After making the usual discount for the comment of an enemy, the fact remains that the British and French are making use of Greek territory much as though it belonged to them. According to German dispatches of Jan. 17 they have landed troops near Athens, and at other points far south of the

Saloniki region where they face the enemy across the Serbian border.

King Constantine recently said to an Associated Press correspondent: "I am pro-Greek, just as your President is pro-American." His actions thus far seem in accord with his words. Though his wife is the Kaiser's sister, he has tried to follow a neutral course, striving apparently to keep his people from being drawn into either side of a war whose primary issues did not closely concern them, but whose results loom large in Greek destiny. It is his firm conviction that after the great struggle is over there will be another bloody Balkan war in which Greece must defend herself, and for this he is training his armies and conserving his country's resources. It is a good and sufficient reason, but it has not availed in the face of the Entente's desperate need.

GREEK NEUTRALITY

If the descendants of Sophocles quote Shakespeare, they might well remark as they hear the roar of the guns at Saloniki and see the tricolor of France flying on the island of Corfu that their neutrality is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The Allies have blown up bridges that might have been serviceable to the Teutonic forces in their attack on the Saloniki front. The French have landed troops on the island of Corfu, which is to be a haven of refuge for the Serbians while they recuperate their energies and obtain new equipment.

The Allies have assured the Greek Government that they have no intention of occupying any Greek territory, or interfering with the normal activities of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, Greece is placed in an awkward, not to say a humiliating, position. Her intentions, as expressed in the action of the Government, are to keep out of the war, but the continual encroachment of the Allies, even though their violation of her neutrality is only provisional, must give rise to the uneasy feeling that she will find herself a belligerent in spite of herself. This would be a great satisfaction

to the section of the Hellenic people that wishes to join the Allies, and would no doubt bring M. Venizelos back to power. But while Greece pursues a neutral policy, the use of her territory as a cockpit of war must be painful to both her self-respect and her interests.

Mr. FORD'S PEACE PARTY

The main body of Henry Ford's peace pilgrims sailed for home from Rotterdam on Jan. 15 after six weeks in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Holland. Thirty chosen members remained behind at The Hague to organize a permanent peace board which is to be located there or at Stockholm. The expedition is said to have cost upward of \$500,000, and the permanent board has the promise of a possible \$2,000,000 behind it. Thus has the Oscar II. and its cargo of enthusiasts become a part of war-time history.

The practical results thus far are meagre indeed. The expedition went without official sanction or support from its home Government, and even in the neutral countries visited it was greeted with reserve. Stockholm was the most friendly city it encountered. The English press commented upon the movement with covert bitterness. Even at The Hague the atmosphere was chilly, and Germany's reluctance to let the permanent members repeat their journey across German territory to Stockholm indicated a similar lack of faith.

The initial slogan, "Out of the trenches before Christmas," was unfortunate. It created an impression that the members did not understand the nature of war or the essentials of lasting peace. Nevertheless, the episode deserves a niche in the war's annals as an example of irrepressible optimism and as one of the few cheerful by-products of the conflict.

AMERICAN TRADE IN WAR TIME

Semi-official figures of the foreign trade of the United States for 1915 indicate a prodigious total of \$5,355,579,950, of which the exports were \$3,551,485,164 and the imports \$1,804,094,786. In 1914 the total foreign trade was a little un-

der three billion dollars. In 1913 it was a little over four billion dollars, and in 1912 slightly in excess of four billion; in 1911 three and one-half billion.

At the present rate 1916 bids fair greatly to exceed 1915, though it is probable that if England establishes a form of actual blockade against the Central Powers instead of the Orders in Council now in force, it may somewhat curtail our exports. A study of the figures, however, reveals the fact that our trade is developing in other directions than among the belligerent powers. Our shipments to the South American countries are increasing at a very rapid rate. For instance, in the month of October, our exports to Argentina reached nearly \$5,000,000, as against \$1,695,000 in the corresponding month of 1914. To Brazil our exports nearly doubled in October, and an equal increase is apparent in our trade with China and other neutral countires.

MURDERS IN MEXICO

The murder of C. R. Watson and his party of Americans on their way back to their mines in Mexico on Jan. 10 added fuel to the "preparedness" discussion and complicated the very unsatisfactory Mexican situation. Nineteen persons, nearly all Americans, were taken from a train by bandits at the way station of Santa Ysabel, fifty miles west of Chihuahua City, and were robbed and deliberately shot to death. The twentieth man in the party escaped by hiding in the underbrush.

All the evidence indicates that the crime was committed by lawless followers of Villa for the purpose of discrediting Carranza's Government and provoking American intervention. Since the recognition of Carranza by the United States the Villistas have publicly threatened Americans with death and destruction of property.

When the bodies were brought to El Paso the excitement along the border ran high, and the demand for armed intervention and an effective policing of the North Mexican States raised a stormy debate in Congress. President Wilson remained firmly determined, however,

that this exasperating incident should not lead us into a war; and in this he undoubtedly represented the sentiment of the great majority of thoughtful Americans.

Secretary Lansing promptly sent an official request to General Carranza for "immediate and efficient pursuit, capture, and punishment of the perpetrators of the dastardly crime." Carranza promised that energetic measures would be taken to punish the bandits, and up to Jan. 20 several of the so-called Villa bandit "Generals" and "Colonels" had been captured and summarily executed.

A PAN-AMERICAN DOCTRINE

One reward for refraining from Mexican invasion during these troubled years is the growth of a marked entente cordiale between the United States and the South American republics. The new spirit was strikingly in evidence at the second convention of the Pan-American Scientific Congress, which opened at Washington Dec. 27. Though not a political gathering, its attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine attracted world-wide attention. Never before has that doctrine been handled in such friendly fashion by eminent Latin Americans. When John Barrett, Director of the Pan-American Union, openly and eloquently advocated the evolution of the Monroe Doctrine into a Pan-American Doctrine, his words evidently met with the approval of his hearers.

This friendly mental attitude of South and Central America, developed in the ominous shadow of the European war, is significant and gratifying. It is true that Mr. Barrett's horses galloped a little too fast. As both Secretary Lansing and President Wilson stated in their addresses, the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on its own authority and will always be maintained upon our own responsibility. It is a part of our program of defense and cannot be shared or shifted to other shoulders.

With the aid of Latin America's intelligent support, however, the Monroe Doctrine promises to become a more definite bulwark to both continents than

it has been before. President Wilson's Pan-American program should assist materially to that end. His proposition is that all the American nations shall bind themselves to let each other's territory and liberties absolutely alone, to settle all boundary and other disputes by arbitration, and to prevent the outfitting of revolutionists who have designs on neighboring States. The political fruits of the Pan-American Scientific Congress may prove to be quite as important as the scientific results.

RUSSIA'S VODKA PROBLEM

If the Russian Government ever yields to the temptation to let loose the vodka demon again for the sake of revenue, it will have to take the first step across broken promises. The present Finance Minister, M. Bark, recently concluded a debate in the Duma with the categorical statement that all suspicions of any such intention were unfounded; that the Government would encourage temperance after the war, and that a return to the old conditions was impossible. In proof he cited the fact that the Government was drawing up a bill in accordance with the recommendations of the forty-five members who had investigated the subject.

"This bill," he said, "has already been approved by the entire Council of Ministers, and vodka, in accordance with the Czar's wish as expressed to me, will be totally prohibited forever."

Meanwhile the authorities have an immediate problem. What shall they do with the costly 200,000,000 gallons of vodka left in stock? For fear that some reactionary Finance Minister might be tempted, some members of the Duma favored destroying it. The more practical Ministers, however, have worked out a plan for turning it to industrial uses. Prizes were offered for inventions along this line, and a pamphlet was issued on the use of alcohol mixed with benzine for motor cars. The Government also made a grant of \$150,000 for the erection of a factory to make artificial rubber out of vodka on a system invented by Ostromyslensky.

Applied to the wheels and internal

works of motor trucks the fiery liquid is likely to do more toward moving the world in a desirable direction than it ever did inside the Russian peasantry.

* * * Sir John Simon's Sacrifice

Sir John Simon's resignation from the British Cabinet rather than acquiesce in the adoption of conscription is a serious interruption to a great career. Among the statesmen who in the course of the next few years might have been in the running for the leadership of the Liberal Party, and for the office of Prime Minister, close students of British politics had gradually come to give Simon a leading place. Without being showy or sensational his parliamentary progress has been brilliant. He is regarded by many as the ablest, most cultured, and most attractive representative in Parliament of what is called the "Nonconformist conscience" in British society. He represents the historical forces out of which modern Liberalism has evolved, among others the pacifist ideal, the passion for freedom and political equality, and again the resolute ardor to improve social conditions.

He has the fervid temperament of those who came over with the Mayflower, with a mind trained as finely as an athlete's body and keenly sensitive to the appalling social condition of the masses in Great Britain. It is said that he was as much opposed to going to war as Lord Morley and John Burns, and that he would have followed them out of the Cabinet had he not been so greatly shocked by the German invasion of Belgium. When the Coalition Cabinet was formed he could have had the Lord Chancellorship, but refused that high position, as it would have meant translation to the House of Lords, whereas as a commoner he remains free to pursue a career, which might have led to the Prime Ministership.

When peace comes and the nation forgives those who have run counter to popular sentiment, as Lloyd George's pro-Boer days have been overlooked, Sir John Simon may once more resume the career which he has chosen to interrupt for an ideal.

Interpretations of World Events

Kaiser Wilhelm's Illness

YURIOUSLY contradictory rumors coming, on the one hand, through Holland, and, on the other hand, evidently sent forth by official Berlin, give gloomy or glowing accounts of the moral and physical state of the Emperor of Germany. He is ill; he is well. He is suffering from cancer; he is in the best of health. He is breaking his heart over the collapse of Germany and the suffering of Europe, social and financial; he is dining and wining his Generals and Ministers of State. So far has it gone with him that the inspired press is already lauding Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, while the Kaiser's brother and sister are summoned to his bedside: he is passing through the streets of Berlin, "joyfully cheered by adoring multitudes." Among all these snow flurries of contradictions what are we to believe? Only time will make that certain; but this we know, that, on the one hand, the father of the present Kaiser, the Emperor Friedrich, died of malignant cancer in the throat, and that from time to time there have been intimations that his son, the present Emperor Wilhelm, has inherited the same dread disease, though in a less malignant form, the seat of the malady in his case being the throat, close to the ear. On the other hand, we know that the Kaiser has always taken extreme precautions about his health, so that in his case a mere boil on the neck may be magnified into an extraordinary peril.

Did the Kaiser Cause the War?

THE bare suggestion that this most prominent figure on the European stage, this most conspicuous actor on the stage of the world, not merely today, but for the last generation, may be drawing near to his last exit, already induces one to attempt to weigh him in the scales of history; and, above all, to ask how far he directly caused and willed this greatest of all wars. Is he, as Pierre Loti would say, the deliberate villain

of the play? Or is he really a national hero, whose country has been forced into war, and who has fought and struggled magnificently to bring that war to a victorious issue? Austen begins his great treatise on jurisprudence by saying that in any State there exists a man or a group of men so strong as to be able to impose their will on the whole State; and that the analysis of forms of government is simply the description of that all-powerful man or group. In accordance with this, is the Emperor of Germany so powerful in fact that his single will and purpose sufficed to plunge half the world into war?

The Prussian Oligarchy

CUCH has been the Kaiser's view of himself: Sic volo, sic jubeo! He has written and spoken it in a hundred forms. But is it the truth? A pathetic story came in the early days of the war of the last decisive day at Potsdam, of the since dishonored Moltke's passionate declaration to the Kaiser that Germany must fight now or forever fail; of Moltke's threat, when his Emperor remained obdurate, to commit hara-kiri in approved Samurai style if his counsel were rejected; and then of the Kaiser's withdrawal into an inner room; of his hour of agony, praying in passionate indecision for Divine guidance, doubting, fearing, hesitating; he, so long the peacekeeper of Europe, now contemplating with appalled reluctance the crimson chaos of world war; then, at last, his torture become unendurable, he came forth to Moltke, whispering: "Let it be WAR!" And the ultimatum to Russia was dispatched. It may never be known how far this is an exact picture; but it is the kind of picture history seems likely to accept, with the logical inference that not the Kaiser but Moltke and the forces behind Moltke, the Grosser General-Stab and the whole phalanx of Prussian Junkertum, willed and brought about the war. Kaiser Wilhelm will then, if this view be accepted, be deemed a man more sinned against than sinning;

one who, Hamletlike, felt the world out of joint; felt, too, the curse that lay upon him, to strive in vain to set it right.

The Rivalry of England

THE German theory which inspired the upbuilding of the imperial navy -the lifework of Admiral von Tirpitzand which finds its expression in all of Bernhardi's books, is that it was the slow, steady pressure of Perfidious Albion that brought on the war; that England, directed by King Edward VII., the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sir Edward Grey, deliberately, and with long vision, built up the Triple Entente, just as Freycinet and Alexander III. of Russia built up the earlier Dual Alliance as a foreordained weapon against the German Empire and Germany's growing greatness; and that, until England's dominance was destroyed, Germany could know no true security. We must very frankly admit that events since the war began have given color to this. Germany's chief fear today is the naval dominance of England. Practically, it is the British high seas fleet that holds the early dual allies-France and Russia-together. May it not, then, very justly be argued that the present visible constraint which England is exercising on Germany is but expressing the earlier, invisible constraint which drove Germany to organize and arm; which, in effect, drove her to make war? History will take due account of this. It will not condemn the fact that Germany made war so much as the way in which that war was made; it will say far less of Germany's aggression than of her transgression of international law, which has so many times brought her to the point of an open break with our own Government. But all due credit will be given to the many and great sacrifices made by Germany and by the German people.

Military Compulsion in England

A T first blush the comparison between Germany and England in this vital matter of the willingness to make sacrifices is very favorable to Germany, very unfavorable to England. Only now, after a year and a half of the war, has England, with many grumblings and protestations, rather timorously reached a very moderate degree of enforced military service, while Germany has, with a good deal of real enthusiasm, accepted conscription for many years; has even added very ready volunteering to enforced military service. Yet the need of England for more men has been from the outset a crying one. The little army that was defeated and driven back at Mons might, had it been big enough, have turned Central Belgium into a German Waterloo within sight of that historic field. And it has been the same thing from that day to this-at Gallipoli a lack of men; the belated expedition to relieve Serbia failing for lack of English arms threatened with disaster in Mesopotamia, again for lack of men, at a point where the repercussion of disaster on India might easily invite calamity. We have been regaled in the cablegrams to exultant accounts of "Kitchener's army"; to high phrases concerning "an extra million men," and "a total of four millions," but it has been patent to any tyro that, in reality, England is hard put to it to throw a single army corps of forty thousand, not to speak of four millions, into the breach where men are conspicuously needed.

Wanted: An English General

British Government hesitated from the outset to compel military service, simply from fear of "the British workman"; there is no mystery at all about that. But the German workman, whether on the field or in the factory, has readily given his life for the idea of the empire. Yet England seems to be, perhaps, even more handicapped in another direction: she appears to be almost devoid of genuine military talent, to say nothing of high military genius. But Germany, while having few soldiers of undoubted genius-Mackensen has the best claim there-has shown a very large amount of military talent of a high order; men who, having never been under fire in their lives, in contrast with England's ceaseless "little wars," have, nevertheless, ably handled

divisions and corps and armies, showing at once lucid insight and executive Wellington-an Irishman, like Wolseley, Roberts, Kitchener-used to say that the good General is he who can see what is going on on the other side of the hill. But the English Generals seem hardly able to see what has been going on on their own side of the hill, under their very eyes. More, they do not seem always to have seen what their own men were doing; and it is a fair guess that it was the failure of the English armies-the left wing of the allied drive-that checked the great offensive of Sept. 25, and that the realization of this is the true cause for the retirement of Field Marshal Sir John French.

The Pre-eminence of France

T is unavailing to say that the hanging back of the British workman is accounted for by the fact that England is a democracy where the laboring class has learned to feel and to exercise its power, and so takes very unkindly to compulsion. It is useless to plead that the recent trend of socialistic legislation in England, under the inspiration of the present Minister of Munitions and the late Secretary of the Navy, instilled pacifist ideals into British labor, and that this, too, is a cause of British recalcitrance. Unavailing, useless; because France is not only a democracy but a republic to boot; because France has gone even further in the direction of socialism than England, every conspicuous man in the public life of France today having at least a strong leaven of socialism, from Briand, at the head of the Government, to Georges Clemenceau, the "Man in Chains," of the Opposition. For France, instead of hanging back, has gone magnificently forward. Among the Entente Powers the honors of the war belong, according to the opinion of the whole world, not to England but to France.

The Growth of French Influence

NOT only on the western battle front does France conspicuously lead England; but even more, perhaps, in the Near

East, in the Levant; more notably, because the Levant, the eastern Mediterranean, has been, for the last two generations, one of the strongholds of British ambition and British power. It was England's desire to dominate the eastern Mediterranean that drove her to fight Russia in the Crimean war of 1854-56, and to check Russia in the Turkish war of 1877-78, when Beaconsfield played Bismarck's game and sent the British fleet to menace the Czar. And ever since the influence of England in the Levant has grown, quite recently by the annexation of Cyprus and the establishment of a protectorate over Egypt, which is, in reality, the front door of the enormous British territory of the Sudan. At one time England and France held almost equal power in the Levant and Egypt; from the days when French genius and French capital built the Suez Canal to the days when Captain Marchand threatened, by his advance to Fashoda, to plunge France and England into war. Then France, under some pressure, withdrew, and left England practically supreme in Egypt and the Levant.

The French in the Balkans

ALLIPOLI was occupied not only with a view to opening the door of the Black Sea for Russia, but, at least as much, in order to bring the Turks hurrying home; to lighten the pressure on Egypt and the Suez Canal-in the interest, primarily, of England. But very much of the fighting at Gallipoli was carried out by picked troops of France, under General d'Aumade and his successors. In the same way, the Kaiser's thrust at Constantinople is avowedly a thrust at Egypt and, more remotely, at India; but the bulk of the fighting in Serbia, and the bulk of the work at Saloniki, fell to General Sarrail and the French, not to the English. Without question this will give France an authority and a weight in world affairs which she has not enjoyed for generations; has not enjoyed, perhaps, to the same degree, since the days of the great Napoleon. Should the Entente powers go forward from their present position to victory, France will emerge

as the strongest power on the continent of Europe, one of the dominant powers in the world. And no one who loves and admires France will feel any regret or misgiving at that.

Italy's Equivocal Role

THERE is, in Russian, a rather dry and ironical saying: "A taper for God and a poker for the devil." Without the least intention of ranging the different belligerent nations under either of these theological headings one may say that there is a certain superficial reminder of this saying in the present position of Italy. At war with Austria, she is still "on friendly terms" with Germany and Turkey. And, while nominally helping the Entente powers in their-so far very ineffective-crusade to liberate Serbia, Italy is, in fact, helping Serbia just to the extent of seizing and occupying the Adriatic ports, like Durazzo and Avlona, which Serbia hoped to get as part of the spoils of the war of 1912, but which are at present a part of that rather fictitious nation, Albania. Italy, here as elsewhere, has the air of helping Italy rather than of giving genuine help to the general Entente cause. One is forcibly reminded of the long months which followed the outbreak of the war, when Italy was dickering and haggling with Austria; and when, from day to day, it seemed quite possible that Italy might either promise permanent neutrality to Germany, or even lend Germany effective aid and comfort; Germany meanwhile, in the person of Prince Buelow, doing all in her power to help Italy to carry through her deal at Vienna.

General Cadorna's Temperament

DURING the days of the Vienna negotiations we were told by those who were supposed to be in the confidence of Victor Emmanuel's Government that, in spite of adverse appearances, Italy was really solid for the Allies; that in reality the Vienna negotiations were all a bluff, under cover of which General Cadorna, the effective head of the Italian Army, was bringing that army up to date, working for high efficiency, piling up munitions, and sim-

ply awaiting the favorable moment to strike-which he did so soon as that moment came in the campaigns against Trent and Trieste. It is now suggested as an explanation of Italy's rather devious course with regard to Serbia that Italy is moved, not by a readiness to see Serbia lose on the Adriatic in order that Italy may fall heir to Serbia's holdings and so turn the Adriatic into an Italian lake, but that the rather narrow working out of Italy's campaign is the fruit of General Cadorna's type of mind. Trained in German General Staff ideas during the days of the Triplice, when Italy was Germany's very good friend and ally, Cadorna has soaked his mind in German military philosophy of the Bernhardi school, with its principle of concentration, of the hammer blow reiterated on a single point; and that he is so bent on smashing Austria along these lines that he will not consent to spare any troops for the aid of Serbia. Baron Sonnino, we are told, has a broader mind, and would be willing to do this; but Cadorna resolutely refuses, and, as head of the Italian Army, his authority is decisive.

The Loss of Cettinie

BE this as it may, the policy of hanging back, which Italy, for one cause or another, so resolutely follows, has brought about an event which is singularly threatening precisely to Italy, namely, the occupation by Austrian forces of the Montenegrin coast line at Cattaro, the port of Cettinje; of Mount Lovcen-the original Black Mountain from which Montenegro takes its name in the Venetian dialect—and finally the complete surrender of the Montenegrins to the victorious Austrians. At this writing (Jan. 20) the Austrian terms have not been announced, but, whatever they are, it means that the Eastern Dalmatian strongholds are lost to Italy and will be under the control or subject to the dictation of her traditional enemy.

The Thrust at Saloniki

Two or three months ago it seemed certain that Russia was about to cut down on the back of Bulgaria, along that reach of the Danube which flows

due north through Rumania. We were even told of the Czar's promise to have an army actually in the field within a week. But no army came. Two explanations are possible: First, that, at the last moment, Rumania changed her mind, in view of the débâcle of the Serbian Army and the failure of the English and French to hold back the Teutons. That would be entirely natural, and in no way open to criticism. Rumania does not wish to invite for herself the fate of Serbia. Or the whole thing may have been a feint, to cover the present campaign in Bukowina. For it is a primary maxim in war to "do what your enemy does not expect you to do"; and, by contraries, to leave undone what he does expect you to do. In just this way, Lord Kitchener, we are told, deliberately concocted, as a ruse de guerre, the fairy tale of vast Russian armies carried from Archangel through Scotland, things were developing for the battle of the Marne; and the fear of this may have hastened, may even have determined, General von Kluck's retreat. And the fear of a Russian thrust along the lower Danube seems without doubt to have drawn away Teutonic forces from Serbia and to have delayed the southward thrust against Saloniki, the thrust which still so unaccountably hangs back.

Russia's Campaign in Bukowina

| | NACCOUNTABLE - except on one supposition, and that a vital one: The supposition that the Teutons have no troops. Already we hear of a Turkish army corps in France, of Turks fighting in Bulgaria-though this is not well authenticated-and of Turks to be sent against the Russians. This, taken with the slender and dwindling German force now operating in Serbia, can have but one meaning: that the German sources have begun to run dry. Germany has begun to pay for her preparedness; for her ability, that is, to get vast bodies of men very early into the field. The first blow failed-and the vast bodies of men have been gathered to Valhalla. But it is the very aggressive, very ably planned Russian campaign against Bukowina that is now most effectively protecting Saloniki, by drawing off German and Austrian troops to the north. And, one may remark, great as were the genius and the past services of Grand Duke Nicholas, who is now gravely ill at Tiflis in the Caucasus, we never hear a syllable of apprehension lest his absence may prove fatal to Russia's arms. Russia has shown her ability to produce a whole crop of very able Generals: Alexeieff, Ruzsky, Ivanoff, Brusiloff, to menion only four, who are thorough masters of the modern art of war, and the Grand Duke's place is very competently filled.

Bukowina and Rumania

THE merit of the present Russian campaign is this: As compared with the earlier planned move along the Danube the thrust through Bukowina has a far better base, the whole of Southwestern Russia, with its good railways, in developing which the late Count Witte won his spurs. This web of railroads handled, and ably handled, large Russian armies in the campaign of 1877 against the Turks, and the trick once learned is not likely to be forgotten. But there is a still greater advantage: The Russian advance southward through Bukowina-which has about the same area and population as the State of Connecticut-will push an effective screen in front of Rumania and cut that timid principality off very effectually from all fear of Teutonic reprisals. Once this is done-and it may only be a matter of weeks-the move along the Danube from Reni and Ismail may be undertaken again under immensely better conditions, and we may see a big army on Bulgarian soil at any moment. For the actual transit is only a matter of hours. From Reni to the Danube bridge, which connects Bucharest with the Black Sea coast at Kostendil, is about the same distance as the run up the Hudson from the Battery to Poughkeepsie, and the Russian armies would be likely to debark not far from the Danube bridge; in any case, three or four hours more, on flat boats drawn by tugs, would bring them to the Bulgarian frontier. The whole thing is

only a night's run for any average steamship, and the Odessa lines have plenty of excellent boats.

The Caucasus and Mesopotamia

N the Caucasus fronts, too, the Russians are giving a good account of themselves. And this has a very definite bearing on the projected, or at least much advertised, Turkish drive against the Suez Canal and Egypt, for which, we are told, colossal preparations are being made at Aleppo, not so far from Antioch and Tarsus. The Russian thrust southward from the Caucasus has, however, another and more immediately vital purpose: to lessen the pressure on the beleaguered English and Anglo-Indian forces south of Bagdad, where England seems once more to have repeated her traditional blunder: sending a boy on a man's errand, and being then forced to rush an army to the rescue of the boy. It is the characteristic fault of overconfidence; what that very incisive Englishman, Matthew Arnold, caustically characterized thus: Conceit and the laziness arising from conceit. But England is learning; learning to look further ahead; learning to make sacrifices; learning to have the courage to ask for sacrifices-in the sense of Chesterton's witty saying about the Catholic Church: that over its door these words are written: "Here sacrifices are accepted." Yet we are likely to hear, once and again, of slender bodies of British troops being pushed ahead and then cut off, and of the heroic relief of posts-that should never have been occupied, or should have been occupied by far more considerable forces. One may say, that all reports of grave unrest in India seem to be fancies; campaign stories, in which the wish is father to the thought. On the contrary, the war steadily continues to draw the whole British Empire closer together, to strengthen the bonds of fellowship between its parts.

Note.—Owing to a misunderstanding, Sir Gilbert Parker's article, "England! Whither Now?" appeared in the December issue of Current History with the warning line, "All Rights Reserved." The article was not intended to be hedged in by any reserved rights. It is the author's intention to make it free to the American public.

Requiem

By DAVID A. ROBISON

This rose for our hero's grave
Lay it with meaning there,
Symbol of all our hearts deem fair,
All that he died to save.
The Father whose loving care
Fashioned this perfect rose,
"Tis in His arms our dead repose—
Lay it with meaning there.

England's Munitions Campaign

By David Lloyd George

Below appear the main portions of the memorable speech delivered in the House of Commons by Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, on Dec. 20, 1915. In giving an account of his stewardship and stating "the present position of munitions" he used the striking sentence: "In this war the Allies have been dogged by the mocking spectre of 'Too late!"

It is now a little over six months since the Prime Minister invited me to take charge of the provision of munitions to the British Army in this war. Although this work is by no means complete, and some of the most important parts of it are still in course of development, I think the time has come to report progress to the House. Perhaps I had better preface my statement by a short survey of the relation of munitions to the problem of war, so that the House should understand clearly why we have taken certain action in order to increase the supply.

There has never been a war in which machinery played anything like the part which it is playing in this war. place acquired by machinery in the arts of peace in the nineteenth century has been won by machinery in the grim art of war in the twentieth century. In no war ever fought in this world has the preponderance of machinery been so completely established. The German successes, such as they are, are entirely, or almost entirely, due to the mechanical preponderance which they achieved at the beginning of the war. Their advances in the east and west and south are due to this mechanical superiority; and our failure to drive them back in the west and to check their advance in the east is also attributable to the tardiness with which the Allies developed their mechanical resources.

The problem of victory is one of seeing that this superiority of the Central Powers shall be temporary, and shall be brought to an end at the earliest possible moment. There is one production in which the Allies had a complete mechanical superiority, and there they are supremethat is in the navy. Our command of the sea is attributable, not merely to the

excellence of our sailors, but to the overwhelming superiority of our machinery.

There is another aspect of this question which has become more and more evident as this war has developed and progressed. The machine spares the The machine is essential to defend positions of peril, and it saves life because the more machinery you have for defense the more thinly you can hold the line. Therefore, the fewer men are placed in positions of jeopardy to life and limb. We have discovered that some of the German advance lines were held by exceptionally few men. It is a pretty wellknown fact that one very strong position held by the Germans for days, and even for weeks, was defended against a very considerable French army by ninety men armed with about forty to fifty machine guns, the French losing heavily in making the attack. What we stint in materials we squander in life; that is the one great lesson of munitions.

In the Ministry of Munitions we have taken the control of supplies gradually. We have only just secured the direction of design. Woolwich Arsenal passed into our hands about three months ago. Inventions came and then went. They came and went, and came back again. Design was intrusted to us by the Prime Minister about three weeks ago.

I should first of all give the House the position when the Ministry of Munitions was first appointed. There was undoubtedly a shortage. That was known. Our troops knew it; so did the enemy. But neither of them knew how really short we were in some very essential particulars. Now I can with impunity give at least one or two figures. I would take gun ammunition. Gun ammunition is roughly divided into high explosive and shrapnel. There is

no doubt that military opinion, at least in this country-I am not quite sure about France-was wedded to shrapnel for reasons which are not unconnected with the events of the South African war. It was supposed that the days of high explosives were numbered, except for siege guns, and that shrapnel was the only weapon for fighting in the The developments of this warmany of them unexpected and many of them unexpected by the greatest soldiers -proved that that expert opinion was not altogether correct in its anticipation of the demise of high explosives. We were late and reluctant converts. and, like all reluctant converts, we were very tardy in giving up the old shrapnel.

We came to the conclusion that at any rate a very high proportion of high explosive ammunition was essential to success in the kind of trench warfare to which we had settled down. I think we still have a higher opinion of shrapnel than either the French or the Germans.

Now I will give the House an indication of the leeway we had to make up. The Germans at that time-I have already given the figures to the Housewere turning out about 250,000 shells per day, the vast majority of them being high explosives. That is a prodigious figure. The French have also been highly successful in the quantities which they have been turning out. But they have great armies, and their arsenals which were turning out the materials of war for their army were naturally on a larger scale than ours. Our large arsenals naturally took a naval turn, and the bulk of the engineers who were turning out munitions of war were engaged on naval work, so that in the month of May, when the Germans were turning out 250,000 shells a day, most of them high explosives, we were turning out 2,500 a day in high explosives and 13,000 in shrapnel. That was neither right in quantity nor in proportion.

I have already given the House some of the reasons why the supply was so low. One was the lateness at which we came to the conclusion that high explosives were to play a great part in the war. The other was the fact that the navy—this is a fact which is too often forgotten, not merely in this country, but, if I may say so, abroad—absorbed an enormous number of engineers and a very high proportion of our engineering resources. I have not the figures at the present moment, but, unless I am mistaken, something between two-thirds and three-quarters of the engineers occupied on munitions were occupied in turning out munitions for the navy.

The first step of the Ministry of Munitions was to improvise a great business organization for the purpose of coping with this problem. We had to find a staff, and we drew it from every quarter. Some of the Government departments lent us able civil servants. The War Office placed at our disposal a good many soldiers and other experts. The Admiralty helped, but I think the main feature of the new organization has been that we have had placed at our disposal the services of a considerable number of business men of high standing, who had been running successfully great business concerns.

We had an elaborate and careful census made of all the machinery in every industrial firm in this country, so that we knew what the resources of the country were, especially the resources which had not been utilized up to that moment. We found there were a very large number of lathes capable of being turned to the production of munitions. But this was not enough. There was a good deal of machinery which could not possibly be set aside for the purpose of manufacturing munitions, and we had to look to new sources of supply for machine tools. It was decided then to place the whole of the machine tool trade of this country under Government control. Further, by restricting the export of machinery, the Ministry was able not only to secure fresh sources of supply to meet the new increased program, but at the same time to place machinery at the service of existing contractors who were behindhand with their deliveries. This resulted in an immediate increase in production. It was found that there was very considerable congestion of machine tool imports, owing to the congestion at the ports. This difficulty was overcome by sending down promptly a resident official to expedite the delivery of this machinery.

We sent representatives to America to order new machinery, and, acting in conjunction with J. P. Morgan & Co., they have been able to place there the necessary orders and to insure that the machinery is of the right class. It was also discovered that a considerable amount of machinery had been collected by contractors, who were unable for various reasons to utilize it. This machinery the department was able to distribute among firms who were in a position to utilize it. Steps were also taken to simplify the machinery, and that led to a considerable increase of output. These are steps we took in order to increase the machinery, which is the basis of production, and a considerable improvement was effected in a very short time in that respect. The effect upon production was almost immediate.

The next step we took was in regard to raw materials-metal. At the time of the formation of the Ministry one of the chief difficulties of the contractors was the lack of a regular and sufficient supply of the necessary raw material. Under the system of competition in the open market prices of material were rising to an extent wholly unwarranted by the situation. So we formed a separate metal department to deal with that situation. Steps were immediately taken to place the Ministry in control of the supply of metals of all classes, and arrangements were made for providing the contractors with all the raw materials they required for making good any shortages by tapping fresh sources.

The effect of these efforts has been to effect considerable reduction in the prices of raw materials. There has been a saving in the aggregate of something like £15,000,000 or £20,000,000 on the orders due entirely to the action taken by the metal department of the Ministry of Munitions in securing control of the whole metal market of this country. It enabled us to insure a supply which was adequate to meet not only the immediate fu-

ture but for many months to come all the demands of the various contractors, but also, which is equally important, to provide large supplies for our allies. Indeed, it was only by these efforts that a crisis in the market was prevented and that manufacturers had been able to effect the substantial increase in the output which has actually taken place.

Another step we took was in regard to We took steps to endeavor to increase the supply, more especially of skilled workmen, in the various trades. We also supplied technical advice by experts to help manufacturers to get over their difficulties. It was a very useful step, especially in the case of firms who had not been in the habit of turning out this class of work. We appointed a number of hustlers to visit the works and find out what was wrong and help to put it right where possible and press contracts forward. effect in itself of calling upon the industries to supply weekly reports was to improve the output. Contractors were very often not aware of their own difficulties until they were forced to face them and give an account of them. The net result has been of all these steps which I have summarized to increase the deliveries of old orders from 16 per cent. on the promises as they were then to over 80 per cent., a very considerable increase, on the promises as they are now. That is in regard to high explosives. We also effected a very considerable improvement in the percentage of the deliveries of shrapnel. The deliveries of high explosives and shrapnel have gone up considerably more than these figures indicate. Promises were increasing from month to month and week to week, and we have succeeded in increasing very considerably the deliveries in both.

With regard to American orders. Since the Ministry was appointed, Mr. Thomas, an old member of this House, went over to America to report on the position there. He went there independent of all agencies, and he came back speaking in the highest possible terms of the services rendered to this country by J. P. Morgan & Co., who have saved many millions of money to this country by the efforts they made to reduce the rather inflated prices prevailing before they took the matter in hand.

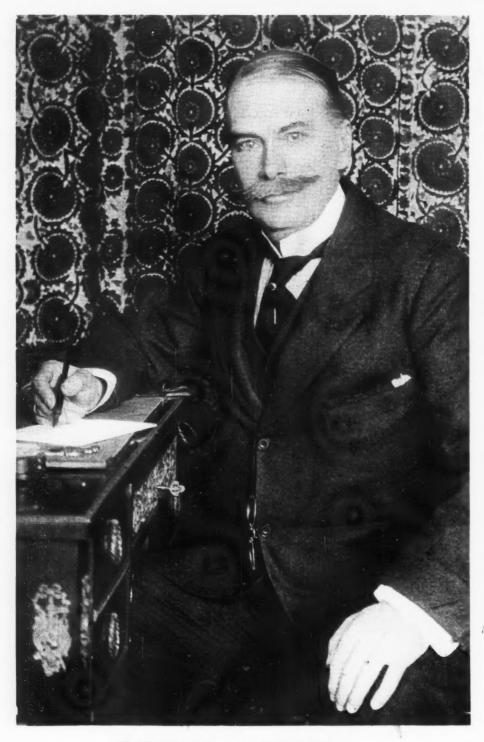
The Ministry of Munitions has endeavored to help the sub-contractors to obtain better deliveries of raw material and machinery and additional supplies of suitable labor. It has given technical and financial assistance in a large number of cases, and with regard to fresh orders it has organized the engineering resources of this country. It has also done a good deal to develop the colonial and foreign markets in the United States of America, Canada, France, Switzerland, and elsewhere. Woolwich has been taken over and some progress has been made by the introduction of modern methods of factory control and manufacture. The problem of relieving the congestion at Woolwich has been dealt with, and the railway congestion has been decreased. As regards the net results of the steps we have taken, all I can say is that the quantity of shells fired during the operations of September was enormous. Battles lasted for days and almost ran into weeks, and there was no shortage. On the contrary, the Chief of Staff assured me that they were satisfied with the quantity of shells. This was the result of four months' careful husbanding, but it will be reassuring to the House to know that the whole of it was replaced in a month, and we shall be soon in a position to replace it in a single week.

Now I come to the question of guns. Large orders for field guns were placed in 1914. In June the deliveries were fair, though not up to promise. Medium guns and howitzers were largely in arrear, but I am glad to say that there has been a good deal of improvement in the last few months. With regard to these guns the House may take it that the position is thoroughly satisfactory. Now I come to the more important problem of the heavy guns. After consulting the Prime Minister on this point, I feel justified in giving the House some information as to our energies in this connection. While it does not give the enemy information of which they are not aware, it encourages our allies, who want to know that we are putting forth all of our strength. If they are not passed on the enemy comes to the conclusion, not at all unnaturally, that we have not got them. On the other hand, your allies want to know that you are putting forth all your strength. It encourages them, and therefore the Prime Minister came to the conclusion that it was better that the facts should be divulged.

Up to midsummer of this year big guns on a large scale had not been ordered. We came rather late to the conclusion that on that scale big guns were essential to the successful prosecution of the war. I am not surprised. The House will recollect the kind of gun which was regarded as a prodigy in the Boer war: it was just a poor, miserable, medium Now the soldiers are doubtful whether it counts in the least in trench warfare. Some one told me that in the very interesting novel about the invasion of this country by the Germans, which was published about three or four years ago, the big gun which would terrify everybody, as described in that novel, was 4.7. That is nothing compared with requirements now. The heavy siege gun which we had at the beginning of the war is now the lightest, because there has been such a change in the idea of the military, and the facts have forced the conclusion on us that it is only the very heaviest guns that will enable us to demolish these trenches. The trenches are getting deeper and deeper still; there is trench behind trench, trenches of every conceivable angle. There are labyrinths of trenches with concrete casements, and nothing but the most powerful and shattering artillery will enable our men to advance against them, except along a road, which is a road to certain death. Therefore, the War Office came to the conclusion that it was essential to success and victory, essential to the protection of the lives of our soldiers, that we should have an adequate equipment of the heaviest possible artillery. We are erecting great works in this country, and I have no doubt some honorable members have seen some of them; they are mostly associated with the program for the production of these guns and the supply of



BARON STEFAN VON BURIAN
Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs



FREDERIC C. PENFIELD

American Ambassador at the Austrian Court, Vienna

(Photo ® by Underwood & Underwood)

adequate projectiles. I am very glad to say that we are making rapid progress with these structures. We have placed at our disposal the services of one of the ablest contractors in this country; I think he is manager to Sir William Arrol's firm; he came to our assistance and gave up his work and voluntarily and gratuitously placed his services at the disposal of the Minstry of Munitions to help in pressing forward the construction of these works. The help which he has given us is one of very conspicuous character.

That is all I can say under that head. I come now to the equally important question of machine guns. The dimensions of the machine-gun problem will be realized if the House will consider not only the increase of the size of the army. but also that the number of guns per division has increased manyfold. the war began our ideas were that each battalion should be supplied with two machine guns. The Germans supply each with sixteen machine guns. There is no doubt that a machine gun is by far the most destructive weapon in the whole of their army; it has destroyed far more lives than their rifles. In fact, I was told the other day that the machine guns and artillery between them are probably responsible for more than 90 per cent. of the casualties, rifles being responsible for not much more than 5 per cent. We were rather late in realizing the great part which the machine gun played in this

I come now to a consideration, which perhaps some honorable members will think was the last consideration in my mind-I mean economy. A very able accountant, a member of one of the most important firms in this country, placed his services gratuitously at our disposal. We set him to the task of scrutinizing contracts and examining prices and generally seeking out methods of cutting down expenditure. He gathered around him a staff of experienced business men and accountants, and, first of all, devoted his attention to the question of gun ammunition, because that is incomparably the largest item of expenditure. This new committee came to the conclusion

that prices could be considerably reduced. A new scale had been devised, but of course it is only applicable to new contracts and to renewals of old contracts. Therefore it has not yet come to full fruition.

The cost of the ammunition for 18-pounders, which is a very considerable item, running into tens and scores of millions, has been reduced by 40 per cent. The cost of the ammunition for 4.5 howitzers has been reduced by 30 per cent. since the report of this committee. All the new contracts are based on those prices. We hope to save very considerably—save in millions, in tens of millions—upon the expenditure which we are incurring.

We want labor to man the factories. Beautiful machines of the most modern type for manufacturing machine guns. which our armies and those of our allies are clamoring for, and which are essential for offense and defense, are standing idle and cannot be put up because we have not got the necessary labor. There are some things you must get skilled men for, while there are other operations that you really do not need skilled men for. That was the whole proposition. If you can get the skilled men from the places where the unskilled man or woman could do the work just as well and put him into those factories where you must have skilled men, the problem of the war is solved.

What about the new factories? We require 80,000 skilled men for those and 200,000 to 300,000 unfactories skilled. Upon our getting that I think depends our success in the war. But taking the lowest view of that, upon that depends entirely whether we are going to alter the proportion of orders in favor of this country, and consequently reduce the cost of the war by scores of millions of pounds in the course of a single year. It depends upon that whether we can furnish our troops with guns, rifles, machine guns, projectiles to enable them to make next year's campaign a success. I have heard rumors that we were overdoing it, overordering, overbuilding, overproducing. Nothing can be more malevolent or more mischievous. You can talk about overordering when we have got as much as the Germans have got, and even then I should like to argue how far we should go. So mischievous is that kind of talk, that I cannot help thinking that it must have been originated by men of pro-German sympathies, who know how important it is that our troops should at the critical moment not be short of that overwhelming mass of material which alone can break down the resistance of a highly intrenched foe. We have as yet, in spite of the great efforts, not approached the German or French production. We have got to reach that first, but not last. France is of the opinion that even her colossal efforts are inadequate.

I have consulted Generals and officers of experience with the British and French armies, and conferences which I have had with the Minister of Munitions of France have given me an opportunity of obtaining the views of the most highly placed and distinguished officers of the French Army, and before I quote their opinions let me point this out. All these Generals up to the present have underestimated the quantity of material necessary to secure victory. I am not surprised; it is so prodigious. I remember one case of a French General who told me that that was the great surprise of the war and every battle that has been fought has demonstrated that one thing, and even now it is an underestimate and not an overestimate.

Take the last great battle. It is no secret that you had a prodigious accumulation of ammunition. There was not a General who was in the battle who does not tell you that with three times the quantity of ammunition, especially in the higher natures, they would have achieved twenty times the result. It is too early to talk about overproduction. The most fatuous way of economizing is to produce an inadequate supply. A good margin is a sensible insurance. Less than enough is a foolish piece of extravagance. Two hundred million pounds can produce an enormous quantity of ammunition; it is forty days' cost of the war. If you have got it at the crucial moment the war might be won in forty days; if you have not got it it might run to four hundred days. What sort of economy is that? What you spare in money you spill in blood. I got a very remarkable photograph of the battlefield of Loos, taken immediately after. There was barbed wire which had not been destroyed; there was one machine-gun emplacement which was intact-all the others had been destroyed. There in front of the barbed wire lay hundreds of gallant men. One machine gun! These are the incidents that you can obviate if you have enough. Every soldier tells me that there is but one way of doing it-have enough ammunition to crush every trench where an enemy lurks, destroy every emplacement, shatter every machine gun, rend and tear every yard of barbed wire. If the enemy wants to resist he will have to do it out in the open, face to face with better men than himself. That is the secret-plenty of ammunition. I hope all these ideas that we are turning out too much will not enter into the minds of workmen, capitalists, or taxpayers until we have enough to crush our way through.

I want to appeal to labor. You must spend wisely; you must spend to the best purpose; you must not pay extravagant prices, but, for Heaven's sake, if there are risks to be taken, let them be risks for the pockets of the taxpayers and not for the lives of the soldiers. The right path to economy is not to reduce the output, but to reduce the cost, and labor alone can help us here. There are only 8 per cent. of the machines for turning out lathes in this country working on night shifts. We have appealed to the employers, and they say we have not got the labor, and it is true. They have not got the skilled labor.

There is only one appeal to employer and employed. It is the appeal to patriotism. The employer must take steps. He is loath to do it. It is a sort of inertia which comes to tired and overstrained men—as they all are. They must really face the local trade unions and put forward the demand, because until they do so the State cannot come in. We have had an act of Parliament, but the law

must be put into operation by somebody, and unless the employer begins by putting on unskilled men and women to the lathes we cannot enforce that act of Parliament. The first step therefore is that the employer must challenge a decision upon the matter, and he is not doing so because of the trouble which a few firms have had. But let us do it.

Victory depends upon it. Hundreds of thousands of precious lives depend upon it. It is a question of whether you are going to bring this war to an end in a year victoriously, or whether it is going to linger on in blood-stained paths for years. Labor has got the answer. It can be done.

I wonder whether it will not be too late. Ah, fatal words! Too late in moving here, too late in arriving there, too late in coming to this decision, too late in starting with enterprises, too late in preparing. In this war the footsteps of the allied forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of "Too late," and unless we quicken our movements damnation will fall on the sacred cause for which so much gallant blood has flowed.

I beg employers and workmen not to have "Too late" inscribed upon the portals of their workshops, at any rate, and that is my appeal. Everything depends upon it during the next few months in this war. We have had the co-operation of our allies. Great results have been arrived at. At the last conference we had of the Allies in Paris decisions were arrived at which will affect the whole conduct of the war. The carrying of them out depends upon the workmen of this country. The superficial facts of the war are for the moment against us. All the fundamental facts are in our favor. That means we have every reason for looking the facts steadily in the face. There is nothing but encouragement in them if we look beneath the surface.

The chances of victory are still with us.

We have thrown away many chances. But for the most part the best still remains. In this war the elements that make for success in a short war were with our enemies, and all the advantages that make for victory in a long war were ours-and they still are. Better preparation before the war, interior lines, unity of command -those belonged to the enemy. More than that, undoubtedly he has shown greater readiness to learn the lessons of the war and to adapt himself to them. He had a better conception at first of what war really meant. Heavy guns, machine guns, trench warfare-it was his study. Our study was for the sea. We have accomplished our task to the last letter of the promise. But the advantages of a protracted war are ours. We have an overwhelming superiority in the raw material of war. It is still with us in spite of the fact that the Central Powers have increased their reserves of men and material by their successes.

The overwhelming superiority is still with us. We have the command of the sea that gives us ready access to neutral countries, and, above all-and this tells in a long war—we have the better cause. It is better for the heart-nations do not endure to the end for a bad cause. All these advantages are ours. But this is the moment of intense preparation. It is the moment of putting the whole of our energies at home into preparing for the blow to be struck abroad. Our fleet and the gallantry of the troops of our allies have given us time to muster our reserves. Let us utilize that time without the loss of a moment. Let us cast aside the fond illusion that you can win victory by an elaborate pretense that you are doing so. Let us fling to one side rivalries, trade jealousies, professional, political, everything. Let us be one people. One in aim, one in action, one in resolution, so to win the most sacred cause ever intrusted to a great nation.



Freedom of the Seas

By Albert Ballin

Managing Director of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line

This noteworthy article appeared in the Vossische Zeitung on Dec. 25, 1915:

NCE again Christmas, the Festival of Love, is drawing nigh, and the peoples of Europe are still engaged in waging the most hideous and stupid war which the world has ever seen, still occupied in turning this old and beautiful land into a heap of ruins—and all for the advantage of the world on the other side of the ocean and to the delight of the yellow race.

That we did not desire this war, as our opponents assert, is most clearly shown by the fact that we were drawn into it without any other aim than the consciousness that we had to fight for the existence of our Fatherland and for a free pathway, by both land and water, for the exercise of our industry and our efforts. Both by land and by water!

As the scope of the war becomes wider and wider the imagination of the nation, stimulated in proportion, seeks ever new goals, and is even ready to exchange the old principles of our national welfare-principles which have enabled us, from our own resources, to bear the financial burden of the terrible conflict-for the new aim of the war: Berlin-Bagdad! A great and beautiful thought, one that we can certainly cherish and follow out-but a task, nevertheless, which should not be allowed to overshadow the immense interests which point us to our great ocean-going traffic and to our trade beyond the seas.

The men who will some day be intrusted with the duty of drawing up the terms of peace will have as their supreme task that of exterminating not only the war itself, which has destroyed whole generations, but also the fever of armaments; or at least of restricting the latter within as narrow limits as possible in a Europe which will remain exhausted for decades. They must also devise some sort of assurance that this bloody war will not be followed by an economic war,

which would separate the nations still further from one another. Hence the demand for the freedom of the seas once more comes into prominence.

It is true, certainly, that in times of peace the seas were always free; but in war, as we know today to our cost, they are governed by the strongest fleet. Means, therefore, must and will be found for assuring the freedom of mercantile traffic by sea, not only in peace but also in war.

The ocean separates nations and yet binds them together! If the peace is to be a good peace it must help to justify the truth of this old saying. To set up a secure route from Berlin to Bagdad as the sole aim of the war, so far as we were concerned, would only bring us back to a purely Continental policy and would deal a heavy blow at Germany's well being by prejudicing the future shaping of her political economy.

Let us today read again with pleasure the Oriental prophecy of our great economist, Friedrich Lisst, who, in a farseeing moment, held out to us the aim, Berlin-Bagdad. But this prophecy should not be allowed to supersede another prophecy of Lisst's—one that has so profound and luminous an application to our present conditions:

"The sea is the high street of the earth. The sea is the parade ground of the nations. The sea is the arena for the display of the strength and enterprise of all the nations of the earth, and the cradle of their freedom. The sea is, so to say, the rich village common on which all the economic peoples of the world may turn their herds out to graze. The man who has no share in the sea is thereby excluded from a share in the good things and honors of the world—he is the stepchild of our dear Lord God."

Let the men who draw up the terms of peace see to it that Germany, too, does not become "the stepchild of our dear Lord God."

Great Britain's Vitality

By George Bernard Shaw

This condensed report of one of Mr. Shaw's most recent and characteristic speeches originally appeared in The New York Times of Dec. 19. The address was delivered for the benefit of the work done by the East London Federation of Suffragettes for mothers and babies. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst presided.

OU must put peace as completely out of your minds for the present as you must put Summer skies and long days, and we may see Summer skies and long days more than once before we see peace in Europe. It is not a question of what we desire to see, but of what is going to happen. What has happened is that Germany, after a very remarkable period of conquest, has finally wiped Serbia off the map of Europe. We cannot leave matters there. If we could suppose that the German Emperor in a fit of inspiration were suddenly to strike on the amazing device of withdrawing his army from the places he has occupied, and, retiring within his own frontier, were to say that he had shown his power, but that nevertheless he did not believe that we should be governed by the sword, and would leave the matter to be arbitrated upon by the President of the United States of America or the Pope, what an extraordinary difficulty that would put us in!

The war is a very curious one, and the conquests and victories are all on one side, and not on our side as yet. They have apparently reached their climax, and even if the way were made easy for us we would be very loath to leave the matter where it is.

There had been a very curious change in public opinion in the last year, Mr. Shaw said. A year ago he got himself into extraordinary trouble and was called a pro-German because he suggested for the first time that all English arrangements were not absolutely perfect and that the Ministers were not all Solons, Cavours, and Napoleons. It was, he said, rather hard that public opinion should now have gone all the other way. Mr. Shaw went on to declare that in fighting the German Army Eng-

land was not fighting a wonderful, infallible, perfect organization. He said:

It is absolutely necessary that the German people should be awakened from that romantic dream. The Germans are the most romantic people in the world, and their imagination has magnified the German Army. German officers would tell us what a wonderful thing the German Army was; every man knew his place in it, and in the civil organization connected with it every woman knew her place, and at a word from the Kaiser the whole magnificent machine would begin to move. Most of us believed and trembled. I did not, because I am in the romantic line myself, professionally, and know how romantic people are. If one had asked an English officer what would happen when war broke out he would say, "God only knows." What happened when war came was that the British Army was mobilized in about a fortnight, the navy proved itself ready for all engagements, and our expeditionary force got across the Channel without the loss of a single man.

The wonderful German Army, which was prepared for everything, made a wild and romantic rush for Paris, which it was to reach in a fortnight. It arrived before the fortifications of Liége. Everybody in Europe, including the German Army, knew perfectly well that to approach the famous fortifications of Liége without siege guns was like approaching them with a pop-gun. The Germans were held up for a fortnight by the little Belgian Army, and that fortnight probably lost them the war. When the siege guns did arrive they were Austrian siege guns and not German.

Then we hear a good deal about the intelligence department of the German

Army, that amazing organization of spies, who collected information that could be found in Whittaker's Almanac and other handbooks. With its perfect intelligence department the German Army was held up at Antwerp by a force of horse marines it could have wiped out in ten minutes if it had known how many horse marines were there.

Mr. Shaw said he mentioned these things in order to show that the fable of the wonderful German Army had collapsed, but not to mislead any one into thinking that the German Army was any the less dangerous because it had awakened from its romanic dream and faced realities. But the German people had to be thoroughly awakened out of their dream. He went on:

These are the grounds upon which we must make up our minds that the war is going on. This is the situation which the popular instinct of the English has grasped. We must, therefore, put out of our minds any hope that we can stop the drain on the nation's vitality by clamoring for peace. We shall certainly have to go on for another year with the drain of war upon the nation's vitality.

Which is the greater—the drain of war or the drain of peace? In an intelligent and well-organized nation the question would be ridiculous, but we are not an intelligent and well-organized nation.

The drain of war is shown by the figures just published. We have lost 100,000 men, killed in the war. If we take for the purposes of comparison the first year of war we had under arms in that period 3,000,000 men. Seventy-five thousand men were killed. It is the military tradition that a country is defeated when it loses 20 per cent. of its men. We have lost only 2½ per cent. That is not very alarming. The drain of war does not seem to be so terrific as it is imagined to be.

Take the other side: If we take the number of babies conceived in this nation and who ought to be born we have 938,000. The number which succeeds in getting born is about 800,000. This is not a good beginning. It means that 138,000 have not sufficient vitality to get them-

selves born; it also means that the mothers were not properly fed and properly instructed. Of the 800,000 babies who do manage to enter the world 100,000 die before they are 1 year old. This means dirty milk or no milk at all-slums, bad food, and ignorance. We lose 100,000 before 1 year of age; we drop another 100,000 before they reach the age of 15, just when they are becoming industrial producers and available for military service, and of the remainder who do grow up we find that another 100,000 have to be rejected for military service because they are unfit; that is 371/2 per cent. destroyed in peace for the 21/2 per cent. destroyed by the whole German Army firing shot and shell at them.

We have the assurance of Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, that the infant mortality rate is rising-probably as the result of modern education and organization. Ladies and gentlemen, don't be mean. Don't say these things are inevitable, don't blame God for what is your own fault. Other people have tried to improve the situation and have succeeded. In New Zealand it occurred to the people that babies were worth taking care of, and they got the mortality rate down to 5 per cent. What the New Zealanders can do we could do. Macaulay in a way prophesied the downfall of London in the passage describing the traveler from New Zealand standing on the broken arches of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's. In his imagination the New Zealander was a black man, but he will be a man who has simply taken the precaution of looking after the children.

What sort of action can we take to deal with these matters? The sort of action that ladies in the East End of London have taken single handed. The Local Government Board has lately been put in a position to help under the Notification of Births act, and it is possible to begin to organize help for the mothers and babies for which the board will pay half of the expenses. The moral of this is that the expenses ought to be made as large as possible.

But when I consider the sort of lead we get from members of the Government I am not encouraged. There was a meeting held by Cabinet Ministers at which economy was preached to the workers' representatives. Mr. Asquith spoke for twenty minutes and then left, to resume his important duties as Prime Minister. The consequence was that Mr. McKenna (Chancellor of the Exchequer) immediately got up and gave Mr. Asquith away. Mr. Asquith's speech was an appeal to the workers not to ask for higher wages. It was, he said, unpatriotic to ask for higher wages. Some people expected him to talk about economy. But how could he?

Mr. Shaw said he used to think that Mr. Lloyd George would make a good Foreign Secretary, but added:

In 1911 he went to the Guildhall in shining armor and shook his mailed fist at Germany, who was making trouble about Morocco, and Germany backed down. Sir Edward Grey is too much of a gentleman to talk as a Foreign Secretary must talk, but Mr. Lloyd George is never too much of a gentleman to do anything of the sort. If he had been at the Foreign Office there would have been no war, and if Sir Edward Grey had been at the Munitions Department there would have been no Munitions act. Sir Edward

Grey is an intelligent man and an industrious man, with some democratic instinct. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have no democratic instinct whatever. He is not industrious, and, though eloquent, he never understands anything he talks about. He ought never to be allowed to touch business with the ends of his fingers.

The Munitions act, for which he is responsible, is really a very serious thing. It has brought us almost within reasonable lengths of revolution while the war is going on. The only remedy the Government has had is practically to order the press not to mention the strikes and discontent arising out of the act. Under Mr. Lloyd George's hands the Munitions act had practically broken down. Yet he came before the workers' meetings with a number of perfectly useless amendments, and the Labor men had actually to supply him with pages and pages of amendments to his own act. He is typical of the middle-class professional man and the ignorance of the working class, with a certain susceptibility to the glamour of the aristocratic class. His case shows that it is possible to become celebrated throughout the world without having any genuine ability.

Peace at Any Price

By DAVID STARR JORDAN Chancellor of Stanford University

Are we "For peace at any price"? Let us face the issue squarely. When we do this, the phrase has no meaning. For when the question really comes up, there is no peace to be had at any price. In this war, no peace was offered at any price to Serbia, to Belgium, to France. It was offered at a price to Austria, Russia, Germany, and England. Should these nations have taken it at the price? This question each may answer for himself. And paying the price, would they have had peace, real peace well worth the cost? All war is a "brawl in the dark," whatever its motive. If real peace is offered at any price, there need be no talk of war.

What could not Europe have afforded to pay to prevent the great catastrophe? What has war cost Europe, and when will it be able to repay?

And for us to whom war is not offered, we would see the price-lists first. With Lincoln, we would count the cost. If we do not, it may stagger us. And will we get peace when we pay for it? Not the armed peace of fear and hate, for that is war ony half disguised; but the peace of mutual trust and international confidence. Sooner or later that must come; for as sure as the day follows night, the principle of federation must succeed unbalanced nationalism in the development of the civilized world.

England—Traitor to the White Race

By Dr. Bernhard Dernburg

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, late German Colonial Minister, who became so well known to Americans by his activities in this country in the interests of Germany after the outbreak of the war, made the statements printed below in a lecture on Dec. 10 before a huge audience at Vienna. This was the first public speech made by Dr. Dernburg after his departure from the United States.

OU will not deem it strange if I feel a certain inclination to talk about the colonial domain in which I worked so long, and about international relationships across the seas. with which I have become familiar in my extensive travels. Just as the belligerents in Europe are divided by nationality, so people are divided by race in the colonies: and, just as closer ties bind nationalities and nations, so there is also a community of races. Just as in European politics every member of a nation is answerable to every other for the maintenance of his rights, (a relationship which we call the State,) so, in the colonial domain, every member of the white race is answerable to every other for the maintenance of his purity, culture, and prestige of this greater community.

The object of successful colonization among savage natives, wherever the climate does not allow white men to live, is to exploit the soil for its treasures. to make lakes, streams, and, above all, human beings, useful to the colonizing race. The essential thing is to raise such articles as do not thrive in northerly climates and are suitable for rounding out the economic life of the inhabitants of northern lands. This can be done successfully only when the hostility of the natives toward order and regular labor is overcome and their interest aroused in the activities of the colonist. To achieve this, the colonist must realize that the only thing which will justify the imposition of his will-by force if necessaryon these savage natives is that he give them, in exchange, better methods, zealously introduce a higher culture among them, seek ways and means toward the careful maintenance and increase of the subject race. In short, he must consider colonization as much an ethical as a mercantile task.

This is possible only when no unnecessary attack is made on the peculiar character, organization, and usages of law which exist even in the most savage States of Central Africa. Instead, these must be left alone in so far as this can be done without jeopardizing the objects of colonization and the relationship of motherland and colony.

But as, in the colonies, it is a question of dealing with great masses of undeveloped beings, far superior to the whites in number and not united among themselves, this task of the colonizer can be accomplished only if he succeeds in maintaining the prestige of the white race morally and culturally. If the white man is looked upon as mentally superior, on a higher plane economically, superior in weapons and power, the natives will decide that to render obedience to him is not only necessary, but wise. what is called the prestige of the white race. It is based on the native's belief that the will of the white man is good, unshakable, unconquerable.

The above applies to the power of the white race in general, not merely to that of whatever white nation may happen to be known to natives—in short, it applies to all colonizing nations. This is true because, among the nations of the dark continent, there is a constant movement to and fro, a whispering and murmuring; bits of news that trickle into Kamerun travel the most incredible distances, are drummed from place to place by the village drummers. One catches the sounds from the other, and thus, within a few hours, news travels over regions in the French and Belgian Congo which it takes whole days for a man to cross.

way, the news becomes either better or worse, according to the amazingly active but illogical whim of the negro. What is big becomes little, what is little big, and the chatter about some deed or plan of the whites is nowhere livelier than in the native villages of Africa.

For this reason what concerns the German concerns the Belgian, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Portuguese quite as much. It is, therefore, an axiom that there must be solidarity of all whites as opposed to blacks—at least it was until now. When Cortez, with a handful of Spaniards, captured the City of Mexico, the Mexicans thought that the Spaniards were immortal and their horses sprung from the gods. when the first horse had fallen in battle and the first Spaniard had been sacrificed on the altars of the Mexicans' god, it was all over with this belief, and the Spaniards were driven to a bloody and terrible retreat.

One can agree with the English when they say that they have carried out their mission of culture in the colonies intelligently and efficiently, after a number of mistakes-though it must be added that they hit upon the right method comparatively late in the day. They have succeeded in dominating and developing under their flag a family of nations which has justified high hopes for the future development of the human race. They have sought successfully to bear in mind the idiosyncrasies of their vassals, to respect their wishes and aims, to allow them as much freedom as was compatible with progress and the accomplishment of the national purpose. In this country of yours, this Austria-Hungary of many races, where the same methods have been applied successfully for centuries, under the leadership of the Hapsburgs, and are still being applied, this may not seem especially noteworthy; it is to be assumed that the Austrians would have made good colonizers, had their destiny led them toward coloniza-

Germany turned to colonizing because, both industrially and agriculturally, she was suffering from too great an increase in population; because she is essentially

a manufacturing country which cannot forego a certain control of the raw materials; because she was obliged to forestall schemes to hem her in artificially, and make her suffer from increased prices; because, in order to support her people at home, she had to extend her foreign trade and seek new fields of activity and education for her overflow of young men. I need not point out to you the differences between the Dual Monarchy and the German Empire. A glance at the statistics shows how much larger Austria-Hungary is than Germany and how much less thickly populated, how much less the agricultural yield per capita is in Austria-Hungary than in Germany, how a smaller volume of manufactures suffices to satisfy the population and maintain equilibrium. The war has wrought many changes, so that the development of Austria-Hungary will be more closely akin to that of Germany. The large emigration from Austria-Hungary, contrasted with the almost complete cessation of emigration from Germany to lands not under the German flag, gives a hint as to the consequences of German economic development. As is well known here, Germany has been for many years a country attracting a large stream of immigration.

I have remarked that England has, in general and at times in an exemplary manner, conformed to one of the essential requirements of colonization. But in so far as another is concerned—viz., the maintenance of the prestige of the white race—she has sinned grievously. This was true, first, in the Boer war, when she loosed black Bantu tribesmen against white men. It is true again now, when England is leading all sorts of uncultured colored men against whites, and fighting by the side of such savages. In order to make clear to you what I mean allow me to give you an example:

When I was journeying through Central Africa in 1907 at the head of my caravan of from 500 to 600 blacks, captured by a small band of whites, our only protection was about 20 Sudanese Ascaris, marching ahead of us, beneath the folds of the great black, white, and red German flag. All the rest were

bearers carrying our tents, stools, tables, beds, and luggage, our provisions, even our drinking water, the provisions for the bearers themselves, for our escort, for the muleteers driving our few mules. Behind these came the procession of soldiers' wives, with their little boy servants, for every one of us had one or two black servants or "boys," and the latter, in their turn, would have deemed themselves degraded had they not some little chap to carry their bundles-these little fellows were called by the camp wit "boyboys." In this way we traveled, hundreds of miles from railway and telegraph, through regions which until a few years ago were absolutely wild, protected only by our national flag, yet feeling ourselves perfectly safe. At night we lay in our tents, pitched in a great circle around a camp fire, behind which glowed the countless little fires at which our bearers warmed themselves, and we slept as securely as in our beds in the Fatherland. Yet there was nothing to protect us but the big flag which waved and fluttered in the middle of the camp. guarded by a lone sentinel. And that flag seemed to say: "Here is law and order, behind me lies the full power of the great German Empire, against which as yet no foe of the black race has prevailed."

I recall likewise a visit to the Sultan Kahigi of Kisenyi on the western shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where we walked for hours between rows of white-clad negroes holding palm branches, where the women sprinkled luck-bringing rice over us, until at last we reached the Sultan's residence, where, in an enormous courtyard, many thousand blacks welcomed us with shouts of joy. On the terrace of the Sultan's stone house we witnessed the barbaric spectacle of a wild war dance, played by musicians decked with fantastic headgear and tiger skins, which the Sultan called his "concert."

We whites were in a hopeless minority. The Sultan had a large bodyguard, armed with muskets. There we were, in the heart of Africa, cut off from the rest of the world. And the thought of the German Government was not exactly pleasant to that Sultan; he had to pay taxes

and kotow to it. But he had been made a German subject by the prestige of the white race.

On the big flooring behind his veranda he had a museum consisting of several battered coffee cans and pots, a gramophone long ago put out of commission, a half dozen alarm clocks, none of which worked, lanterns, candlesticks, epaulets. But what he prized above all else was a German sabre, the knightly gift of a representative of Germany. And nothing gave this potentate greater pleasure than the big school in which hundreds of children recited their lessons aloud, as do all children of nature, and learned Swahili and Arabic letters, and pointed proudly to the place on the map where the great Sultan of Germany lived, whose most august representatives were now their guests. It was not belief in our friendliness but the absolute belief in the power behind this friendliness, a power guaranteeing them unhindered development, that underlay the rejoicing of the populace.

Every time that we halted in the course of our long marches under some mango or bread fruit tree, some Sultan or other, great or small, appeared, bringing cattle as gifts. He received a generous present in exchange, and discussed whatever grievance was on his mind-usually it dated back to a long time before the And late in the German occupation. night, after we had retired, we could hear the monotonous shuffling of naked feet, the outcries, the songs in minor keys sung for hours by the women, dancing in a small circle with their unfortunate babes bound on their backs, in token of their joy and satisfaction, before the admiring eyes of the black members of our caravan.

It was the same everywhere—now under the stars, in the idleness and pleasure of the camp; now in the German courtroom, almost a temple, where the German district chief, with a black interpreter on his right and the Arabic elders on his left, recited much learned lore, while hundreds of squatting black figures confidently argued their cases, backed up worthily and with moderation by the representatives of their chieftains.

Yes, everywhere there was the same relationship, everywhere the same sense of order, introduced by the white man and recognized by the blacks thousands of miles from the coast, on the Equator, in Darkest Africa.

Upon this foundation rests nearly the whole colonial structure. Yet the greatest colonial power of all, England, is guilty of overthrowing this foundation. For it is England who, in co-operation with France, is leading men of the black and yellow races against the Central Powers; England it is who is transplanting them to Europe, making them familiar with even the last word in modern weapons. Probably they argue in England that this step can have no dire consequences for England if she wins. But suppose England does not win? even if she does? All who know the minds of the subject races know that those who return to their native land, the men who know how to use the best of the white man's weapons, will tell their fellow-countrymen that they and their brothers saved great England from destruction, that England was forced to summon the black man to save her; that henceforth they must behave differently, make demands, remember that the future must belong to the colored man-Africa to the African, India to the Indian.

Because of this it is that the colored troops in Europe are put in the most exposed positions, in the thickest of the mêlée, for every Englishman shudders at the thought of letting these men return to their homes. For this reason it is that he is waging his war against Germany's colonies and that he cries out, tortured by a guilty conscience, that England is fighting for civilization against the barbarians. In this way he seeks to forget that he is not only waging war against barbarians, but by their side, by means of them.

The consequence will be that a tremendous restlessness will take possession of the entire colored world, that dominion over the colonies must be erected on an entirely different foundation, that what was conquered peacefully must be retained by force, and that much progress and development of the subject peoples must be lost. Never has a world power

so criminally played with great ethical values for its own ends as has England, and never has England so seriously undermined her own existence as when she forgot that 80,000,000 whites must rule over 400,000,000 colored human beings.

Whereas the world power of England is founded, in the eyes of the uncivilized world-or perhaps we should say of the non-Christian world-on the prestige possessed up to now by the English as members of the white race, and now betrayed by them, it is founded, so far as our civilization is concerned, on the strongholds with which England has encircled the seas in the course of the centuries and in pursuance of a policy unhampered by party vicissitudes. For it is not the possession of the most powerful fleet which is the decisive factor in the control of the seas and the blockading of other countries, but far more the possession of naval bases and coaling stations. During the last few months we have seen how Mudros and Saloniki became English naval stations, whether their owners wished it or not, exactly as did Calais and Boulogne. The salient trait of English friendship is that it demands the doorkey from its hosts.

In the United States geography lessons in the public schools have been suspended for the present, on account of the changes which the present war will probably work in the map. But this branch of instruction was not even before the war the strong point of the curriculum in these schools. When I lectured before American Chambers of Commerce and learned societies, armed with a big map, I aroused great astonishment when I showed to what extent the United States also lay under the fire of British naval stations. After my lectures were over, this map of mine was surrounded entire hours by numerous persons who kept up a lively discussion of my remarks.

That map showed them that five English naval stations were nearer to the Panama Canal than the nearest American naval station; that the Eastern coast of the United States, between Halifax and Bermuda, is dominated by England; that the route to the Pacific Ocean is barred by the English Falk-

land Islands; that the entire Pacific is menaced and dominated by countless groups of islands as is the west coast of America by British Columbia; that the Northern part of the Indian Ocean is controlled by Wei-hai-Wei, Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, Colombo, and Koweit, the western portion by Mombasa, Zanzibar, and Durban; that the west coast of Africa is controlled by Cape Colony, St. Helena, and Lagos. Especially did these people understand the situation of Germany and her allies, the closing of the North Sea by the Orkney Islands and the Channel, the cutting off of Austria and Turkey by means of Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, the violation of the neutrality of the Suez Canal by the occupation of Egypt, the Island of Perm and Aden. This map helped more than anything else to make these Americans see the justice of our cause and the necessity for our victory.

For these reasons the demand for the freedom of the seas has found such active support in the United States. After the Americans were taught their theoretical position of vassalage to England the practical realization of it came to them when England proved to all neutrals, including the United States, the existence of this vassalage on the seas. If a big new naval program comes up for discussion in Washington, if the United States Army is to be increased tenfold, it is not, of course, being done avowedly against England, but with the avowed purpose of being prepared against anybody attacking the national and economic interests of the United States. Prussian militarism, with which we have supposedly also inoculated this beautiful land, is achieving its greatest triumph in the United States on account of England's misuse of her power. In the United States they want to build a second largest navy, place a nation under arms. The history of the world is inexorably consistent.

The unthinking way in which a great part of the American people ranged itself against Germany, because, when she was attacked, she was prepared, has caused thinking men to ask themselves how matters stand with the United States and its pacifist President who within the last year coined the phrase that there were nations too proud to fight and earnestly advocated the doctrine of non-resistance. This man today champions one of the most ambitious naval and military programs, not through apprehension of the alliance supposedly representing militarism, but on account of the attacks of that power which has emblazoned the struggle against militarism on her banners and will in the end arrive at universal military service. Might can be overcome by might alone; that is the unfortunate truth in this world of realities. They knew in England that here, too, the British Empire had feet of clay. amusing to hear what Lord Lansdowneknown to be one of the leaders of the Conservatives and now the guiding spirit in England's foreign policy-said recently to an American lawyer, who quotes him thus: "Lord Lansdowne said in a private conversation to his colleagues in the House of Lords that sooner or later the nations must decide to what extent a belligerent power controlling the straits forming great highways of commerce could close these passages in order to facilitate her warlike operations. Touching upon the subject in all its philosophic potentialities, he remarked that, just as public opinion nowhere would tolerate agreements whereby a local dispute about wages might affect the whole industrial life of the land, so also would public opinion in the great nations refuse to allow a local conflict involving only two nations to cause such serious damage and hindrance to the whole commercial world." All neutrals now see that such a situation cannot be tolerated, and they are now ranged with regard to this on the side of the Central Powers, despite the small sympathy which they otherwise have for us and our ways, and despite their powerlessness to cope at present with English encroachments on their rights.

But Sir Edward Grey, who knows better than any one else the weakness of England, has already laid stress on the fact that he will recognize the freedom of the seas after peace is declared as a valuable and proper basis for negotia-

What he means by that he has not vouchsafed to us. But a large part of the strongholds blockading the open seas do not belong beyond dispute to England. Also, she maintains herself in part by means of a power resting on prestige. For this reason English world power is today doubly threatened. One cannot assume that the Spaniards are particularly delighted because Gibraltar is in English hands, and England would just now be comparatively helpless against a determined effort to wrest it from her. Every Italian looks upon Malta as a bit of purloined territory, and recently England wished to get rid of Cyprus cheaply in exchange for Greek

And what of Egypt, always restless and menaced, and the rest of the naval stations lying on the Asiatic side of the universe? And, as for the naval stations on the American coast, they will exist only as long as they are not used for exerting such pressure on America as is now being exerted on Germany and Austria. Englishmen must not deceive themselves: identical interests and similarity of views on life bring American sympathies to England today, and perhaps America will always be better able to tolerate England than military Germany, which strives toward another national ideal. Maybe-but that does not mean much. The Englishman, who usually looks down upon the American with a sort of sovereign contempt and always tries to prove to him his superiority in mind and culture, is generally pretty well hated in the United States. America just now wants to keep out of war, because she can derive no benefit from it and wants to uphold her trade and the activities of her people. For these reasons American interests are identical with English. But to base any calculations for the future on this fact is utterly wrong. The United States will invariably pursue only an American policy.

In the Autumn of 1907 I was, for a short time, a guest of the Egyptian Government in Cairo on my return from East Africa. Among all the wonders which I saw—the graves of the Caliphs amid the smoke and flame of the bundles

of straw lighted in them while overhead the black sky glowed with countless stars; the Pyramids, the extraordinary mixture of peoples on the great canal dotted with the fantastic dahabeeyahs, the tens of centuries into which, so to speak, one can look while going through the great museums—among all these, one moment especially remains in my memory.

My amiable guide took me toward sunset to the citadel, beneath which Cairo, the only city of a million inhabitants in Africa, stretches out right and left. All lay silent, almost dead. Crowning the citadel is a building famous in the entire Mohammedan world, the alabaster mosque, grave of a great Sultan, wonderfully fantastic in construction, color, and form, and, by its side, is a lone guard post, a cannon protruding over the parapet, and an English redcoat, with bayonet fixed on his gun.

It was the day of the Ramazan festival. Throughout that day the Moslem stays at home fasting, observing religious usages. But, after sunset, there is revelry and feasting and celebrating, then the savings of the year are squandered.

And, as I stood there, the upper tip of the sun dropped to the horizon, and the lone English soldier placed a charge in the cannon. And just as the last gold-red glow vanished behind clouds, the shot rang out which told the people of Cairo that the hour of revelry had come.

From where there was before a stillness almost of death, there came a buzzing as of an enormous swarm of bees. The streets became black with throngs of people, and finally there arose a mighty murmur as of a city in revolt.

Ever since I have thought of that solitary English soldier who fired the cannon informing 1,000,000 Moslems that the hour for their religious festival had arrived, as the symbol of how England has up to now exercised world dominion; of how, to a certain extent, she has deserved to exercise world dominion.

I know most of those naval strongholds of England—Zanzibar, the isle of spices, separated from the east African hinterland; the sunbaked rock of Hongkong, prescribing to millions of Chinamen in the southern provinces the routes of trade; English Shanghai, under an international flag, by means of which England is now probably trying in vain to defend her dominion over the entire Yang-tse Valley against the yellow races.

Everywhere we have the small minority of the whites against the mighty mass of other peoples; and it is the heritage of the whites which is being uselessly squandered in this war. For now England defends her world empire, not only against her European foes, but also against the natives. She will be ruined sooner or later by her betrayal of both in her present method of waging war, and thus will she pay the penalty of centuries.

This war will put an end to English arbitrary control of the sea, not only because, as we all hope, the European Central Powers will be victorious, but because they have in this struggle the support of all the neutral foreign nations—yes, even the support of England's present allies.

Already English dominion over the sea is crumbling. A year ago the German-Austrian march to the Dardanelles would have been looked upon as a mad dream; today it is a reality. For us Central Europeans the sea route is unnecessary, in abnormal times, as a way to the frontiers of India.

But the immense advantage of the sea is that enormous quantities of goods can be transported at extraordinarily low rates and railways cannot compete with it. Therefore, if I am to tell from my experience how the new constellation of power rising over the world is to develop, I must lay down as an essential preliminary that it must make itself as independent as possible from the sea route, not only in war but in peace. The development of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy will probably be due to the harmonizing of manufactures and agri-

culture. For this, extensive means of transportation will be necessary, which, if possible, should not be railways. This leads to the thought of the completion of the Central European network of canals, and the deepening of rivers not now navigable, whereby the advantages of the sea route will be attained, to a considerable extent, although, of course, not by any means entirely. I am here touching upon one of the most interesting of community problems.

And this brings me to something else: This is the first time since my return from the United States that I have spoken in public. I was there as a delegate of the German Red Cross, and I wish to bear witness here to the admirable manner in which Americans of German and Austro-Hungarian extraction remembered their old country and its troubles. Do not forget the difficult position in which these friends of ours found themselves; nor how they had solemnly sworn allegiance to their new country. an oath which they neither wished then nor will wish in future to break. They must make up their minds as to what they, as Americans, think is for the advantage of America. They will decide as one should decide in a land of many nationalities like America, viz., "to be a good friend to all and allow no partisan taking of sides."

But from the beginning many of them were not equal to the situation. Many had to be told of the incredible slanders heaped upon Germany and Austria-Hungary by our enemies. Then their sentiments were expressed all the more strongly. * * *

So the German world across the sea has at least remained morally a great human community, a community that has deserved to have other peoples and nations group themselves around it, a community which will prove its own worth by what it does for other nations. By human and Divine right we are justified in believing that glorious success awaits our unswerving will to win.

Russia Arraigned

By Count Apponyi, in an Address at Budapest

Count Albert Apponyi of Hungary has been mentioned as a possible successor to Dr. Dumba as Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States; hence his utterances have a special significance. Count Apponyi for forty-five years has been a leading figure in the political life of the Dual Monarchy; he is a former Speaker of the Hungarian Parliament and one of the chief factors in the Interparliamentary Union.

HAT about this universal war which has grown out of a local conflict? Who is responsible for its horrors, for its calamities? The answer to this question is perfectly clear.

Since Austria-Hungary was in a state of lawful defense against Serbian aggression, those are responsible for the greater evil who espoused the cause of that aggression. And this is exactly what Russia did. That country is the great culprit. It is due to her policy that we have this main fountain from whence flows all this blood and all these tears. Her allies have been drawn by her into this awful maelstrom. I do not here wish to extenuate the guilt and the consequent disgrace of supposedly highly cultivated nations like France and England, who in one way or another became the patrons and the associates of a gang of Serbian murderers. But on Russia rests the chief responsibility, and on her head falls the great sin against humanity implied in this war.

It is quite true, in her war manifesto Russia attempts to pose as the chivalrous defender of a weak country against a strong one. The ignorant may believe this, but, as a matter of fact, it is nothing less than pure humbug to make such a declaration. Russia does not wish Serbia to become a decent country and a loyal neighbor; Russia drew her sword to make it possible that the conspiracies against Austria-Hungary's safety and

the plots of murder implied against them should go on undisturbed. Russia stands behind that dark work with all her might and all her power. This is just part and parcel of her intriguing policy. The purpose was exactly to keep Austria-Hungary in a state of constant unrest, to have us experience all sorts of economic difficulties and such a moral decomposition as would make us ready to receive our final deathblow.

The mask finally fell, and it is known today that Serbia was merely the Russian outpost behind which the Russian policy could, unhampered, support those miserable acts that compelled Austria-Hungary, much against its will, to stand up for its dignity and safety against a small neighbor. But Russia is unveiled before human conscience as responsible for the horrors of this universal war. Before peace can be thought of the power of Russian aggrandizement must be broken. Not until then can Europe look safely to its peace.

To bring the wnole mass of Slavs under her dominion, or at least under her control; to get the mastery of Constantinople and of an exit toward the southern seas—these have been the dominating motives of Russia's policy since she became conscious of herself. She has never desisted from these motives, but she took care to let them rest so long as she did not feel strong enough single-handed to enforce them.

It was perfectly clear to Russia that her aim could be reached only through war with Austria-Hungary; and it was just as clear that under no circumstances would Germany desert her ally.

The French alliance did not seem sufficiently strong or clearly marked to overcome the combined force of the Central Powers. But matters took on an entirely different complexion when England joined the Russo-French entente. Now Russia began to discern something

that would portend success to her ambitious plans, and at once her policy as regards the Balkans became insolent and aggressive. We need not deny that England's motive for joining the Franco-Russian entente was based on her growing concern regarding Germany's economic expansion and foreign trade. In that sense England's envy of Germany's economic progress may be considered one of the causes of the present world war. Of course, without England's support Russia would not have gone to war.

To repeat, Russia's lust of conquest and England's envious feelings against Germany were responsible for the tendencies that created the war. France's desire for revanche is, of course, another factor entering into the premises.

The German Emperor has been accused unjustly of inciting the war; this I know to be an absolute fact. His chief ambition during his rule has been to preserve peace and to end his days as a "Peace Emperor." He had to prepare for war because his neighbors threatened his peace ideals. Germany, it is true, has the most perfect military in-

strument in existence; she never intended to use it for aggression, but only for the safety of herself and her ally.

Another man to be absolved is our aged King. He has not the slightest responsibility for the war, and only wished to end his days in peace. But we could not, of course, stand quietly by and see Serbia try to force an ignominious division of territory of our monarchy.

I believe the Balkan situation as it is today will bring a solution more quickly than at first anticipated. I predict that a new era of freedom will come to the Balkan peoples when they join the political system of the Central Powers and become emancipated from the thralldom of Russia. Commercial prospects of the greatest purport open for us when Asia Minor and Central Asia are brought into direct communication with Europe. Then, and then only, can peace be restored on a basis of fair play. The door will stand open to all. The world is big enough to accommodate every nation and every people aspiring to a place in the family of nations.

Song of the Teutonic Alliance

A new variant of "Deutschland über Alles" appears in Die Woche. It goes to the same tune, which, of course, is that of the Austrian national anthem, and is entitled "The Song of Alliance." The first stanza opens with the declaration that:

Deutschland, Ostreich, Seit an Seite, Ostreich, Deutschland, treu gesellt, Stehn geeint zu heil'gem Streite, Bieten Trotz der ganzen Welt.

Translated, this means that "Germany and Austria, side by side, as true comrades, stand united in holy strife and bid defiance to the whole world." This note of defiance is carried on to the last stanza, which opens with the image of

Hand in hand the Kaisers standing, And the eagles wing to wing.





DR. CECILE GREIL

The Only Native American on the Ancona, and an Important Witness as to the Facts of the Tragedy

(Photo by Campbell Studios.)



ROBERT N. McNEELY

American Consul at Aden, One of the Passengers Who Went Down
With the Persia

(Photo from International Film Service.)

British Plan to Starve Germany

As the present number of CURRENT HISTORY goes to press there is every indication of more drastic measures on the part of the British Government to starve out Germany by making the naval blockade so complete as to amount to "strangulation." This step was foreshadowed during the debate in the House of Lords on Dec. 20, when the Lord President of the Council said: "The Government has been falsely charged with displaying too great tenderness toward Germany. If we could absolutely besiege and really starve Germany we would do so at the first possible moment. There is no difference from the point of view of humanity in besieging a city and besieging a country."

AN important speech in favor of using the whole economic strength of the British Empire in a policy directed against the enemy was made by Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, in the House of Commons on Jan. 10. He said:

There are signs that at last Germany is beginning to feel the economic pressure of our blockade. Her food supplies are becoming depleted, while ours are increasing. Bread riots in Berlin and in nearly every other big German city do not occur without good reasons. We have deprived the enemy of many necessities of warfare, and possibly some of the necessities of life. Her stocks of raw materials are giving out. Economic pressure, possibly better than any other means, will ultimately persuade Germany of the fruitlessness of continuing the struggle.

We can stand the strain longer than Germany, and if we husband our resources the disaster that will fall upon her will be almost irreparable. We must make it clear, however, that when peace comes we will not permit the outbreak of the economic war which Germany would wage against ourselves and our allies.

I am not prepared to wait for the end of the war to take steps to deal with this matter. It has been all along the policy of the British Board of Trade to capture German trade while the war is still on. In the case of South America, we have, since the war began, developed a trade which I hope will continue long after the cessation of hostilities. We have completely broken down the German monopolies in optical glass, dyes, electrical apparatus, and certain chemicals, and these monopolies will not again be renewed.

The policy of the Board of Trade is that there shall be no essential article, either for the arts of peace or war, that we cannot produce within either Great Britain or the empire.

We are not yet at the end of our ingenuity in winning the war.

The forecast that the British Government was about to give effect to the policy of trying to starve out Germany was contained in a London cable dated Jan. 12. The British policy was to be carried to a further extent than had hitherto been found possible, in view of the necessity of reconciling it with the preservation of neutral interests. "In other words," said the correspondent, "the naval noose around Germany's neck will be tightened to the point of stangulation."

Mr. Runciman's speech, quoted above, was followed by a controversy in Great Britain as to whether the blockade against Germany was really effective. There existed, The London Evening News declared, "a notable leakage in the ring which our fleet has drawn around the enemy country-a ring which the navy could maintain whole and effective if it were not for Foreign Office interference." The campaign for eliminating "Foreign Office interference" had progressed to such a point that, according to THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent, preparations were already being made for the announcement of certain steps which would satisfy even those who held with Sir Edward Carson's view, expressed in the House of Commons on Jan. 11, that "the Government has been swayed hitherto by minor considerations."

The Foreign Office's policy of consideration for neutrals was to a certain ex-

tent regarded as one of the " minor considerations." Advocates of an out-andout blockade of Germany quoted startling figures to show the importation by Germany of goods consigned to neutral countries, such as Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The solution would be the declaration of a naval blockade of Germany, hampered by none of the judicial niceties which Mr. Asquith once believed would be avoided by the policy laid down under the Orders in Council. Almost at the outset, said a correspondent, "the best American opinion counseled Great Britain to declare an out-andout blockade rather than have recourse to the policy of Orders in Council.

To what extent the British blockade had already been effective in making Germany feel "the pinch of hunger" is shown in the German press. The Berliner Zeitung is quoted in a dispatch

dated Jan. 12 as saying:

It is difficult to imagine that things could grow worse just now without some crowning disaster. The masses of the people are hungry all day long, many articles of food having reached a price wholly beyond the reach of the families of the working class. Hunger renders the people sullen and deprives them of all joy in victories, though all the bells are ringing and flags wave. The children are underfed, pale, and wan, looking like faded flowers. In the meantime we are informed that the military authorities have forbidden meetings convened to discuss the high cost of living.

Commenting on the official exhortations to the poor to economize, Vorwarts, the Socialist organ, says:

For the midday meal one must not arrange matters according to one's wish, taste, or habit, but must select those foods which are most cheaply obtained. One must break the habit of eating bread, butter, and sausage for supper.

During discussions in the Budget Commission and in the Reichstag Food Committee the following utterances were heard:

Deputy Ebert—The bitter dissatisfaction among the people is due to conditions in the potato market. The

Government has bungled the problem. It is a lie to say that potatoes are selling at peace prices.

are selling at peace prices.

President Kautz—The potato problem is beset with difficulties. Last
year the experts declared that there
was no need for Government intervention. Nothing was done. The
crop was late. Difficulties of transportation arose; hence a scarcity.

Deputy Behrens demanded higher bread rations for the forestry

workers.

At the same time efforts are being made to discover new foods by scientific means. The Berliner Tageblatt says:

A valuable new food has been produced by Veterinary Surgeon Alois Walz, director of the municipal slaughter house at Graz. He has succeeded in extracting from ox blood its albumen in such a manner that both the odor and taste of the blood are entirely removed. It has proved an excellent substitute for chicken. It also yields an admirable beef tea.

Several newspapers publish a letter to the German Crown Princess from a soldier's wife at Essen, who explains how she makes all milk serve not only as milk but also as butter.

Apart from foodstuffs, German science is reported to be discovering substitutes. For example, the Frankfurter Zeitung says:

Almost at the very hour at which the Imperial Chancellor informed the Reichstag that the German spirit of research and invention had succeeded in making artificial rubber a German factory had actually produced a very satisfactory kind of tire made out of synthetic rubber.

In the speech referred to the Chancellor had said that it was absurd to suppose that a great power could be forced to

make peace for lack of rubber.

In contrast with the foregoing, the German Chancellor in an official declaration to Parliament on Jan. 13, 1916, declared that the efforts to starve out Germany were entirely futile, and added that the efficiency and economy practiced in the German agricultural districts absolutely insured a plentiful supply of all food necessities for the empire from the soil of Germany alone for many years.

"King Poincaré"

By Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Heading this article as above, Dr. Paul Rohrbach, the well-known German publicist, has contributed to Groessere Deutschland an arraignment of the small group which, led by the President of the French Republic, he says, completely dominates the military and political situation in France during the war.

THAT I am now writing is largely based on information received by me from a neutral observer, a statesman long resident in the French capital. It is apparent from what I have learned that altogether too much importance was attached at the time to the Ministerial changes in France. My informant, in fact, is certain that in reality there has been no change. The oligarchy made up of Messrs. Aynard, Hottinguer, Mallet, Rothschild, &c., has simply changed about some of its lieutenants. In place of Viviani it is now Briand. Poincaré's old chum. Millerand. the creator of drum-beating as a political factor, is gone. But Combes and Burgeois, who with Briand were responsible for the introduction of the new Jacobinism in the Governmental machinery of France, have kept at their task with a "refinement" worthy of Neroism at its worst.

And "King Poincaré" remains. The small group that has compromised both the military organization and the foreign policy of France is in control. money autocrats succeeded in effecting a Ministerial crisis, but they saw to it that the system was kept intact. So far as it concerns the welfare of the people the situation is unchanged. Briand or Viviani, Thomson or Clementel, Millerand, or Combes, it is all the same. There remains in control the all-powerful group of financiers that brutalizes Parliament, the press, and the general public. There is nothing whatever to show that this plutocratic clique has lost any influence as Governmental factors. The damage inflicted by this privileged group is incalculable. It has centred all power in itself. It has set up King Poincaré as the uncrowned symbol which is meant to represent France and its idealism.

The greatest danger to the French Republic is not to be found in the Royalists, nor in the Bonapartists. Today the actual influence of these groups is quite negligible. On the other hand, look at such newspapers as Action Française, Gaulois, and the Echo de Paris. Readers of these papers have increased enormously since the beginning of the war. And then glance likewise at the official publications, such as Le Temps and Journal des Debats. To a man they support M. Poincaré.

Now, I suppose you will ask why this is so. Well, it is quite natural, since to all intents and purposes all initiative and all power rests exclusively in the hands of Poincaré, who is responsible for the prevalent system. I also wish to remind you that with a shrewd stroke of the pen King Poincaré vaingloriously falsified the origin of the world war.

My informant recalls the proceedings in Paris toward the end of July, 1914. We have, furthermore, the version of The Manchester Guardian in its war history, Vol. XII., where we read: "Up to July 31, the evening preceding general mobilization, the Parisian public declined to believe that France would be drawn into such a conflict for such a reason. * * *

"Thursday, July 30, the Government had furnished to the press a statement quite optimistic in tone, but the hope arose the following day when the Agence Havas announced that the German Government was getting ready to mobilize. But no one knew in Paris that Russia, without informing the French Government, had ordered a general mobilization the day before. Then, when it became known that German troops were concentrated on the frontier, sentiment in France changed."

France did not want the war until it

felt that there was danger of attack. In spite of the threatening situation the pacific sentiment of the French people was still so strongly emphasized that the Militarist Party found it necessary to murder Jáures.

To quote once more from The Manchester Guardian: "If France had not then considered itself in danger of a German attack, an uprising by the people would have followed as a result of Jáures's death. The feeling was general in Paris that the murder of Jaures could only have come about through the instrumentalities of the Militarist Party. It was felt to be essential to get the great apostle of peace out of the way. He was the only man, perhaps, who in France could have prevented the war. For more than a year his life had been threatened by the Royalists and the Militarists, and only fourteen days before his death two newspapers stated that on the day of the general mobilization Jáures would be shot to death."

It is not overstating facts to say that in case, after Jáures's murder, the German Kaiser's telegram to the King of England, on Aug. 1, had been made public in France, the French Government would have found it difficult to make of the war a people's war. The telegram, as all the world knows, said: "If France will guarantee me peace, * * * I will then not look for an attack from that side, but will employ my troops elsewhere. * * Instructions are being telephoned and telegraphed the troops not to cross the border. * * *"

But Poincaré saw to it that this telegram was not then made public in France.

Every protest of the French newspaper organizations against the unwarranted muzzling of the press by the censor has been in vain. As a matter of fact, almost every protest has gone unanswered.

Then King Poincaré robbed Parliament of its due rights. Did not Clemenceau cry aloud in his L'Homme Enchainé that in England and even in Russia the press enjoyed far greater freedom than in republican France? Humanité declared that every question up in Parliament, if not satisfactory to the powers that were, would instantly be suppressed. For months the Dépeche de Rouen, Humanité, and Bonnet Rouge argued against the absolutism of the Government. The democratic privileges of Parliament—the right to speak openly on public questions concerning Parliament and Government—requests for information on matters of diplomatic and military consequence, are no longer tolerated. The sittings of the two chambers have been reduced to the nice level of a 5 o'clock tea!

King Poincaré reigns supremely and absolutely.

And the Opposition? Clemenceau is now too old and too feeble to any longer count for much. "La Bataille syndicaliste" has ceased to exist. L'Humanité, once upon a time, under Jáures's peerless leadership, the best political publication in all France, has now only one-half the number of readers as formerly, and, what is still worse, stands for not one-half the democratic purity in principle and convincing power as before.

For money, and perhaps fine words in the bargain, Gustave Hervé has allowed himself to be beguiled by the Government, and it is now some months since he has stood up for the politics and the policies of the bank-autocracy. And the once strong and hopeful elements, the Radicals and the Socialistic Parties, have either come to a sudden stop in their activities or have, in cowardly fashion, withdrawn themselves entirely.

The emblazoning, magnificent democratic spirit of France that reaches from 1789 to 1871, stands today extinguished.

Yes, France may today range itself apparently solid and united behind its uncrowned King, Raymond Poincaré. But he it is who has poured into his own melting pot the capitalistic interests, the anti-religionists of the Third Republic, the military absolutism and the Nationalists. These he has molded into a new system of absolute domination. And all this Poincaré then stamps as democratic idealism; it is his version of liberty, equality, fraternity!

England and Conscription

By an English Parliamentarian

SPEAK only as a soldier," said Lord Kitchener in the House of Lords, "with a single eye to the successful conduct of the war. I feel sure that every one will agree that the fullest, fairest trial has been given to the system which I found in existence and of which I felt it my duty to make the best use.

"We are now asking Parliament to sanction a change, as it has been proved that in the special circumstances of this utterly unprecedented struggle the existing system without modification is not equal to maintaining the army that is needed to secure victory."

Kitchener dominates England today as England has not been dominated by a soldier since the day of Wellington; Kitchener is, in fact if not in name, the effective head of the British Government, as Wellington came to be in both fact and name, and it is not too much to say that Kitchener's single will and the example of his devotion has won the day for conscription, and for justice, in England, and has set England's feet firmly on the path which she must tread if the Entente powers are to win the war—the path of arduous yet certain victory.

The real purpose of the British bill is not to compel brave men to fight; with the best men of English blood there is no need for that. It is to bring pressure upon the cowards, to compel them to be courageous, to choose sacrifice instead of selfishness. That the English, the most democratic of all nations, have determined to do this by an overwhelming majority gives new hope for the future of the empire, for the future of mankind.

On Jan. 4 Lord Derby presented to Lord Kitchener, as Secretary for War, his report on the result of the splendid recruiting campaign which is so largely the fruit of Lord Derby's genius and inspiring personality. That report showed that, out of a total of just over 5,000,000 men, approximately 3,000,000 responded to the call of their country's need. Of those who thus responded under half a million were rejected as physically unfit, leaving a total of 2,521,661 who have put themselves on record as ready to fight and to die for the cause of the Allies. More than one-tenth of these enlisted for immediate service.

As the purpose of this recruiting campaign was to raise another million men for the army, giving Kitchener the four million that he deems indispensable, Lord Derby's plan is without doubt a magnificent success. But there is one important point-with the backing of the Prime Minister, Lord Derby gave his pledgethat the married men who put themselves on record as ready to answer the call to the colors-who "attested," as the phrase is-would not be called until all the eligible single men had joined the colors, and it is precisely from this point that the present movement for compulsion starts. The final figures show that of some two million single men just over a million have not offered themselves for service. Of these one-third are, for one or another reason, exempt; there remain, therefore, 651,160 available single men who have refused to respond to the call of the nation, and the Government-in its way the best coalition Government England has ever had-is now determined to pass a law to compel these single men to serve their country.

The great weakness of the bill seems to be this—it is a war measure only, and even as a war measure merely supplements something else; the Conscription bill, if we are to call it this, is the tail of Lord Derby's kite, not a substantive, comprehensive scheme. As it is a war measure only, its effect will be, at the close of the present war, to leave England in the same dangerous situation of unpreparedness that she occupied at the

beginning of August, 1914. It is not too much to say that the cost of that unpreparedness has been terrible, and that this cost has been paid, not only by England herself, but by the men—and the women—of Belgium, of Serbia, of Northern France. The refusal to make a sacrifice at the right time bears a more usurious interest than any other form of cowardice or sin. The present bill, therefore, is but "a sop to Cerberus" and leaves England's permanent danger untouched. It is the act of a courage that is still half cowardice. But, for the moment, let that pass.

The opposition to the bill brings into high relief the present dislocation of the English parliamentary system. There are no longer two great parties in the British Parliament—there are four or five. This is an approach to the situation in the French Chamber of Deputies and implies something of the instability which has reigned in that Chamber throughout the whole life of the Third Republic.

The first great breach in the English two-party system was made by Parnell, who showed himself frankly ready to accept gifts from either party; gifts beginning with Gladstone's first Land act and including the Land Purchase acts of Gerald Balfour and George Wyndham, and promised gifts, like Gladstone's two Home Rule bills, and Asquith's bill still pending. The result of these gifts and of the genuine good-will which inspires them is the slow but sure conversion of Ireland from the position of an alien nation to that of an integral part of the empire. But up to the present that conversion is only half complete. In Ireland, therefore, is to be found one of the elements of opposition to the Government's Conscription bill, precisely because Irishmen, as a whole, are not yet fully willing to fight the battles of the empire and, remembering their own past hardships, are not yet fully convinced that the cause of the empire is the cause of human liberty. This is why the Irish, though a warlike nation, has responded far less readily than, let us say, Scotland to the call for soldiers. This is

why Lord Derby's splendid scheme did not include Ireland. Finally, this is why the present Conscription bill, which supplements Lord Derby's scheme, leaves Ireland out.

In one noteworthy respect, among many, France has shown herself definitely in advance of England—she has solved, and triumphantly solved, the great problem which England still timorously faces, the question whether the narrow, selfish interests of certain classes-in this case, the class of organized labor-are to transcend the interests of the nation. It is of excellent omen that it is precisely M. Briand, the present head of the French Government, who, with a courage that Asquith and his friends may well envy, so wisely and effectively solved that question for France in the great fight in which he broke the back of syndicalism and sabotage. And he won it by calling out the reserves of the French Army-which included the syndicalist strikers themselves; by calling on the soldier's valor, which has since flamed so brightly in the heart of every Frenchman. Asquith and his colleagues have not yet found the courage to do that, but they are moving in that direction.

It is noteworthy that the present opposition to Mr. Asquith's Conscription bill comes precisely from those elements in the British Isles which Mr. Asquith's Liberal Cabinet most sedulously favored, at the expense, perhaps, of a stricter justice—the classes whom the Parliament act, the Old Age Pensions act, and the Home Rule bill were especially intended to please; and, further, that the Ministers who have met with the most opposition and adversity are precisely Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the chief sponsors for recent socialistic legislation.

On Jan. 11 there happened in the Parliament at Westminster one of the decisive events of modern history. Not generously, not enthusiastically, but none the less effectively, Mr. Redmond, the Parliamentary leader of the Irish party, declared that he and his followers would not further oppose the Government's Military Service bill. This declaration

he based, not on principle, not on patriotism, but on mere expediency. The Irish Nationalists had made their protest against the bill. Recognizing that the measure had the support of the overwhelming majority of British representatives in the House of Commons and was, therefore, certain to pass, Mr. Redmond and his colleagues would not take the responsibility of further opposition. * * *

This insures victory for the bill and, if Kitchener be right, the victory of the Allies in the war. It is, therefore, a decisive fact in history.

But what are we to say of the position in which it leaves Ireland? Perhaps we can best answer this in the words of Sir Edward Carson, the leader of militant Ulster:

I welcome Mr. Redmond's announcement, but I regret that the honorable gentleman should not have gone a step further and led his party into the House in favor of the bill. It would have been even better if the honorable gentleman had allowed Ireland to be included. He and I are old opponents, but I can assure him from the bottom of my heart that nothing would be more likely to bring us together on a common platform than that we should find Ireland, together with England, Scotland, and Wales, absolutely unanimous in what we believe necessary for winning the war.

I am profoundly disappointed with the way the Coalition Government has dealt with the matter of Ireland. Is Ireland less concerned with the result of the war than Great Britain? You may go on making sacrifices and we will be prepared to rejoice in and share the result. As an Irishman I say that Ireland should be ashamed to be open to such reproach.

Has Ireland done better than Great Britain in recruiting? She has not done half as well, and it is a great mistake to go on buttering her up, telling her she has done splendidly when she has not.

I make one more appeal to Mr. Redmond. It is that he consider whether Ireland cannot even now be included in the bill.

In my heart I believe that, when the hour of victory comes, as it certainly will come, we who are Irishmen will feel the deepest shame to remember that we expected others to make sacrifices from which we provided our own exclusion.

The opposition to the bill melted away at its second reading, so that only thirty-nine votes were recorded against it. The Irish Nationalists and the Labor members voted affirmatively on this reading. The only Cabinet member who resigned in consequence of the bill was Sir John Simon, Home Secretary, who was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Samuel. The measure is expected to become a law before Feb. 1.

French and English Studies in Germany

Fräulein Dr. Käthe Schirmacher, a well-known authoress, and a prominent worker in the movement for the betterment of the position of women, has been lecturing in Kiel on problems arising out of the war. According to the Kiel Neueste Nachrichten, this lady says:

French and English must no longer be obligatory subjects in our girls' schools; our enemies would feel this blow, for it would prove to them that the times have really changed. Moreover, French and English are really not necessary to an educated German woman. Intercourse with foreigners must be considerably reduced after the war, and our national dignity demands that we should purchase no foreign products. The physical fitness of the German girl must be enhanced by means of long walks, of gymnastic exercises, and by the creation of a corps of girl volunteers. It is only when the body has been strengthened by military drill that the intellectual faculties can be properly developed.

The Ancona Case: Second Phase

Text of Diplomatic Notes That Carried the Affair Past the Critical Point

Austria-Hungary's reply to the first American note in regard to the sinking of the Italian-American steamship Ancona by an Austrian submarine was not regarded as satisfactory by the United States Government, and was followed by a second, even firmer than the first. Ambassador Penfield handed this to Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, on Dec. 21, 1915. Austria's second reply, which conceded the American demands and practically closed this serious incident, was transmitted on Dec. 29, 1915. The full text of both notes is given below.

TEXT OF SECOND ANCONA NOTE TO AUSTRIA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Dec. 19, 1915.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO AMBASSADOR PENFIELD:

You are instructed to address a note to the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, textually as follows:

HE Government of the United States has received the note of your Excellency relative to the sinking of the Ancona, which was delivered at Vienna on Dec. 15, 1915, and transmitted to Washington, and has given the note immediate and careful consideration.

On Nov. 15, 1915, Baron Zwiedenek, the Chargé d'Affaires of the Imperial and Royal Government at Washington, transmitted to the Department of State a report of the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty with regard to the sinking of the steamship Ancona, in which it was admitted that the vessel was torpedoed after her engines had been stopped and when passengers were still on board.

This admission alone is, in the view of the Government of the United States, sufficient to fix upon the commander of the submarine which fired the torpedo the responsibility for having willfully violated the recognized law of nations and entirely disregarded those humane principles which every belligerent should observe in the conduct of war at sea.

In view of these admitted circumstances the Government of the United States feels justified in holding that the details of the sinking of the Ancona, the

weight and character of the additional testimony corroborating the Admiralty's report, and the number of Americans killed or injured are in no way essential matters of discussion. The culpability of the commander is in any case established, and the undisputed fact is that citizens of the United States were killed, injured, or put in jeopardy by his law-less act.

The rules of international law and the principles of humanity which were thus willfully violated by the commander of the submarine have been so long and so universally recognized and are so manifest from the standpoint of right and justice that the Government of the United States does not feel called upon to debate them and does not understand that the Imperial and Royal Government questions or disputes them.

The Government of the United States therefore finds no other course open to it but to hold the Imperial and Royal Government responsible for the act of its naval commander and to renew the definite but respectful demands made in its communication of the 6th of December, 1915.

It sincerely hopes that the foregoing statement of its position will enable the Imperial and Royal Government to perceive the justice of those demands and to comply with them in the same spirit of frankness and with the same concern for the good relations now existing between the United States and Austria-Hungary which prompted the Government of the United States to make them.

LANSING.

Text of the Austrian Reply, Granting Every Demand

Vienna, Dec. 29, 1915.

In answer to your very esteemed note, No. 4,307, of the 21st inst., the subscriber has the honor to lay the following most respectfully before his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America, Frederic Courtland Penfield:

THE Imperial and Royal Government agrees thoroughly with the American Cabinet that the sacred commandments of humanity must be observed also in war. Just as it has hitherto given at no time and to no person occasion to doubt its respect for these commandments, in like manner also in the whole course of this war, which presents such pictures of confusion of moral conceptions, has it given numerous proofs of humanitarian sentiments toward enemies as well as toward neutral States, and it was not due to this Government that it was a short time ago not precisely in harmony with the Washington Cabinet on a question which it, (the Austro-Hungarian Government,) in harmony with the entire public opinion in Austria-Hungary, regarded principally a question of humanity.

The Imperial and Royal Government can also substantially concur in the principle, expressed in the very esteemed note, that private ships, in so far as they do not flee or offer resistance, may not be destroyed without the persons aboard being brought into safety.

The Imperial and Royal Government is very responsive to the assurance that the Federal Government lays value upon seeing that the good relations which happily exist between Austria-Hungary and the United States of America are maintained. It reciprocates this assurance most warmly, and is now, as heretofore, concerned to render these relations more hearty, so far as lies in its power.

Guided by the same spirit of frankness as the Government of the Union, the Imperial and Royal Government, although it does not find in the note, frequently referred to, the answer to all the legitimate questions submitted by it, is willing to communicate to the Federal Government the result of the investigation which, in accordance with existing departmental regulations, was begun immediately after the receipt of the fleet report on the sinking of the Ancona, and which was just recently received.

The result of this investigation may be summarized as follows:

On Nov. 7, 1915, at 11:40 o'clock in the forenoon, the commander of the submarine observed, in latitude 38.40 north, longitude 10.08 east, in foggy weather, at a distance, roundly, 3,000 meters and one point to starboard, the outlines of a large Italian steamer. He took it at first for a transport steamer, and turned about and fired from his rear gun a warning shot far from the vessel.

Simultaneously he displayed the signal, "Leave the ship." The steamer did not stop, but rather turned aside and sought to escape. The commander at first remained stopped for some minutes, in order to increase the distance, since he feared that the steamer had a stern gun and would fire at the submarine with it.

When the distance had reached 4,500 meters, he had the pursuit taken up with full power, and fired from his forward gun at a decreasing distance sixteen shells, among which he observed three hits.

During the chase the steamer went zigzag, and stopped only after the third hit. Thereupon the commander ceased firing.

During the flight the steamer had already, while at full speed, let some boats with persons in them fall, which immediately capsized. After stopping, the steamer began launching boats.

From a distance of about 2,000 meters the commander saw that six boats were filled and rowed hastily away from the steamer. Another boat was capsized and floated keel up. The people held on to the hanging lines and to the capsized boat.

During the further approach of the submarine the commander saw that a great panic reigned aboard, and that he had to deal with a passenger steamer, namely, the Ancona, from Genoa. Therefore he gave the occupants of the steamer more time than was required to leave the ship in lifeboats.

At least ten lifeboats were still aboard, which would have more than sufficed for the rescue of the persons still aboard. One of these boats hung, full of people, half turned outward on the davits.

Since, however, except for this, no further move was made to lower boats, the commander decided, after a lapse of forty-five minutes, to torpedo the ship in such a manner that it should remain a considerable time afloat, in order that, on the one hand, the getting of the people into the lifeboats should be hastened, and that, on the other, adequate opportunity should remain for rescuing the persons still aboard.

Shortly thereafter a steamer became visible which was throwing out heavy clouds of smoke and headed toward the Ancona. It apparently had been summoned by the Ancona's wireless.

Since the submarine commander had to reckon on an attack by a steamer, which he took for an enemy cruiser, he submerged, after having, at 12:35 o'clock in the afternoon, had a torpedo fired into the forward baggage hold of the Ancona from a distance of 800 meters. The Ancona listed about 10 degrees to starboard after this shot.

Thereupon an effort was made to lower the lifeboat which already was half turned out on the davits. It broke loose, however, and fell into the water. The lifeboat floated keel down further, and the people held fast to the gunwale. Of the other boats none was lowered into the water, although persons could still be observed aboard.

The steamer gradually righted itself to an even keel and settled so slowly that the submarine commander at first doubted whether the steamer would sink. Not until 1:20 o'clock did it sink, after a lengthy parallel settling, with the bow first.

During these further forty-five minutes all persons yet aboard could have been saved without difficulty with the boats still on hand.

From the fact that this, contrary to his expectations, was not done, the commander concluded that the crew, contrary to all seamen's customs, had accomplished their own rescue with the first boats and abandoned to themselves the passengers intrusted to their protection.

The weather at the time of the incident was good and the sea calm, so that the lifeboats could have reached the nearest coast without danger, as indeed the lifeboats actually were damaged only by the unskilled lowering, but not after they had struck the water.

The loss of human lives is in the first instance by no means ascribable to the sinking of the ship, but (and in all probability in a much higher measure) to the rapid lowering (hinunter werfen) of the boats during full speed, as well as to the fact that the crew, concerned only for itself, did not rescue the passengers of the capsized boats.

It is also probably ascribable to shots which hit the fleeing vessel, but the death of persons who sank with the steamer is also, above all, ascribable to the disloyal conduct of the crew.

As appears from the above-adduced state of affairs, the very esteemed note of Dec. 9 is based in many points on incorrect premises. Information reaching the United States Government that solid shot was immediately fired toward the steamer is incorrect; it is incorrect that the submarine overhauled the steamer during the chase; it is incorrect that only a brief period was given for getting the people into the boats. On the contrary, an unusually long period was granted to the Ancona for getting passengers into the boats. Finally, it is incorrect that a number of shells were still fired at the steamer after it had stopped.

The facts of the case demonstrate further that the commander of the submarine granted the steamer a full fortyfive minutes' time, that is, more than an adequate period to give the persons aboard an opportunity to take to the boats. Then, since the people were not all saved, he carried out the torpedoing in such a manner that the ship would remain above water the longest possible time, doing this with the purpose of making possible the abandonment of the vessel on boats still in hand.

Since the ship remained a further fortyfive minutes above water, he would have accomplished his purpose if the crew of the Ancona had not abandoned the passengers in a manner contrary to duty.

With full consideration, however, of this conduct of the commander, aimed at accomplishing the rescue of the crew and passengers, the Imperial and Royal Marine authorities reached the conclusion that he had omitted to take adequately into consideration the panic that had broken out among the passengers, which rendered difficult the taking to the boats, and the spirit of the regulation that Imperial and Royal Marine officers shall fail in giving help to nobody in need, not even to an enemy.

Therefore the officer was punished, in accordance with the existing rules, for

exceeding his instructions.

The Imperial and Royal Government in the face of this state of affairs does not hesitate to draw the corresponding conclusions respecting the indemnification of American citizens affected by the sinking of the prize, but in this regard it makes the following statement:

The investigation into the sinking of the Ancona could naturally furnish no essential point to show in how far a right to an indemnity is to be granted American citizens. The Imperial and Royal Government cannot, indeed, even according to the view of the Washington Cabinet, be held liable for damages which resulted from the undoubtedly jus tified bombardment of the fleeing ship.

It should just as little have to answer for the damages which came to pass before the torpedoing of the ship through the faulty lowering of lifeboats or the capsizing of lowered boats.

The Imperial and Royal Government must assume that the Washington Government is in a position and disposed to give it (the Austro-Hungarian Government) the required and certainly not unimportant information in this respect.

If, however, because of possible lack of material proofs, the particular circumstances under which American citizens suffered damage should not have become known to the Union Government, the Royal Government, in consideration for the humanely deeply regrettable incident, and by a desire to proclaim once again its friendly feeling toward the Federal Government, would be gladly willing to disregard this gap in the evidence and to extend indemnities also to those damaged whose cause cannot be established.

While the Imperial and Royal Government may probably consider the affair of the Ancona as settled with the foregoing statements, it reserves to itself at this time the right to bring up for discussion at a later period the difficult questions of international law connected with submarine warfare.

The undersigned has the honor to request most respectfully that his Excellency the Ambassador of the United States of America will be pleased to bring the foregoing to the attention of the Federal Government, and takes advantage of this opportunity to renew to his Excellency an expression of his most especial esteem.

BURIAN.

Germany's Pledge of Safety in the Mediterranean

During negotiations looking toward a final settlement of the Lusitania affair—after a visit of Count Bernstorff to the State Department on Jan. 7, 1916—Secretary Lansing issued the following statement, comprising the text of new written guarantees given by the German

Government as to vessels in the Mediterranean:

THE German Ambassador today left at the Department of State, under instructions from his Government, the following communication:

"(1) German submarines in the Medi-

terranean had, from the beginning, orders to conduct cruiser warfare against enemy merchant vessels only in accordance with general principles of international law, and in particular measures of reprisal, as applied in the war zone around the British Isles, were to be excluded.

"(2) German submarines are therefore permitted to destroy enemy merchant vessels in the Mediterranean—i. e., passenger as well as freight ships as far as they do not try to escape or offer resistance—only after passengers and crews have been accorded safety.

"(3) All cases of destruction of enemy merchant ships in the Mediterranean in which German submarines are concerned are made the subject of official investigation, and, besides, are subject to regular prize court proceedings. In so far as American interests are concerned, the German Government will communicate the result to the American Government. Thus, also, in the Persia case, if the circumstances should call for it.

"(4) If commanders of German submarines should not have obeyed the orders given to them they will be punished; furthermore, the German Government will make reparation for damage caused by death of or injuries to American citizens."

Berlin Yields in New Note on Sinking of the Frye

Secretary Lansing made public on Jan. 8 the text of a German note of Nov. 29, 1915, offering redress for the sinking of the William P. Frye. It contained the important admission that the mere placing of human beings in an open boat at sea does not satisfy the requirements of international law. The vital portions of the note are given below.

The German Minister for Foreign Affairs to Ambassador Gerard.

Berlin, Nov. 29, 1915.

THE undersigned has the honor to inform his Excellency, Mr. James W. Gerard, Ambassador of the United States of America, in reply to the note of Oct. 14, F. O. No. 5,671, relative to indemnity for the sinking of the American merchant vessel William P. Frye, as well as to the settlement by arbitration of the difference of opinion which has arisen on this occasion, as follows:

With regard first to the ascertainment of indemnity for the vessel sunk, the German Government is in agreement with the American Government in principle that the amount of damages be fixed by two experts, one each to be nominated by the German and American Governments. The German Government regrets that it cannot comply with the wish of the American Government to have the experts meet in Washington. * * * Should the American Government insist on its demands for the meeting of the experts at Washington or the early choice of an umpire, the only alternative would be to arrange the fixing of damages by diplomatic negotiations. In such an event the German Government begs to await the transmission of a statement of particulars of the various claims for damages accompanied by the necessary proofs.

With regard to the arbitral treatment of the differences of opinion relative to the interpretation of certain stipulations of the Prussian-American commercial treaties the German Government has drawn up the inclosed draft of a compromise which would have to be worded in the German and English languages and drawn up with due consideration of the two alternating texts. * *

Until the decision of the permanent court of arbitration, the German naval forces will sink only such American vessels as are loaded with absolute contraband, when the pre-conditions provided by the Declaration of London are present. In this the German Government quite shares the view of the American Government that all possible care must be taken for the security of the crew and passengers of a vessel to be sunk. Consequently, the persons found on board of a vessel may not be ordered into her lifeboats except when the general conditions,

that is to say, the weather, the condition of the sea, and the neighborhood of the coasts afford absolute certainty that the boats will reach the nearest port. For the rest the German Government begs to point out that in cases where German naval forces have sunk neutral vessels for carrying contraband, no loss of life has yet occurred.

The undersigned begs to give expression to the hope that it will be possible for the two Governments to reach a complete understanding regarding the case of the William P. Frye on the above basis, and avails himself of this oportunity to renew to his Excellency the Ambassador the assurance of his highest consideration.

VON JAGOW.

Belgian Bishops' Appeal to Teutons Supported by Pope Benedict

A dispatch to The London Chronicle from Milan, Jan. 10, made the following statement as to the result of the Papal Commission of Inquiry in Belgium:

I am informed on good authority that as a result of the voluminous evidence placed before the Vatican by the Papal Commission of Inquiry especially appointed to investigate the subject of the alleged German atrocities in Belgium, his Holiness Benedict XV. has finally overcome all hesitation and has firmly resolved that on no account will he be a party to any peace overtures unless based on the restitution of Belgium in its full national rights.

The Pope judges that this will be the minimum reparation which Germay is obliged to give by the moral law of the Catholic Church. Further, she must provide compensation for the restoration of all public monuments and the reconstruction of all industrial establishments, together with the restitution of a fair indemnity for all private property confiscated or destroyed.

To this end the Pope has approved a joint epistle, which the Belgian episcopate has addressed to the collective Roman Catholic episcopates of Germany and Austria-Hungary, setting forth the results of the particular inquiry which each Belgian Bishop personally carried out in every town and village in his own diocese at the instance of the Holy See.

In this historic letter the Belgian episcopate solemnly pledges its conscience that the outrages, perpetrated by the German soldiery against the unarmed civilians of both sexes and every age and also against members of the secular and regular clergy and the cloistered sisterhoods, far surpassed those registered in the eighteen special reports published by the Government.

The commission of Bishops proceeds to lay these newly ascertained facts before their Austro-German colleagues, inviting them, should the slightest doubt remain in their minds respecting the cases cited, to agree to the establishment of a supreme tribunal, constituted of four Belgians and four Austro-German Bishops under the Presidency of a prelate of some neutral country, chosen by common consent.

The Bishops' moving indictment and appeal were delivered through a Papal Nuncio on Nov. 28. So far no reply has been vouchsafed, though its transmission was arranged for through the agency of the Vatican.

Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, is now in Rome in connection with this matter, and should this collective appeal remain unacknowledged after a certain lapse of time, it is said that he will seek the Pope's authority to publish the full text.

Dr. Greil's Story of the Ancona

By Dr. Cecile Greil

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This graphic pen picture of the tragedy that brought about an international crisis is written by the most important witness on board. It contradicts the Austrian official version at several points.

E left Messina at 6. The memorable morning of Sunday, Nov. 7, dawned. The date sticks in my memory. I may forget the date of my birth, but not that. The sea rolled sullenly and heavily about the ship. One could feel, rather than see, the vastness of the blind gray welter all about.

On deck I felt ill at ease and more apprehensive than ever. I now guessed what was the matter with me. I was the only woman in the first cabin, an American-born citizen, and alone. An odd idea came to me—perhaps in the second cabin I might be able to find some American girl or woman whom I might bring up into the first cabin with me, to keep me company. It might be arranged, by my making up the additional fare. I discovered that I was the only native-born American on the boat.

The bell for luncheon rang at 11:30. As we sat at the table, still without the Captain, we joked and laughed together, to hide our lack of ease. We spoke of trivial things. We were through with lunch now; the others were going out; I was rising from my seat, at the same time drinking the remainder of my coffee. Then the thing came upon us that we had all, strangely enough, felt coming, in our hearts.

A terrific vibration shook the ship. I was thrown back into my seat. I knew that the ship must be stopping. I heard a running and scurrying about the deck outside. Looking out, I saw, through the dining saloon window, six or ten stewards in white whirling out of sight around an angle.

It was evident that something had gone wrong with the ship, though, by some queer process of mind, at that moment nobody thought of a submarine. But hearing the next moment a sharp, quick crash, as of lightning that had struck home close by, at the same instant I both thought of the possibility of a submarine—and saw one!

The fog had lifted slightly. There, in full view framed in the window with a curious, picture-like effect, lay a submarine with its deck out of the water. It was long and flat, horribly longer and bigger than the mental conception I had formed of what such a thing would be like. There was a gun mounted in front, and another at back, and both had their muzzles leveled directly at the Ancona.

The submarine stood out in clear, black outline against the white background of mist. The fog seemed only to make it more distinct, as it always does with objects near by. From a staff in the back broke a red and white drapeau. Afterward I learned that this was the combination of colors that made the Austrian flag. I was ignorant of it, then, though I remembered the exact colors.

So far, I could find nothing tragic or terrible in the situation. Possibly we would be in danger of considerable exposure in open boats, before other ships, summoned by wireless, would pick us up. I did not rush out as the others had done. I stood quite still, in order to calm myself, to give myself time to think what would better be done. The Ancona had come to a stop. Of that I was certain. I also knew that the ship was doomed.

But now there came another terrible crash, and another, and another, in different parts of the ship, followed by explosions and the sound of débris falling into the water and on deck. Well, they were merely destroying the wireless. Still there was no fear of death. But now I was aware of a terrible shrieking. Everybody was in a frightful panic.

Well, as for myself-to get excited wouldn't help. I went to my cabin as calmly as I could, determined to save what I could of my valuables. I put them in my lifebelt. I took a receipt for 20,000 lire, which I had left with the purser. I went toward the bow of the ship. I descended the staircase to the second cabin, on the way to the purser's office. A large part of the staircase had been shot away-and the horror of what I saw at the bottom of it made me instantly forget what I was going for. There lay three or four women, four or five children, and several men. Some of them were already dead, all, at least, badly wounded. I made sure two of the children were dead. The purser sprawled limply across his desk, inert, like a sack of meal that has been flung down and stays where it lies. He had been shot in the head. The blood was running bright like red paint, freshly spilt, down his back, and his hair was matted with it.

The first series of shots had wrecked this part of the ship, breaking through and carrying away whole sections of the framework. I tried to get back up the stairs. But in the slight interval of time I had consumed, enough additional shells had been discharged to finish the wreck of the staircase.

I saw that this was not what the nations call, ironically enough, "Legitimate warfare," but wholesale and indiscriminate massacre. Seeing my exit that way cut off, I started through the second cabin to go up the central stairway. The sight that I ran into there was indescribable. All the passengers from the third cabin had rushed up into the second. They had altogether lost their wits. The only thing that was left them was the animal instinct for self-preservation in its most disastrous and most idiotic form. Men, women, and children were burrowing headforemost under chairs and benches and tables. I saw one man, his face pressed close against the floor sidewise, heaving a chair up in the air with his back, in an effort to efface himself.

All the while the detonations, like con-

tinuous thunder and lightning, increased the panic. Women were on their knees in mental agony, each supplicating the particular saint of the part of the country from which she came to save her from death. I pushed and shoved themby the shoulders. I took them by the legs and arms and clothes, and urged them, in Italian, to get up, to put on lifebelts, to get off the ship. I told them that, at least, they would find no security from shells under chairs and tables.

I found a poor old woman at the foot of the stairs, huddled in prayer. Her thin, gray hair straggled loose over her shoulder. I recognized her as a woman I had got acquainted with in my search for a fellow-citizen to join me in the first cabin. She was 65 years old, she had told me. She had seen two sons off to the war, and was now going to a third who had emigrated to America and lived in Pennsylvania. It was the first time she had ever crossed the ocean. She was sick of the thought of war. In the New World she would find peace and comfort for her old age, with her "Bambino," as she still called the grownup man who was her son. So when I saw her lying there I was possessed of but one idea-to get her off alive. I told her to come with me, that I would protect her. She acquiesced, but her fright was so great that she hung limp as if she had no spine while I halfdragged her to the first cabin deck.

A boat was being lowered. It had been swung out on the davits. It already seethed full of people. And more men and women and children were fighting, in a promiscuous, shrieking mass, to get into it as it swung out and down. The men, with their superior strength, were, of course, getting the best of the struggle. Age or sex had no weight. It was brute strength that prevailed.

At the sight before her the old woman grew frantic with unexpected strength. She suddenly jerked loose from me, and before I could prevent her, ran with all the agility of fear and jumped overboard. Others flung their bodies pellmell on the heads of those already in it. Some, in their frenzy, missed the

mark at which they aimed themselves and fell into the sea. To make the horror complete, the boat now stuck at one end, tilted downward, and spilled all its occupants into the sea, ninety or a hundred at once. They seized each other. Some swam. Others floundered and sank almost immediately, dragging each other down. Some drowned themselves even with lifebelts on, not knowing how to hold their heads out of the water.

I tried to speak with the passengers still on deck. It was useless. Everybody was talking in his own particular dialect. Then I realized the predicament I myself was in. An utter foreigner, whom they would sacrifice in an instant for one of their own nationality. Perhaps if only I had some of my jewelry I might be able to bribe my way to safety in some such crisis.

I made my way back to my cabin again. There were people dead and dying on the deck. I saw one man who had started to run up the gangway to the officer's deck come plunging down again. He had been struck in the back of the head. Somehow or other, I just felt that my time had not yet come. This conviction enabled me to keep my wits about

In my cabin I flung up the top of my steamer trunk. As I was searching for my valuables my chambermaid appeared in the doorway; half a dozen times I had met her rushing frantically and aimlessly up and down.

"Oh, madame, madame-we shall all be killed, we're all going to get killed!"

"Maria," I advised as quietly and soothingly as I could, still stooping over my trunk; "don't be so mad, get a lifebelt on, and get up out of here."

Before she could speak again she was a dead woman. A shot carried away the port-hole and sheared off the top of her head. It finished its course by exploding at the other side of the ship. If I had not been stooping over at the time I would not have lived to write this story.

I snatched up my little jewel-basket. with a few favorite trinkets in it. I put on my cap and sweater. When I

got up on deck I saw the submarine carefully circumnavigating its victims and deliberately shooting toward us at all angles. I ran along the deck. The sea was full of deck rails, parts of doors, and other wreckage, and dotted with human beings, some dead, others alive, and screaming for help. There was another boat in front that tilted and dumped out its frantic load into the sea. Peering over the side of the ship, I saw a boat that had already been lowered to In it I recognized the water's edge. the two ship's doctors, and two of the seamen. There was also an officer in the boat, Carlo Lamberti, the chief engi-He sat at the helm. I called out to them to take me in.

"Jump!" they shouted back.

I threw my basket down. I had a good twenty-foot drop. I have always been a good swimmer. Furthermore, I saw that if I jumped into the boat, crowded with people, sails, water-barrels, and pails for bailing, I might cause it to capsize. So I told them to push the boat away and then they could pick me up out of the water.

I escaped with a ducking.

An immigrant girl who followed me flung herself down wildly and broke both her legs on the side of the ship.

Then the torpedo was discharged. It whizzed across the ship, drawing a tail behind it like a comet. It plunged beneath the Ancona as if guided by a diabolical intelligence of its own. There followed a terrific explosion. Huge jets of thick black smoke shot up, with show-

swayed in the roughened water. The Ancona lurched to the left, righted herself, shivered a moment—then her bow shot high in the air like a struggling. death-stricken animal. She went under, drawing a huge, funnel-like vortex after

ers of débris. Our boat rocked and

The Captain and some officers were the last to drop astern, in a small boat. Passengers were still to be seen, clinging forward, like ants on driftwood, as the ship was drawn down. There were many people wounded, so that they could not get off unaided. They were left to die.



EX-SENATOR ELIHU ROOT

Who Recently Discussed the Injury to International Law Caused by the War

(Photo © oy Harris & Ewing.)



GENERAL SIR PERCY LAKE

Chief of Staff in India, Who Succeeded Genéral Nixon in Command of
British Forces in Mesopotamia
(Photo from Bain News Service.)

Military Operations in Europe

From Dec. 15, 1915, to Jan. 15, 1916

By Kurt Wittgenstein

First Lieutenant in the Austrian Army

I. WESTERN FRONT

VER since the breakdown of the Allies' famous "big offensive" in Flanders, Artois, and Champagne, in the late Fall of last year, absolute deadlock has prevailed all along the western front, from Nieuport to Altkirch. What few actions have taken place, during the last two months, aside from artillery duels and skirmishes, are of a merely tactical or, to express myself more popularly, local nature and importance. This holds good equally of the fighting around the hotly contended

On Jan. 3 the Germans succeeded in exploding a sap under the English lines, blowing up a row of first line and reserve trenches of vast extent. Those of the defenders not killed or otherwise disabled by the explosion fled and were brought down by the pursuing Germans.

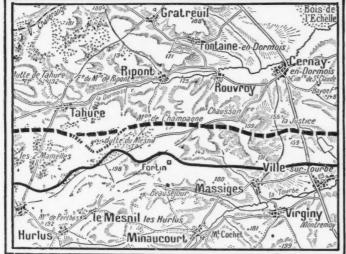
II. AUSTRO-ITALIAN FRONT

Official reports of the fighting in the mountainous regions of the Trentino are meagre and monotonous, the Italian General Staff as a rule blaming the bad weather and the cold for their inability

to achieve anything like a victory against the numerically vastly inferior Austrians Here, too, activity has been limited chiefly to longrange artillery duels.

On the Isonzo, after what is officially called the "Fourth Battle of the Isonzo," (the expression used in official Austrian reports being " Battle of the Parliament" - Parla-

more appropriate



Scene of German Drive in Champagne

for Hartmanns-Weilerkopf in Alsace, where the Germans, at least for the present, are masters of the situation, a recent diversion by the French against the Hirzstein, with the purpose of counteracting German successes on the firstmentioned point, having failed.

Mines played an important rôle in most of these actions, notably at La Bassée.

mentsschlacht-its chief aim having been to impress the Italian Chamber of Deputies, convoked for the beginning of December, favorably toward the war,) when during the last days of November Victor Emmanuel's troops made another desperate but fruitless effort to storm the bridgehead of Goritza, not much worth mentioning has occurred either.

It is significant, though, that after their last failure to capture that place integrally, the Italians, recognizing their own weakness, decided to reduce Goritza to ruins. For more than a month now, that old and venerable town has been undergoing a systematical and continu-

ous bombardment from land and air All that the Italians can expect to get for their enormous expenditure in men, material, and ammunition before Goritza is a heap of débris, but they have not come any nearer to it for months, in spite of their untiring efforts.

The sending of about 40,000 Italian troops to Albania may similarly be construed into a confession of impotence on their home battlefields and the endeavor to obtain a cheap apparent success somewhere else and calm the alarmed and excited minds at home. It sounds like a good joke to hear Italians talk of their "relief expedition" to Serbia! Rome has no more interest in re-

lieving the Serbians than has Vienna. The real and much less disinterested aim of Italy's intervention in the Balkans is the realization of her dream of dominating the Adriatic, and one of the first things to happen after this war, if the Entente powers should win, would be an Italo-Serblan clash over Albania. But even if they intended to help the hard-pressed Serbians, the Italian troops now in or around Durazzo and Avlona would

be wholly unable to do so, Albania being a barren, mountainous country, practically devoid of means of communication.

III. BALKAN FRONTS

Middle of December witnessed the wthdrawal of the Allies' last troops from



The New Balkan Situation

Macedonian soil, and, consequently, the end of the Serbian campaign. With the remnants of King Peter's army scattered and the belated Anglo-French relief expedition beaten back into Greek territory with considerable losses, the Teutonic powers are at last—and, most probably, for the duration of the war—beyond all danger from that particular section.

The Montenegrin Army and part of

the Serbian forces, having been pushed back into Montenegro, are actually reduced to the alternative of surrender or starvation, wedged in as they are, in those resourceless regions, between the Austro-Germans on the Tara and Lim, and a smaller Austrian force along the Herzegovinan and Dalmatian border, the only source from which they might get supplies, namely, the narrow strip of coast on the Adriatic, being constantly patrolled by Austrian submarines in wait for hostile supply ships. As I mentioned above, Albania cannot be counted upon as a means of supplying those troops.

The capture by Austrian forces of Mount Lovcen, Montenegro's mighty natural stronghold ("the Gibraltar of the Adriatic") dominating the Austrian seaport of Cattaro, toward the middle of January, dealt a decisive blow to the Montenegrins. At the same time, Italy's prestige in the Balkans is badly hurt, her troops in Albania are in grave danger, and her dreams of ruling the Adriatic may remain dreams forever.

Let us now scrutinize the military situation in the area of Saloniki. What plans may the combined General Staff of the Entente be forming there? An offensive of their troops stationed around that seaport and numbering about 150,000 against the Bulgarians, firmly intrenched along the Greek border, is wholly out of the question. If need be, the entire Bulgarian Army, numbering about 500,000, could be spared for the defense of that 240-mile line. Reports from the Balkan front indicate, in fact, that there are no more German or Austrian troops on the Graeco-Serbian frontier. Mackensen's army, about 400,000 men, is said to have been shifted weeks ago toward North Rumania, with the twofold aim of forming a reserve in the event of the long foreseen and recently started Russian offensive, and of intimidating the Rumanian Government, in case it should feel like joining Germany's foes. As highly significant for an apparent change of mind in Bucharest, in favor of the Central Powers, it must, however, be stated that the Rumanian Government has at last granted the permission of exporting wheat to Austria, a

permission which up to now had been strictly refused.

In order to have the slightest chance of a success in an offensive against those 500,000 Bulgarians, thoroughly trained and acquainted as they are with the peculiarities of the country, the Entente powers would have to send to Saloniki at least 750,000 of their soldiers less used to mountain warfare, in addition to those already there. It is hard to conceive from where they can spare such an army for a secondary scene of action.

IV. RUSSIAN FRONT

Had not the Teutons been able to foresee the offensive which Russia at the present is pushing vigorously along the Bessarabian frontier and in East Gilicia, they were warned in time against such an event by their very enemies. When Mackensen's victorious army, after crossing the Danube, irresistibly invaded Serbian territory, ex-Premier Viviani calmed the stormy waves in the French Chamber by the prophetic words: "Demain les Russes combattront avec nos troupes!" ("Tomorrow the Russians will be fighting together with our troops.") But, again, the unreliable steam-roller was slow getting started and, as a result, Mackensen was able to clear Serbia thoroughly from allied troops before shifting his army toward North Rumania, as I have mentioned before.

With her present offensive, Russia is pursuing a twofold aim: Its strategic purpose is to cut off the Austrians, in positions south of the Kowel-Sarny railroad, from the German troops to the north of that line. Its political objective is to win Rumania as a member of the Entente. The first plan has failed up to the present, owing to a German counter-offensive from Czartorisk (on the Kowel-Sarny line) in the general direction of Sarny. As for the second purpose, nothing decisive concerning Rumania's intentions can yet be said.

Reports concerning the numbers engaged in the struggle along the Stripa and in Bukowina are very vague; it is generally admitted, however, that Russia has massed at least one million men on that comparatively narrow section of her lines. As to the fighting qualities and

the equipment of those troops doubts are well justified. Half a year ago, when the Czar's soldiers were being driven back along the entire front, in the Carpathians and in Poland, the Russian General Staff laid the blame for their reverses on the lack of ammunition. It is hard to conceive how the Government may have remedied that evil in such a comparatively short time. Labor conditions in Russia can hardly have improved in the last months. As for the aid Japan is known to be giving to Russia in the way of guns and ammunition, it must be considered a somewhat uncertain item in the Petrograd household, as long as conditions do not improve on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, known for the present as being a most unreliable means of transportation. Neither can ammunition from the west (particularly from the United States) reach the Slav empire at present, the White Sea being frozen over during seven months of the year.

The want of experienced leaders for her millions of soldiers, because of the amazing percentage of officers lost in the Carpathians last year, may prove to be an equally serious drawback to Russia in the present offensive. Troops, to be victorious, must be led, not pushed, into action; German reports putting the Russian loses, from the start of the new offensive to the end of the second week of January, at more than 60,000, indicate that the Czar's troops are being hurled in close formation against the Austro-Germans. In spite of these enormous sacrifices, the Russians have as yet been unable to make appreciable headway on

any point of the front.

North of the Kowel-Sarny line, as far as the Bay of Riga, there has been an absolute deadlock.

V. OTHER FRONTS

The final evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula by the British and French forces, in the first days of this year, put a sudden and inglorious end to the Allies' Dardanelles campaign, begun eleven months ago with boldest anticipations. The Entente powers, according to their own statements, have sacrificed, in that disastrous adventure, about 200,000 of their finest men, six battleships, several smaller craft, and enormous quantities of ammunition and other material; the total costs of the failure are said to amount to more than a billion dollars. It is poor comfort for the English people to be told by General Sir Charles Monro, Commander in Chief of the campaign. that Gallipoli was evacuated "under the eyes of the Turks, quietly and practically without losses, only four men having been wounded." In order to give that obviously untrue report a color of credibility the English allege that their withdrawing troops "caught the Turks napping." Why, then, for Allah's sake, did not General Monro take advantage of that rare opportunity?

As the immediate result of the abandonment of the Dardanelles campaign, Turkish forces estimated at more than 300,000 men are now released for use in other theatres of war. Their next task will probably be to clear Mesopotamia quickly and finally of the British. Already, General Townshend's forces, numbering about 30,000, having after their defeat by the Sultan's soldiers at Ctesiphon, 50 miles southeast of Bagdad, retreated 100 miles further southeast to Kut-el-Amara, are in grave danger of being surrounded there. If the Turks succeed in springing the trap, this may mean the end of the Mesopotamia expedition, undertaken by the English with the political purpose of seizing Bagdad, and, by so spectacular a performance, keeping in awe the North African tribes for the event of a German campaign against Egypt.

Speaking of Africa, Italy's painful loss of Tripoli, only wrested from Turkey a few years ago with enormous sacrifices, cannot remain unmentioned.

SUMMARY

Looking over the military events of the last month, it can be said that Germany and her allies have, as in the case of Serbia and the Dardanelles, cleared vast territories from their foes. They hold their own everywhere else, and whenever the Allies tried to break through the Teutonic lines, as, for instance, in France and in Galicia, they paid dearly for their venture and their achievements were nil.

Events at All the Battle Fronts

From Dec. 15, 1915, to Jan. 15, 1916

By J. B. W. Gardiner

Formerly Lieutenant, Eleventh United States Cavalry

VIEWED from the standpoint of territory gained or occupied, the operations of the month past have beyond doubt resulted to the distinct advantage of the Teutons and their allies. Of these operations the effect of the British withdrawal from Gallipoli will be most far-reaching.

It was a foregone conclusion that the retirement from the Suvla Bay and Anzac regions presaged a general retirement from the entire peninsula. The enterprise was, as a matter of fact, doomed to failure at its inception. Even in the minds of the British public hope died with the retirement from the Anafarta position. Coincident with this the Turks opened heavy attacks, which they continued without cessation, on the Achi Baba line, as if realizing the approaching withdrawal and with the intention of making it as costly as possible. Claims of Berlin and of London are absolutely at variance as to just how costly it was. However great the loss may have been, the one uncontroverted fact is that the retirement has been made, so that today there is no allied force on Gallipoli.

The effects of this frank acknowledgment on the part of the British that they have failed to make any serious impression on the Turkish field forces will be hard to estimate. Certainly not the least effect will be moral—the effect on British pride and British prestige. The statement of the British Ministry which is still fresh in the minds of the world—that in siding with the Teutons the Turks were ringing their own death knell as a European power—will be looked upon in the Orient as a piece of vain boasting, and the strength of Britain's power, belief in which has been one of the

strongest forces that held together the empire in the East, will be questioned in a quarter in which it is most essential it be regarded as unquestionable. Against this is the great relief that London will experience in feeling that there is no longer any cause for the nightmare of depression which lack of progress at the strait had produced. England is at least able to devote her strength to what must be in the final analysis her one great task—fighting the Germans.

Of the concrete, tangible results the most important has to do with numbers—the redistribution of both Turkish and British forces. It is not definitely known how many men the Allies had on Gallipoli, nor how many remained to hold the tip of the peninsula after the Anafarta position was evacuated. It is not far amiss, however, to state that at least 200,000 Turks and 100,000 British are now available for service elsewhere. The British can be used to great advantage in several fields—in Flanders, in Saloniki, in Mesopotamia, about Suez. The latter three points are all more or less dangerous.

In summing up the effect of the Gallipoli failure it is fair to say that it is readily susceptible of great exaggeration. It must be remembered that the British never held very much in the strait. Had they taken Constantinople the war would certainly have been much shortened. Having failed to take it, the war will follow the course it would have followed had the Dardanelles movement not been attempted. This entire theatre is subsidiary, a side issue. The movement was designed to help Russia, not because there was any decisively inherent value in Constantinople itself.

There were engaged not more than 3



of the Teutonic allies. When it is realized that wars are only de-

cided by the decisive defeat of main armies the comparative insignificance of the British failure is apparent. It is the other 97 per cent. in France and in Russia that we must watch for decided results.

The Turkish force of 200,000 men now available for other service will be able to exert a much more positive influence than that of mere defense due to the situation in Mesopotamia. Some months ago the British sent into the East an expedition which, to quote from Mr. Asquith, had for its objects to protect the oil fields at the head of the Persian Gulf, to defend the mastery of the gulf itself, and in general to maintain the authority of the British flag in the Orient. The advance was made up the Tigris River,

where one position after the other was taken until Ctesiphon was reached. Here the British were defeated and forced to fall back on Kut-el-Amara.

This place was in a semi-fortified condition when first taken, and in the interim between the advance on Ctesiphon and their defeat the British completed their defensive preparations, apparently with the idea of using it as a basis for an advance further east. In this they were foiled completely. The Turkish force at Ctesiphon was much more numerous than the British had been led to believe, and promptly surrounded the British and invested their stronghold.

Early in January a strong relief column was sent out to effect a junction with the 10,000 British trapped at Kut-elAmara. This force, under General Aylmer, also advanced up the Tigris and, after a series of minor successes, was halted at Sheik Saad, about twenty miles from Kut-el-Amara, apparently by a superior force of Turks. This information, received on Jan. 12, had not been amplified at the time of going to press. If any material part of the Turks released at Gallipoli can be sent to the Tigris the result would readily be complete disaster to all of the British forces in this theatre.

Fortunately for the British the transportation of the Gallipoli forces to Bagdad will be a tedious and difficult problem. The railroad from Scutari on the Bosporus to Bagdad is broken by a short, uncompleted stretch in the Taurus Mountains in the vicinity of Adana. With this exception it is continuous, and from the town of Mosul parallels the Tigris River throughout its length. The break, however, occurs in a particularly difficult country and will greatly delay any force moving eastward. Nevertheless such a large force as the Turks now have available, especially a force composed of veterans of a successful campaign, is an exceedingly dangerous factor to be loose, and whether it be in Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Saloniki, the British will feel its

It is possible that the pressure may be applied against Suez. Thus far, however, there has been no tangible evidence that the Teutons intend to launch the threatened campaign against the canal. There are three obstacles in the way: First, the break at Adana in the only railroad line that can be used for transport of men and guns while the British have the open sea route of the Mediterranean; second, the ease with which this railroad line can be cut at Tripoli, Beirut, or Haifa; third, the Sinai Peninsula, over which there is no railroad at all. Without railroads modern armies cannot operate on any large scale. Modern defensive is terrifically strong; it can only be broken down by an almost inexhaustive supply of shells, in which there is a considerable proportion of shells of large calibre. Without railroads these cannot be transported, particularly over a desert where the only practical means of movement of either men or munitions are camels.

Seriously affecting any previously planned campaign in the East is the recent Russian offensive, which is still under way, along the Styr and Stripa Rivers, and against Czernowitz on the Pruth. The Teutons have used every means in their endeavor to turn the attention of the Russians from this very uncomfortable section of their front. The Rumanian border is too near for comfort; the Rumanian desire for Bukowina and Transylvania too ever-present to be ignored. But the Russian recuperation was too decided to be set aside. Having, to their mind, proved conclusively that they were able to beat back all attacks against Riga and the Dvina front the Russians prepared to emerge from the marshes of Pinsk, and proved their preparation by the most determined offense they have attempted since they swept through Galicia over a year ago.

Their retreat last Spring had carried them across the Styr, where the Teutons halted, presumably content with their success and intending merely to hold this line while turning attention elsewhere. The line of the west bank of the river was therefore thoroughly fortified. Its fortifications, together with the natural defensive possibilities of the terrain, make their position almost impregnable. This line the Russians elected to break in the region of the fortified town of Czartorisk. From the Pripet as far south as the Galician border the Styr runs through a broad marsh, but flanked by hills. Czartorisk is located on one of these hills. In spite of the difficulties of terrain the Russians have succeeded in forcing the river line from Rafalowka, a fortified town on the east bank, to and including Czartorisk, and now hold the west bank over the distance-about twenty kilometers.

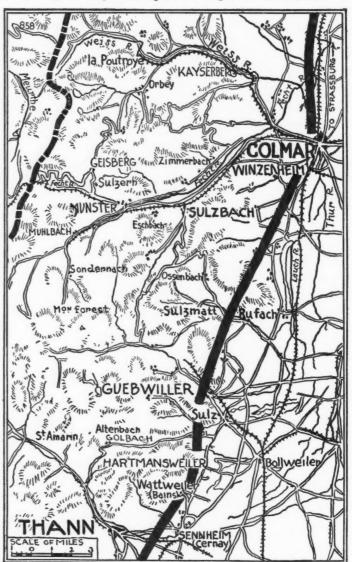
In Galicia they have completely cleared the east bank of the Stripa, and by the capture of the heights northeast of Czernowitz have placed the Bukowina capital in great danger. If this movement is pressed to success it must have a serious effect on Rumania, for just as soon as this State realizes that there is nothing to fear from the Teutons their intervention on the side of the Allies is almost a certainty. Whatever other results this movement may accomplish, it has inflicted a loss on the Teutons which the Vienna press admits will amount to 75,000 men,

and has caused a postponement of any operations in other fields. Thus it will influence any contemplated campaign against either Egypt or Saloniki.

Another noticeable event of the month was the German offensive in the Champagne. The query rises in connection with this, Was it really an offensive or a defensive? The French offensive in September carried them well within artillery range of the Bazancourt -Challerange Railroad. The German military critics at the time pronounced this drive a failure. At the same time the new French positions must have interfered most seriously with the connection between the German army in the Argonne and that in the Champagne, since with no strategic point to be gained

the Germans have, at a heavy cost in men which they can ill afford, launched an attack in force. The only object seems to be to drive the French back from the railroad. The net result was the reduction of Germany's already declining effectives by some 20,000 men.

The most marked success of the month was the Austrian occupation, first of Lovcen, and later of Cettinje, and the consequent complete domination of



Battle Lines Around Hartmanns-Weilerkopf.

Montenegro. The Teuton hold on Serbia has thus been markedly strengthened. No matter which way the Allies move in the attempted restoration of Serbia their line of march will be flanked.

The Tragedy of Gallipoli

General Ian Hamilton's Story of the Dardanelles

Official announcement was made Jan. 20, 1915, that the British forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula at Anzac and Suvla Bay had been withdrawn, and that only the minor positions near Sedd-el-Bahr were occupied. The full extent of this most disastrous British failure, which cost more than 100,000 men, was revealed in General Sir Ian Hamilton's report of his operations at the Dardanelles, made to Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and published in The Official Gazette of Jan. 6, 1916. The report describes the fighting from the beginning of May to the middle of October, when General Hamilton was recalled. Following is a summary of its main passages:

HE operation at Suvla Bay began on Aug. 6. The climax was reached at daybreak on the 10th, when the Turks made a grand attack from the summit of Chunnuk Bair Hill upon a short front held by two battalions of the Sixth North Lancashire and Fifth Wiltshire Regiments, which General Hamilton describes as weakened in numbers, though not in spirit. (A battalion at war strength is composed of twenty-nine officers and 995 men of other ranks.)

"First our men were shelled by every enemy gun," he says, "then assaulted by a huge column consisting of no less than a full division plus three battalions, (about 25,000 men.) The North Lancashire men were simply overwhelmed in their shallow trenches by sheer weight of numbers, while the Wiltshires, who were caught out in the open, were literally almost annihilated.

"The ponderous mass of the enemy swept over the crest and swarmed round the Hampshires and General Baldwin's brigade, which had to give ground and were only extricated with great difficulty and very heavy losses.

"Now it was our turn. The warships and the New Zealand and the Australian

artillery, an Indian mountain artillery brigade, and the Sixty-ninth Brigade Royal Field Artillery were getting the chance of a lifetime. As successive solid lines of Turks topped the crest of the ridge, gaps were torn through their formation and an iron rain fell on them as they tried to re-form in the gullies.

"Not here only did the Turks pay dearly for their recapture of the vital crest. Enemy reinforcements continued to move up under a heavy and accurate fire from our guns. Still they kept topping the ridges and pouring down the western slopes of Chunnuk Bair as if determined to gain everything they had lost. But once they were over the crest they became exposed not only to the full blast of the guns, naval and military, but a battery of ten New Zealand machine guns, which played upon their serried ranks at close range until their barrels were red hot.

"Enormous losses were inflicted, and of the swarms which had once fairly crossed the crest line only a handful ever struggled back to their own side of Chunnuk Bair.

"At the same time strong forces of the enemy were hurled against the spurs to the northeast, where there arose a conflict so deadly that it may be considered the climax of four days' fighting for the ridge. Portions of our line were pierced and the troops were driven clean down the hill. At the foot of the hill the men who were supervising the transport of food and water were rallied by Staff Captain Street. Unhesitatingly they followed him back, where they plunged again into the midst of that series of struggles in which Generals fought in the ranks and men dropped their scientific weapons and caught one another by the throat.

"The Turks came on again and again, fighting magnificently and calling upon the name of God. Our men stood to it

and maintained by many a deed of daring the old traditions of their race. There was no flinching; they died in the ranks where they stood. Here Generals Cayley, Baldwin, and Cooper and all their gallant men achieved great glory. On this bloody field fell Brig. Gen. Baldwin, who earned his first laurels on Caesar's Camp at Ladysmith. There, too, fell Brig. Gen. Cooper, badly wounded.

"Toward this supreme struggle the absolute last two battalions from the general reserve were now hurried, but by 10 in the morning the effort of the enemy was spent. Soon their shattered remnants began to trickle back, leaving a track of corpses behind them. By night, except for prisoners or wounded, no live Turk was left upon our side of the slope."

Two lesser attacks were made by the Turks the same day. General Hamilton continues:

"By evening the total casualties of General Birdwood's force had reached 12,000, and included a very large proportion of officers. The Thirteenth Division of the new army, under Major Gen. Shaw, had alone lost 6,000 out of a grand total of 10,500. Brig. Gen. Baldwin was gone, and all his staff men and commanding officers, thirteen, had disappeared from the fighting effectives. The Warwicks and Worcesters had lost literally every single officer.

"The old German notion that no unit could stand the loss of more than 25 per cent. has been completely falsified. The Thirteenth Division and the Twentyninth Brigade of the Tenth Irish Division had lost more than twice that, and in spirit were game for as much more fighting as might be required."

The British held all they gained except two important salients, one a hill, momentarily carried by the Gurkhas, and the position on Chunnuk Bair, which had been retained forty-eight hours.

"Unfortunately," says General Hamilton, "these two pieces of ground, small and worthless as they seemed, were worth, according to the ethics of war, 10,000 lives, for by their loss or retention they just marked the difference between

an important success and a signal victory. The grand coup had not come off; the Narrows were out of sight and beyond field-gun range, but this was not the fault of General Birdwood or any of the officers or men under his command."

The first operations in the Anzac zone appeared to have been carried out with comparative success. The Suvla Bay expedition, which has been the subject of



Gallipoli Peninsula.

the greatest criticism, suffered various misfortunes. Elaborate plans were worked out by the army staff with Vice Admiral de Robeck.

During the night of the 11th a division consisting of the Thirty-second and Thirty-fourth Brigades was brought from Imbros to Suvla. Three brigades with three batteries were landed in the darkness. The turks were completely surprised. The division made good its position ashore. Most of the supporting force, consisting of the Irish Tenth Division, were brought from Mytilene. General Hamilton compliments highly the navy for landing the first of them at dawn from a distance of 120 miles at the psychological moment when they were most needed.

The remainder of the story of Suvla consists largely of misfortunes. General Hamilton explains that the senior commanders lacked experience in the new trench warfare, and in the Turkish methods and appreciation of the paramount importance of time. On the 15th General Stopford was relieved of the command of his division corps and General Delisle succeeded him.

The accounts in the report of the suffering of the soldiers from lack of water are graphic. An enormous quantity was secretly collected at Anzac, where a reservoir holding 30,000 gallons, with distributing pipes, was built. Oil tins, with a capacity of 80,000 gallons, were collected and fitted with handles, but an accident to a steamer delayed part of the supply at the time of landing.

Describing the operations on Aug. 10, General Hamilton explains why all the reserves were not available.

"At times," he says, "I thought of throwing my reserves into this stubborn central battle, where probably they would have turned the scale. But each time water troubles made me give up the idea, all ranks at Anzac being reduced to a pint a day. True, thirst is a sensation unknown to the dwellers in cool, wellwatered England, but at Anzac, where the mules with water bags arrived at the front, the men would rush up to them in swarms just to lick the moisture that exuded through the canvas bags. Until wells had been discovered under freshly won hills, the reinforcing of Anzac by even so much as a brigade was unthinkable."

The distribution of water from the beaches failed to work smoothly. The soldiers cut the hose to fill their water bottles, and lighters grounded so far from the beach that they had to swim to them to fill their bottles.

In the middle of August, General Hamilton estimates, the Turks had 110,000 rifles to the British 95,000. The Turks had plenty of ammunition and reserves, while the British divisions were 45,000 below their nominal strength. General Hamilton wanted 50,000 fresh rifles. He sent a long cablegram asking for reinforcements and munitions, believing that with them furnished at once—he under-

lines "at once"—the troops could clear a passage for the fleet to Constantinople.

"It may be judged how deep was my disappointment," he says, "when I learned that essential drafts of reinforcements and munitions could not be sent, the reason given being one which prevented me from further insistence."

In referring to his own retirement General Hamilton added that the evacuation of the peninsula was a step which to him was unthinkable at the time of his recall.

Great Britain's loss of officers and men at the Dardanelles up to Dec. 11 was 112,921, according to an announcement made in the House of Commons today by H. J. Tennant, Parliamentary Under Secretary for War. This figure is the total of killed, wounded, and missing, and includes the naval lists. Besides these casualties, the number of sick admitted to hospitals was 96,683. The losses were distributed as follows: Killed, officers, 1,609; men, 23,670; total 25,279; wounded, officers, 2,969; men, 72,222; total, 75,191; missing, officers, 337; men, 12,114; total, 13,451.

The final abandonment of Sedd-el-Bahr and the remaining positions was announced Jan. 9, 1916. The British official communication follows:

"General Sir Charles Monro reports the complete evacuation of Gallipoli has been successfully carried out.

"All the guns and howitzers were got away, with the exception of seventeen worn-out guns, which were blown up by us before leaving.

"Our casualties amounted to one member of the British rank and file wounded. There were no casualties among the French.

"General Monro states that the accomplishment of this difficult task was due to Generals Birdwood and Davies, and invaluable assistance rendered in an operation of the highest difficulty by Admiral de Robeck of the Royal Navy."

Tactics of the Dardanelles Fighting

By a Military Expert

T first the allied fleet made rapid progress. After a bombardment lasting about a month, the fleet attempted to force the channel, believing that it had silenced the forts. It had, but only for a time. Silencing a fort and destroying it are two separate matters, and each fort was reoccupied as soon as the firing ceased. In their attempt to force the channel three battleships—the French Bouvet and the British Irresistible and Ocean-were literally blown out of the water and destroyed by mines, and several other ships put out of action by shell fire of the land forts. This was enough to indicate the vital mistake the Admiralty had made, and the lesson had been cruelly driven home by the naval losses sustained. The naval forces practically withdrew, being content with long-range firing, and putting the matter squarely up to the army.

The function of the army was in its elements exceedingly simple, though the task was most difficult. It was to take Kilid Bahr by land, with the assistance of the guns of the fleet, turn the strength of this fort against the fort on the Asiatic side, and so clear the Narrows. Just as in the original naval operations, the land forces were at first successful. In a comparatively short time an advance was made from the point of the peninsula, of about four miles to their position south of Krithia. Their line, with very small variations of a few hundred yards here and there, extended from the Dardanelles at the mouth of Chomak Dere, across a plateau about 300 feet high, south to the town of Krithia, and thence to the Aegean shore at the point near Gurkha Bluff. And here they were held for months, unable to advance in spite of the most heroic efforts on the part of the Australian colonial and the French troops. which had been landed from Lemnos and Tenedos. The losses suffered in these attacks were great. Great Britain alone has reported over 100,000 in killed, wounded, and missing.

Frontal attacks against the Turkish line having been carried out for some months without having produced any result except a great expenditure of shell and a heavy loss in effectives, the Allies' methods changed and a threat was made against the Turkish line of supply. This took shape in the landing of forces at Suvla Bay and at Anzac Cove. From these points, particularly from the latter, the way to the German base at Maidos is through comparatively open country. Just inland from Suvla or Little Anafarta Bay is the Salt Lake lying low in a sea level plain. There are several roads, none of them particularly good, traversing the plain, all of which, directly or indirectly, connect with the main road from Bulair to Maidos.

It was apparently the object of the British to advance along one of these roads and cut the Turkish line of com-This is indicated by the munications. landing at Anzac Cove, from which there is an absolutely flat passage to the strait, the distance to be traversed not being more than five and a half miles. The valley through which the advance would have to be made, however, is flanked by hills. Either side would, of course, have to be cleared before the line could be extended across this part of the peninsula. Every indication was that the eye of the British was on the line connecting Gaba Tepe with Khelia Bay. But the Anafarta line was no more successful in its progress than that at Krithia. Both were, and for some time had been, absolutely at a standstill when the Teuton-Bulgar drive on Serbia was inaugurated.

Nish, the Serbian junction of the Oriental railroad from Berlin to Constantinople, fell in a short time after the Serbian invasion began, and both the Danube and the Oriental railroad were thrown open to Teuton traffic. If the Turks' ammunition had got low there was now in sight a full replenishing of the supply. The last British hope of a real Gallipoli success had vanished.

Significance of Events in Mesopotamia

HE "political results" that would follow the capture of Bagdad, to which the Marquess of Crewe alluded in the House of Lords on Dec. 7, invest the situation in Mesopotamia with a great deal more importance than is suggested by the scale on which military operations have so far been conducted. The fighting at Ctesiphon and Kut-el-Amara is an episode on which, however, much may depend. Linked with the campaign are such events as the anarchy which has been brought about by German and Turkish agents in Persia, with its effect on Afghanistan and India, on one side, and on the other the threatened attack by a Turco-German army on the Suez Canal and Egypt.

The British expedition under General Sir John Nixon, which landed at the head of the Persian Gulf in April last, was a necessary countermove, and if successful would have not only eased the situation which was threatening the British Empire, but would have also been a blow at Germany's most cherished scheme of colonial expansion, the building of the Bagdad railway and the commercial occupation of Mesopotamia, with its area of 143,250 square miles, embracing the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris.

But after reaching a point only eighteen miles from Bagdad and winning the battle of Ctesiphon there, the Anglo-Indian force under General Charles Townshend was driven back by the greatly superior forces of the enemy and their powerful armament of artillery. When he reached Kut-el-Amara, which is ninety-five miles from Bagdad, and lies in a bend of the Tigris River, where it is joined by the Shat, only 10,000 men were left to hold the position until reinforcements could come to the relief. Subsequent reports from Kut-el-Amara indicated great activity by the Turks, who on Christmas Day were driven off only after a fierce struggle. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Secretary for India, stated in the House of Commons on Jan. 10 that the British reinforcements

under General Aylmer, moving up the Tigris to the relief of General Townshend, had fought another Turkish army trying to check his advance, and defeated it. This engagement apparently took place at Sheik Saad, twenty-five miles east by northeast of the beleaguered town. Mr. Chamberlain, making his statement, said:

General Aylmer left Imam Alligarbi on Jan. 6 with troops, marching to the relief of Kut-el-Amara. On the same day General Townshend at Kut reported that the previous night the enemy had opened a heavy fire on the northwest front and on the village opposite Kut, but had made no attack. On the night of Jan. 7 General Aylmer reported heavy firing on the south bank of the Tigris. On the right bank General Campbell's column carried the enemy's position, taking two guns and 700 prisoners, and then in-trenched. Meanwhile the main at-Meanwhile the main attack on the left bank was retarded by an enemy outflanking movement, and General Aylmer reported that he was apparently opposed by three Turkish divisions. On the evening of Jan. 8 he reported that, owing to fatigue, the troops had been unable to make any progress that day. On the 9th he reported the enemy in retreat and that he was pursuing, but that heavy rains hindered the From later telegrams it pursuit. appears that the enemy has reached Khora.

Mr. Chamberlain made a further statement in the House of Commons on Jan. 11 to the effect that General Aylmer's force was still halted at Sheik Saad owing to weather conditions and the necessity of removing the wounded by river, and that cavalry had located the Turks six miles to the east of Kut-el-Amara, in the same position from which the Turks had originally been driven by General Townshend in the battle of Kutel-Amara. Almost simultaneously Turkish reports asserted that General Townshend's army at Kut-el-Amara, numbering 10,000 men, had been entirely surrounded and that the relief force had been repulsed with a loss of 3,000 men.

British anxiety about the change that

has come over the situation in Mesopotamia found expression in an editorial in The London Times of Jan. 11 in which the British Government was asked to define the ultimate object of the military operations in Mesopotamia. No conceivable military object, that journal declared, could be gained by exposing the British forces in an advance beyond Kutel-Amara. But this subject had already

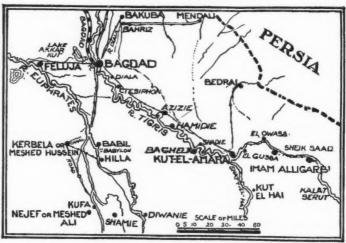
been dealt with when the Marquess of Crewe, on behalf of the Government, in the House of Lords on Dec. 7 replied to the criticism that the British expedition was a "rash military adventure." He said that two misapprehensions were prevalent. The first concerned "the impropriety advancing to take a great city like Bagdad with only a single divi-

sion, General Townshend's division, as it was called." The force under General Townshend, however, was considerably larger than the division of which he was the actual commander.

The second misapprehension was that the advance had been taken solely on the initiative of the General in command and had not been properly thought out and perhaps not even fully authorized. That, said Lord Crewe, was a complete error. The advance to Bagdad had been contemplated some months previously and a sufficient force collected to carry out the operation. The whole proceedings were thought out by the Commander in Chief, Sir John Nixon, and intrusted to General Townshend. It was clear to everybody that the early capture of Bagdad, if it could be effected, would be a great stroke in the war, not merely as a military move, but from the political results which would follow. The task, however, proved to be a heavier one than was anticipated.

An important development depending partly on the success of the British forces in Mesopotamia and partly on the operations of the Russian Army of the Caucasus is the cutting off of Persia, and thereby Afghanistan and India from the influence of German and Turkish propaganda. If the Russians and the British are successful in their respective spheres of action, it is apparently their intention

THE CONFLICT IN MESOPOTAMIA.



Scenes of British Expedition's Battle with the Turks.

to join forces and form a battle front extending from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf. When Russian troops occupied Hamadan in Persia they discovered that the enemy was spreading rumors of a forthcoming march of the Turks and Germans on India by way of Bagdad and Persia. So far the Russian campaign has been of a desultory character owing to the absence of sufficient forces. There has been a good deal of irregular fighting in the Lake Van region, and also to the south of Lake Urmia in Northern Persia. The object has been not so much to secure the effective occupation of territory as to suppress the disturbances fomented by German and Turkish agents, who have been, according to the British Government, trying to draw Persia into the war.

The seriousness of the position was made clear during the discussion in the House of Lords on Dec. 7, when statements were made by Viscount Bryce and the Marquess of Crewe.

Lord Bryce said that there had been attempts to drag Persia into the circle of the war, the movement seeming to have been organized by Prince Reuss, who belonged to one of the most famous houses in Germany. Apparently robber bands had made anarchy in Central and Northern Persia. They had seized Shiraz and been warded off Teheran only by the presence of considerable Russian troops. By striking with vigor a decisive blow might be dealt at the hostile propaganda that extended as far as India itself.

Lord Crewe, in reply, said:

Skillful and unscrupulous propaganda has been carried on also in Afghanistan right up to our frontier, and also in such parts of Arabia as will admit those who are prepared to pursue it. It is evident that the German agents and the agents of the committee at Constantinople have both proved skillful at this work. The object of these agents has been to force Persia into the conflict on the side of the Central Powers. Bribery has been most freely used on a most lavish scale. It must be remembered that this propaganda has been distinctly and definitely opposed to Christianity, involving an appeal to the fanatical elements in Persia.

The next stage in the proceedings was the arrival in Persia of an armed party, composed largely of Germans, some presumably German officers, perhaps more German riffraff, assisted by a number of Turks, and forming an obvious nucleus for the bodies of brigands and outlaws who are only too numerous in Persia. Then proceeded the campaign of attempted assassination. The position of Persia was seriously threatened by these events, and that being so a new Government was formed at Teheran, containing some stronger elements than that which had pre-ceded it. As soon as that new Government was formed, or very soon after, the German Minister and the Turkish Ambassador fled from Teheran to a place some sixty or seventy miles to the south, where they joined the turbulent elements.

British officials affirm that Great Britain has no desire for more territory in Asia, but she is deeply concerned in preventing any other power from obtaining a footing on the Persian Gulf. That would, in the words of the late Admiral Mahan, "imperil Great Britain's naval situation in the Further East, her political position in India, her commercial interests in both, and the imperial tie between herself and Australasia." It now remains to be seen whether the British Government will renew the attack in the direction of Bagdad, where General von der Goltz is reported to be in command of the German and Turkish forces, or whether the occupation of the Euphrates and Tigris delta will be considered sufficient to bar the way to the Persian Gulf.

If the British do not renew their advance to Bagdad, they will give their enemies a chance of driving in a wedge between Egypt and India. Djemal Pasha, commander of the Turkish forces in Syria, is reported to have declared in reply to repeated demands upon the Turkish Government to begin war against Egypt that he would not initiate an attack before having placed at his disposal 25,000 German soldiers, as well as a strong Turkish army, well officered and provided with all necessary equipment. Apparently the British operations in Mesopotamia have diverted from Egypt the troops that Djemal Pasha requires for his campaign, although a British army in Mesopotamia cannot itself intercept a hostile force moving against Egypt on the other side of the Syrian Desert. With the appointment of Sir Percy Lake, Chief of the General Staff in India, to the command of the British forces in Mesopotamia in place of Sir John Nixon, who has been compelled to retire by ill-health, and the arrival of further reinforcements, the campaign on the Euphrates and the Tigris promises to be prosecuted with new vigor.

Thus it will be seen that the fighting at Kut-el-Amara has more than a local significance. The war will be ultimately decided on the battlefields of Europe, but what happens in Asia must inevitably have its bearing on the readjustment of world power there as elsewhere. The fate of India, of British and Russian interests in Persia, and of German colonization schemes in Asia Minor is yet to be settled equally with the future of Belgium, Poland, and the Balkans.

Col. Roosevelt on Lack of War Spirit

A paper written by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt on "Social Values and National Existence," read before the American Sociological Society in Washington, Dec. 29, contained the following characteristic passages:

NFINITELY the most important fact to remember in connection with the war and militarism in relation to moral and social values is that if an unscrupulous, warlike, and militaristic nation is not held in check by the warlike ability of a neighboring non-militaristic and well-behaved nation, then the latter will be spared the necessity of dealing with "moral and social values" because it won't be allowed to deal with anything. It seems to be positively comic to fail to appreciate, with the example of Belgium before our eyes, that the real question which modern peace-loving nations have to face is not how the militaristic or warlike spirit within their own borders will affect these "values," but how failure on their part to resist the militarism of an unscrupulous neighbor will affect them.

There are well-meaning people, utterly incapable of learning any lesson taught by history, utterly incapable of understanding aright what has gone on before their very eyes during the last year or two, who nevertheless wish to turn this country into an Occidental China—the kind of China which every intelligent Chinaman of the present day is seeking to abolish.

There are plenty of politicians, by no means as well meaning, who find it to their profit to pander to the desire common to most men to live softly and easily and avoid risks and effort. Timid and lazy men, men absorbed in money getting, men absorbed in ease and luxury, and all soft and slothful people, naturally hail with delight anybody who will give them high-sounding names behind which to cloak their unwillingness to run risks or to toil and endure. Emotional philanthropists to whom thinking is a

distasteful form of mental exercise enthusiastically champion this attitude.

If the man who objects to war objects to the use of force in civil life, his position is logical, although absurd and wicked. If the college Presidents, politicians, automobile manufacturers and the like, who during the last year or two have preached pacifism in its most ignoble form are willing to think out the subject, and are both sincere and fairly intelligent, they must necessarily condemn a police force or a posse comitatus just as much as they condemn armies, and they must regard the activities of the Sheriff and the Constable as being essentially militaristic, and therefore, to be abolished. When we have discovered a method by which right living may be spread so universally in Chicago and New York that the two cities can with safety abolish their police forces, then, and not until then, it will be worth while to talk about "the abolition of war."

The Sociological Society meets at Washington this year only because the man after whom the city was named was willing to go to war. If he and his associates had not gone to war there would have been no possibility of discussing "social values" in the United States, for the excellent reason that there would have been no United States. If Lincoln had not been willing to go to war, to appeal to the sword, to introduce militarism on a tremendous scale throughout the United States, the sociologists who will listen to this paper, if they existed at all, would not be considering the social values enumerated above, but the social values of slavery and such Governmental and industrial problems as can now be studied in the Central American republics.

At present, in this world and for the immediate future it is certain that the only way successfully to oppose the might which is the servant of wrong is by means of the might which is the servant of right.

Magazinists of the World on the War

Condensed From Leading Reviews

With this issue the survey of the world's leading magazine features has been extended to cover the field more fully than ever before. The excerpts that follow represent the most interesting articles of information and comment found in the current periodicals of Germany, Austria, Russia, France, Great Britain, Italy, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and the United States.

Rudolf Eucken on the Tasks of German Idealism

Report of a speech by the famous Jena Professor of Philosophy in the Urania, Berlin's popular science institute, printed in the North German Gazette of Nov. 26.

BY contrasting German idealism with Indian and Grecian idealism Professor Eucken brought out in a few clear words its real charactertistics. The philosophy of India, with its ideal of eternal calm, has made India defenseless, and in the present war her soldiers are forced to serve a foreign cause. Greek idealism, with its ideal of the artistic view and conduct of life, with its "harmony of the soul," which at the same time dangerously neglected human pain, promoted neither creative activity nor the impulse to form a new life.

How different is German idealism! It aspires to create in man a new life of freedom and cordiality as the upper story of an edifice based on the purely material This new world of the spirit, of mental labor, of freedom, and of intellectuality, by no means consists in fleeing from the world, but is victorious and heroic enough no longer to fear the opposition of the world. Through this, the world becomes the workshop of the spirit and the consciousness of this gives one the joy of life, as one feels himself to be a part of the great organization of humanity and can co-operate as an active spirit in the work of elevating and shaping the world.

Professor Eucken showed that this genuine German sentiment—the idealistic philosophers are the real interpreters of the German character—is able to solve the great problems of the present time.

The nineteenth century has shown us the great significance of the visible world and a great change in ideas already had begun to take effect when the war began. Nevertheless, idealism would again have its great task to fulfill. Eucken disputed the opinion that idealism, with its cheerful faith in the human character, had been shipwrecked. Of course, many of our fanciful beliefs had been shattered.

The idea that peace would be assured when the peoples could express their opinions has proved illusory. In the future we will no longer say, with Rousseau, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." But idealism, remarked Eucken, did not believe in mere mankind alone, but in mankind after it had accomplished something in self-development. It turned from the ill-advised to that which was better counseled. History is not a reasoned-out journey, but reason develops in the course of history, and this is the only value the latter has.

Therefore, Eucken remains with Kant and Fichte in his "cheerful faith." He directed attention to some points where idealism should be particularly applied. For instance, in the criticism of our culture. Idealism should insist upon a drastic sifting of our civilization, strip off its historical associations, and test everything upon the base of imperishable qualities.

In the relations of man to man the war has also brought new problems. Idealism represents the German idea of freedom, which accepts the great general object and subordinates itself to duty. Idealism also shows us the way in the relation of the nation to mankind. It strengthens our feeling of proper dignity, so that our

nation, as the representative of a certain mental attitude, can perform her tasks in the real interest of world civilization. The multiplicity of our tasks need not frighten us. Idealism strengthens men with its higher aims.

Saint-Saëns Cannot Compose While France Suffers

The Dagens Nyheder of Copenhagen printed the following article, descriptive of how the war has affected some of the leading composers and musicians of the French capital:

A SHORT time ago there was started in Paris a new musical publication with the title "Music During the War." In the introductory article of the first issue it was announced by the publisher that the aim of the newcomer would be to act as a link between artists—composers, players, singers—serving in the armies and those who on account of advanced age or for other reasons were unable to join the colors. "Those who fight," the announcement ran, "must make sure that they are not forgotten by those at home."

The publication interviewed numerous personalities prominent in the musical world. Foremost among these was the famous Saint-Saëns. The old master expressed himself in the following manner: "You ask me what I have been doing since the war began, and I shall answer you by saying that I have refused to prepare the score to the ballet that I had obligated myself to write for the scene at Monte Carlo. While France suffers, I cannot compose. So far as I am concerned, France comes first, music afterward. If it were possible, by declining to write another note, to make France victorious in this war, I would gladly break my pen in pieces. As for your publication, it is my opinion that in preference to spending money on such an enterprise the amount should be utilized for the benefit of the wounded."

The interviewer replied that he was of the opinion that the new journal would occupy a certain place, not only as a link between the two elements—the one on the front, and the other at home—but that furthermore it would tend to spur musical activity, which ought not to be stilled while the war lasted. Saint-Saëns was reminded that he himself had been contributing to the Echo de Paris a series of articles dealing with various aspects of the music question. The composer insisted, however, that the contributors of the new enterprise should rather have sought out the great dailies as avenues for their ideas.

No sooner had the interviewer reached the stairway than the octogenarian composer called him back to tell him once more that he hated modern German music and all who championed it. Saint-Saëns declared that it was the duty of every loyal Frenchman to hate Germany.

Gustave Charpentier, the composer of "Louise," one of the operas that have met with the greatest success in recent years, declared emphatically that not for a single moment during the war had he thought of composing anything.

One of the younger composers, Paul Dukas, believed that the new enterprise deserved success and support. Despite the fact that the conditions were so unfavorable during the stormy period of the war, he thought it a praiseworthy purpose to keep the musical atmosphere charged with action.

The young musician André Gedalge supplied the following characteristic statement: "I am through with making plans. I am thinking of no music whatsoever. For more than a year I have figuratively listened to the roar of the battle in the distance. If it were possible for me to think of anything else but those who, more fortunate than I, are on the battlefield, then I would have written the 'Marseillaise.' Unfortunately for me, the

'Marseillaise' has already been written. Nevertheless, as concerns music, I hear only the national air, can only understand this. I admire those capable of tearing themselves away from this state of mind, but I am unable to do so."

The Regeneration of Russia by the War

By Marcel Barinère

These extracts are taken from an article printed in La Revue de Paris, Nov. 15, 1915.

THE cause of Russia's inadequate preparation was due originally to the vice of its political régime. On the day on which the lines of Dunaietz were broken, public opinion unanimously declared: "The Government has neglected its task; it is responsible for the disaster." And then, while the troops, scarce armed, struggled against the German offensive, an extraordinary transformation occurred in the political régime of Russia, dating from the beginning of July to the middle of September, a transformation marked successively by the strengthening of the hands of Goremykine, the convocation of the Duma, and, finally, its adjournment when the chief work of restoration to health and union had been accomplished, a work carried out under the personal direction of the Emperor. * * *

After nine months of struggle, a revelation of almost sudden danger was necessary before the Russian people, through the imperious voice of the Duma, carried its feeling into action, and the Czar, long vacillating between two currents of opinion, the one of old date, and having its source in feudal Germany; the other, wholly new, springing from the heart of Slavism, allowed himself to be irrevocably carried forward by the latter. * * *

The Ministerial readjustment which followed marks a long step toward the radical transformation of the Russian State; it would not be possible to calculate in advance the total effect; but it must result in the end of absolutism. * * *

The most remarkable feature in the war session of the Fourth Duma was the

complete understanding which was established between the National Assembly and the Government. On Sunday, Aug. 1, the first session was consecrated to the solemn declaration that the Russians, united by one purpose, would admit of no ending to the war save victory. "There is only one program to be proposed," said Count Goremykine, "that of decisive victory." And later, Mr. Adjemoff, in the name of the Constitutional Democrats, declared:

"It is the whole country which must furnish munitions to the army. All Russia must be organized as a single factory, a single machine. The vital thing is that the Government should at length realize that, without the people. it cannot achieve victory. Today it has recognized this truth. That which has been established in the past must be transformed by us. This is our victory, the victory of public opinion, a lesson, alas! which only these terrible times availed to teach us. Mr. Lloyd George recently said, addressing the Chamber of Commerce, that, in watering our troops with shells, the Germans broke the chains of Russian society and the Russian people. It is strictly true. Russian people, liberated from today will organize for victory." * *

The Duma has established its supremacy over the "bureaucracy," and the last hold of autocracy by the establishment of a committee of munitions, a departure from an industrial government in the direction of a political government. Its opinion and its action have become indispensable to the Ministers and to the Emperor himself. It is, moreover, a trustworthy safety valve for the possible violence of popular outbursts. Resting upon it, and, thanks to it, Russia has but one thought, vic-

tory, and one sees the Russian peasant read not only the newspapers, of which there is an increasing number, but also consult topographical charts, on which he follows the operations of the army. And one may say that Russia, by means of this struggle against Germany and against oppression, instigated and sustained by the hated "Old Guard," is insured against the horrors of a revolution which might be even more destructive than war.

Using the Religious Scarecrow Against Italy

By Luigi Luzzatti

In view of the fact that there has been a revival of late in a certain part of the Teutonic press of the talk that the Central Powers wished to increase the power and prestige of the Pope, as one of the results of the war, the following article by Signor Luzzatti, the veteran Italian statesman and economist, which appeared originally in Nuova Antologia, is timely.

THE Minister of Justice has done well in defending the ecclesiastical policy of the Italian Government and the correctness of its attitude toward the Holy See with a few well-chosen words that answer the last allocution of the Pontiff, whose speech, as may be foreseen, will fill the German and Austrian newspapers with joy.

A more irreligious argument could not be imagined than that which these reviews and newspapers are now using

against Italy.

They are worried about the liberty of the Holy Father, they are pained, they mortify their flesh and their souls because of the tyranny under which he is groaning; both Catholic and Protestant, they promise that after the war they will free Rome and restore it to the Pope.

In those sorrowful years when France fought against Italy, after 1870, the reactionary party that then ruled at Versailles and in the Government was also filled with sadness over the fate of the Holy Father, and, although it is not so well known, one of the "principal" reasons that induced Italy to join the Triple Alliance was the guaranteeing of the integrity of the kingdom, with Rome as the capital.

At that time the French Catholics wept, while those of Germany were dryeyed. The Austrians hardly shed a tear, except on some solemn occasions. Today the tears have passed to the other side of the Rhine and to the banks of the Danube.

Even the Frankfort Gazette, half Protestant and half Rationalist, feels the necessity of regulating the position of the Pope, who is no longer independent because he hasn't the diplomats of Prussia, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary with him. No doubt he would be independent if the diplomats of the enemy States were absent! Now, the German diplomats departed on their own initiative, nor were they detained in Rome by any spiritual sign, but the Italian Government always respected them.

These idle preoccupations are growing stronger in the German press not so many months after the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, including those belonging to the belligerent States, among them Belgians, French, English, Austrians, and Germans, gathered in conclave in the Vatican on the hospitable soil of Rome, were able to carry out the greatest act of spiritual independence, the election of a Pope. The exercise of that right has never been interfered with since 1870, and it has been disturbed only once, and that was when, by the express order of the Emperor of Austria, an Austrian Cardinal voted against the election of Rampolla.

Ecclesiastical history is full of dramatic and tragic attempts against the liberty of the conclaves in the days when the Pope was still a temporal sovereign, whereas the three elections that have taken place since 1870 have been free from any stain of violence, direct or indirect.

What better guarantee is needed than this? And in the carrying out of this supreme act of the Church is found the greatest and freshest proof of the perfect sincerity with which the law of 1871, confirming the prerogatives of the Supreme Pontiff, has been put into effect!

But the German dailies, especially those of Bavaria, forget that this world war, unchained by their authorities, "if the Pope still had been weighted with the temporal power," would not have spared him. As when his territory was under the protectorate of France, from 1849 to 1870, so it would have been invaded by one side or the other and ravaged by rival influences. This has happened many times, provoking the flight from Rome of the conclaves and even of the Pontiff himself, or bringing serious offenses against his personal dignity.

The inviolable hospitality of Italy saves him from the otherwise inevitable injuries of this infernal war, and here, in Rome, he is seated as upon an unscalable rock.

But some of these newspapers answer us by declaring that it is not a question of re-establishing the temporal power, but of adding a genuine international guarantee to the law of 1871, just as if international law had not been shown to be "without sanction," i. e., without effect, by those who violated (and in what a way!) the neutrality of Belgium.

And if we also suppose (an impossible hypothesis) that the Catholic States, after defeating Italy, succeed in attaching an international pledge to the law of the guaranties, how long would it last? It would be fought over on worldly grounds by the very Governments that signed it, and at the first sign of a war or of a spiritual conflict they would tear up the contract. And the Germans would have accomplished their object,

which is to humiliate Italy, not to guarantee the independence of the Pope.

Out of homage for the Pontiff, because of the prestige which Rome gives her in the world, for the repose of her Catholic people, and because of the very suspicions aroused by the Governments which wish to fight us for "temporal" ends, Italy is more jealous of the spiritual independence of the Supreme Hierarch than are his pretended protectors, who, on the contrary, change their names according to political exigencies, the most shifting and varied things in the world.

And, although it was not provided for in the law of the guaranties, through indirect accord between the Government and the Vatican, the Church authorities instituted the special arrangements for the camp which are functioning regularly and affording consolation to so many souls, which, radiant with love for their country, also wish to live and die at peace with their God.

These agreements, inspired by the purest religious feelings, were made by the two powers which the German newspapers represent as being at swords' points.

And now we should like to look up again in our records, so systematic in the midst of apparent disorder, certain articles which the Frankfort Gazette, the present interventionist bearing guaranties to the Vatican, wrote against the French supporters of the temporal power when they were attacking Italy.

The Holy Father had better beware of these dangerous friends, who are worse than open adversaries!

And what deductions will be drawn from his recent words by the political enemies of Italy, who care even less for religious ideals than for Italy herself!

It is impossible that this misuse of the name of God will continue, of him who is the father of all the peoples, not merely of those who wish to "monopolize" him and who have the historic responsibility of this horrible war!

Bravo, Churchill!

This ironical address to Winston Spencer Churchill, apropos of his speech made upon resigning his position as First Lord of the Admiralty, is from the Revue de Hongrie of December, 1915, a Hungarian monthly published at Budapest.

R. CHURCHILL, we salute you by reason of your speech in the House of Commons. You have revealed yourself as an apostle of the famous theory of war by attrition, which will end infallibly with the melting away of Germany. According to you, noble descendant of the Dukes of Marlborough, there is no need to conquer the enemy, for he is condemned to defeat by your arithmetic. Arithemetic, of course, also

is pro-ally.

England's power, you say, is increasing as fast as that of Germany is waning, and you have only to wait patiently in order to obtain "the final victory." If you had marched into Berlin after the first year of hostilities, you and your glorious allies, the Serbs, Montenegrins, Russians, and Frenchmen-you have not mentioned your recently bought allies, the Italians, who are the most glorious of all-the enemy would not have been conquered so completely as he will be if you enter Berlin during the second or third year of the war. So you have said, Mr. Churchill, and the whole British Chamber applauded. Permit us to applaud you, too, O great prophet, inspirer, apparently, of numerous articles which we have long been reading in the Ententist press.

You are right, Mr. Churchill, in preaching a war of attrition. To tell the truth, however, we fear it may last a few years, for if the Germans and their allies have taken fifteen months to invade Serbia, Belgium, a part of France, Poland, Courland, and certain other Russian provinces, it is hardly probable that they will be able to push their offensive as far as Paris, Calais, and St. Petersburg in less than a good few months. This will give time for the total wearing out of the Austro-German forces, and, in consequence, the complete victory of the Entente will be adjourned to a very distant epoch. For, if we are correctly informed, the Allies will have to drive the enemy from the occupied countries before making a triumphal entry into Berlin.

The resources of the Quadruple Alliance are inexhaustible, their reserves of men are far from being utilized; but the Minister of War has declared in the French Chamber that it was absolutely necessary to call out the class of 1917, adding that these young men constituted the last reserve of France. The Russians also are far from having attained the culminating point of their efforts, though they have already been obliged to send the class of 1918 to the front. These are mere bagatelles. Likewise no importance need be attached to the junction of the Central Powers with Bulgaria (the traitor!) and Turkey, for the two or three millions of men which they can draw from those nations will not suffice to prolong the war more than a few years.

And then have you not said. Mr. Churchill, that England was the last reserve of the Allies? The English are only waiting until all the belligerents are in a state of exhaustion. When that moment comes, the English, whose spirit of sacrifice knows no limits, will have recourse to the ultima ratio-to compulsory service, which will have nothing in common, of course, with the abhorred system of Prussian militarism. then one sweeping blow will break everything; the Russian avalanche will be resuscitated, likewise Serbia, Belgium, Poland, and the rest.

In vain, therefore, do the Austro-Germans fly from victory to victory; it is a deceptive mirage, for it is precisely from this series of their victories that your "definitive victory" will be composed. It is only the Austro-Germans whose limited notarial intelligence is incapable of seizing the logical connection between the continual defeats of the Entente and the victory that is going to result for you.

Long live the war of attrition! Long live eternal war! Bravo, Churchill!

The Inner Front in Germany

By Fedor von Zobeltitz

This article, by a noted German novelist, is from Die Woche, Berlin, Dec. 4, 1915.

BOUT five weeks ago two articles appeared in two Paris newspapers -on the same day, strange to say -dealing with the life and attitude of war-time Berlin. The tenor of the first article was sufficiently shown by its title, "The City of Death." Its author said that the life of Berlin had practically died out, that trade and movement just managed to drag along, that most of the bigger stores were closed, also most of the theatres, and that the town lay in darkness during the night, as there was no coal to be had. It told how, in the workingmen's quarters of the city, there were no longer food riots, "as there were a short time ago," because the inhabitants had lost all their energy and typhus was sweeping them away daily by thousands.

The second article was of quite a different nature. It pictured Berlin as a new Babylon, plunging to immoral ruin; nights spent in carousal and revelry, while the police looked on powerless; orgies behind closed doors, depreciated currency, an increasing wave of crime. It declared that two churches had already been burned to the ground by the godless multitude.

Of course the two crazy articles had one and the same purpose—to give the credulous French public the idea that Germany's end was approaching, that the steel wall of "fighting it out" was a hoax, that the "inner front" was shaken to its foundations.

I was talking a few days ago with an officer, just returned from the eastern front on a short furlough, regarding these journalistic aberrations. This led to a discussion of the Berlin of war times. The officer said to me:

"I must confess that the daily life of Berlin annoyed me when I was first back. I asked myself whether the Berliners understood that I and the rest of us on the battle front were engaged in a continuous bitter fight wherein lurked death and destruction. No, I told myself, they know nothing of the war here. Their household expenses have been curtailed, possibly, on account of the general increase in prices, but the restaurants are as full as ever, there is scarcely an empty seat in the cafés, the streets are all movement, every theatre is going full blast, everywhere one hears lively music. It seemed to me that this was not fitting at such a serious time—at least so it seemed to me at first.

"But I must admit that I changed my views after a while. There was I, returning home from a tragedy, yet enabled to become gay again. And this gayety served to impart even greater strength to my confidence, which had never weakened. In this manifestation by Berlin that it still lives there is astonishing strength.

"In Berlin people do not oscillate, as they do in Paris, from depths of depresion to premature celebrations of victory, nor, as in London, from suffragette madness to indifference, nor, as in Rome, from martial tumult to secret apprehension of the future. No, the Berliners go ahead with their life, adapt themselves skillfully to the necessities of the hour, do not allow their heads to droop in discouragement. They find an outlet for their spiritual excitement in life itself. The Frenchman has a phrase to describe this—'élan vital'—the Berliner translates it into reality."

These remarks certainly had a good deal of truth in them. Berlin has become neither a city of death nor a Babylon. When the war broke out we in Berlin doubtless acted pretty much as people did in the capitals of the other belligerent nations. Tumult was paramount. But little by little the din subsided, a calmer attitude ensued, nerves calmed down, realities were looked more resolutely in the face, and life returned to its practical grooves.

In a time of excitement the educa-

tional power of work increases. It was so with us. Berlin was always an industrious town, but it never stood so completely under the iron law of reality as in this time of war. The feeling of duty in all classes rose to a height of ethical dignity, and ethical conscience led to spiritual exaltation. What was said at the last General Synod to the effect that the Church had not failed was true. And, judging by the numbers of people attending church in these times, it is right to maintain that religious feeling has become decidedly stronger. * * *

I can well understand that the officer whose words I have quoted should feel somewhat annoyed at first at the gayety of Berlin life, and it is likewise psychologically comprehensible that he afterward underwent a reaction. His feeling of annoyance vanished when the joy of life was reawakened within himself, when he saw about him his comrades whose hunger for enjoyment impelled them to drink in the fleeting pleasures of the moment, after having looked during months, by night and by day, into the icy eyes of death.

Another officer from the front, who had spent nearly half a year in the trenches of France, said to me: "I go out on the streets a great deal, I go out evening after evening, I must see people and gay faces." Out there in the trenches he had nothing before his eyes but dark hostility; here the bright light of existence shone upon him once again.

I do not for a minute fail to realize that war-time Berlin has also its dark side. It would be foolish to shut one's eyes to truth and harp only on the feeling of power that enables us to keep alive our enjoyment of life during these days of trial.

Among the stay-at-homes are many who remain callous to the great problems of our time, or find in them merely a keener sensation, a new form of excitement. And the eternal street loafers are still with us, the bane of our men of creative energy, and we still have our

carpers and grumblers. Mean and small minds are ineradicable; they slink about now as always, and low, self-seekers are at work, eddies on the surface which stir up the mud at the bottom. For, in every great city, extremes rub elbows and good and bad go side by side.

But when we read in the papers of neutral countries what life is in the cities that have become our enemies, we have reason to be satisfied. Not even in the early days of tremendous nerve-tension did Berlin witness anything like the mad turmoil of the Italian cities, nor the foolish street farce played in England when the drum of the recruiting party sounds, nor could the fear of air-bombs ever arouse in us the tragic-comic terror of Paris and London. We need no vilifications of our foes to keep alive in us the belief in victory nor theatricalism for preserving our enthusiasm.

We "keep on living," not in an ideal way never attained by man since his creation, but, with a few exceptions, we live on in a search for common sense. Common sense tolerates no impatience nor pessimism. In order that the bitterness of the present time, with its cares and troubles, may not lead to dulling of our feelings, life must continue to exercise its upholding and compensating influences. And this zest of life also includes within itself the willingness which we need to make sacrifices.

An oppressed nation, ground down by the iron fist and hard discipline, could never have risen to such a height of useful achievement. That we undergo without complaint the tremendous economic upheavals of today is due, to no small extent, to the fact that our enjoyment of life has not decreased.

It is not necessary to be a Pharisee, of course, in order to deplore certain manifestations of this life, a certain distortion and exaggeration, inner contradictions and perversities. But the fact remains that the unconquerable, youthful strength of our "inner front" gives to it the firmness which it needs.

Polish Legions on the Battlefields

The weekly publication Polen, issued at Vienna in the interests of a united Polish Nation, in its issue of Nov. 26 devoted considerable space to the work of the legions organized for defensive and offensive purposes. The extract printed below is indicative of what these soldiers, recruited from all the former divisions of Poland, are accomplishing.

THE collective Polish newspapers announce with satisfaction that, thanks to the foresight and solicitude of Archduke Frederick, the various brigades of the Polish legions are once more united. In view of this pleasant event, the commander of the legions, Field Marshal Lieutenant von Durski, issued the following order of the day:

"Soldiers of the Legions: It is with heartfelt pride and satisfaction that I to-day address myself to the three brigades of the Polish legions, which now for the first time are gathered together in one section. After the eventful fifteen months, in which you have worked so hard to improve the future of the entire nation through sanguinary battles, to-day writes finis to a chapter in the history of national import.

"A tried defender of the legion ideal, a splendid representative of Polish military training and deeds in war, the Second Brigade of the Polish legions has arrived here from the borderland of Bessarabia. After having covered the sword of Poland with glory in the distant frontier sections, the brigade has come to pursue further the enemy together with the other divisions of the legions.

"The physical separation between us has disappeared, and today and in the

future we are not only one in heart and spirit, but stand shoulder to shoulder under the folds of our proudly waving legion standard.

"The uniting of our military strength occurs along the frontier of Poland's future territory, and at a moment when the divisions of the legions stand in the fullness of their development. It comes also on the anniversary of the victorious battle at Nadworna. These coincidences in dates and circumstances, which bespeak a powerful symbolism, should spur us with prophetic insight to move forward to our military tasks ahead.

"The heroes of Nadworna, Molotkow, Pasieczna, Rafajlowa; the splendid participants in the more recent fights at Somosierra—the attack on Rotikna—offer you the position of honor in the family of the legion, and, utilizing your rich experiences, we will together go forward to victory and fame.

"Constantly growing and becoming more powerful, our military organization is also ever widening the scope of its appointed task. The legions, while not yet at the zenith of their victory over the enemies, will complete their labor in line with their historic mission and duty.

"Forward, united legion soldiers, to victory and fame! DURSKI FML."

Iron Industry in War Times

By Dr. E. Schrödter

Dr. Schoödter is executive officer of the Düsseldorf Association of German Iron Foundrymen. This article is taken from a booklet published by the "Kulturbund deutscher Gelehrter und Künstler (Culture Association of German Savants and Artists) at the building of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences.

EVERYWHERE in German territory one sees the same favorable appearance of calm, everywhere is increase of work and adaptation to the conditions caused by the war. German mines and foundries are not only able

to deliver all needed raw materials for the war—which is the most important thing—but can even provide these in the huge quantities required by the recent war operations in a manner which has astonished even military experts, and, in addition, meet the demand for peaceful purposes, which, naturally, has been somewhat limited. But we cannot deny that some factories have not been able to adapt themselves and must struggle against adverse conditions.

A certain shortage in some quarters, which has caused loss of valuable time, but seems to have been eliminated by the strong general desire to help the Fatherland to the uttermost limit, must not hinder us from acknowledging the marvelous achievements of our Governmental authorities. The documents turned over to the Reichstag regarding economic measures brought about by the war show about 130 laws and ordinances, some of them deeply affecting the operation of our plants and marketing of our wares. We have all set to work to obey them, with the motto: "All, all, for the Fatherland."

The military authorities behind the front have done exemplary work of wide scope. The Prussian soldier plowing in the fields of Northern France, a few kilometers behind the front-line trenches—now he is to have motor plows—or driving teams of six horses hauling manure wagons, with the Cathedral of Laon in the background, makes a wonderful picture. As I contemplated it I felt the unshakable trust of our military commanders in the strength of our positions, as well as that of our commissariat officials in the certainty of our food supply.

We know that we must be sparing in our use of certain raw materials, on account of England's selfish contraband policy. According to the English note to the United States of Jan. 12 of this year, this policy is based entirely on national security, for which reason it is obliged to seize all articles suspected of being destined to the enemy. This applies especially to the copper imports of Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland; it was stated that the urgent necessity of safeguarding the nation as long as it was at war compelled the English Government to do all in its power to hinder the importation of copper not actually intended for neutral countries.

How England can assign to each neutral land its quota of copper, by means of unreliable statistics, is England's affair. The fact remains that Germany, also for the sake of her national security, must get copper wherever she can find it. In other words, if we cannot produce enough ourselves, and our not unimportant stock on hand should be exhausted, we must take from the hostile territory occupied by us—of course, with due payment—everything made of copper—electric wiring, metal machine and furnace parts, caldrons for sugar refineries, and every kind of household article.

When we take into consideration the hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, of tons of copper which have been used in manufacturing during recent years, it is selfapparent that we can endure a war lasting thirty years. So what does England gain by such measures? Certainly they do not achieve the purpose aimed at, so far as Germany is concerned, but affect most disastrously the crippled manufactures of Belgium and Northern France. This effect is rendered all the more serious by the action of the French Government in spurring England on to severer measures, thus putting out of business for years the French factories which have up to now escaped almost unscathed from the terrors of war.

What is true of copper applies also to other raw materials. Though, for some, more than adequate substitutes have been found, there is nowhere fear of England any appreciable shortage. thought that the lack of certain raw materials deemed hitherto indispensable would, in the long run, seriously hurt us, but our scientific and technical knowledge, now so despised in England, has been so successful in finding substitutes that Germany is on the road toward independence of foreign countries for these articles and may look without anxiety into the future.

These proud victories will unquestionably be of great permanent value to our home industries and they give us a chance at the same time to smile at the petty attempts of the English to annihilate our foreign trade. In view of our technical progress the many dozens of

reports enviously issued by the "Board of Trade" and the "Chambre de Commerce" fall to the ground like packs of cards.

The men who have won these great victories in the most varied quarters deserve the warmest thanks of the nation. More detailed information regarding them cannot be given now for reasons easily understood.

In conclusion, I wish to compare the figures of crude steel production of the belligerent nations in 1913. According to statistics published in these countries, it was as follows:

	Tons.
Germany	.19,000,000
Austria-Hungary	. 2,700,000
England	. 7,800,000
France	. 4,400,000
Belgium	. 1,900,000
Russia	4,500,000

giving a total for Germany and Austria-Hungary of 21,700,000 tons, as against 18,600,000 tons for the others.

Now that German armies have taken over all the Belgian and three-quarters of the French output of crude steel, the figures are as follows—disregarding the small advantage accruing to us from Russian territory:

German Belgium France	۰													. 1	1,	90	0,	00	0
Total as again								0					٠	.20	3,	90	0,	00	0
England					 									. 7	7.	80	0.	00	0
France								,						. 1	1,	10	0,	00	0
Russia					 	. ,									1,	50	0,	00	0
Total	 		۰		•							۰		.1:	3,	40	0,	00	0

In other words, our victories, in addition to strategic and military results, have also brought to us the economic advantage that, in the place of our excess production of crude steel before the war over that of the Entente powers of 3,000,000 tons, we now can show an excess of more than 13,000,000 tons, and we are now twice as strong in this province of industry as our allied foes.

Our actual product of steel per year at present is about 10,800,000 tons, so that, despite all the limitations imposed by war, it exceeds by more than 3,000,000 tons the production of conservative, backward England.

But far more important than such superiority are the immense intelligence, the powerful intellects, and the familiarity with hard work which, in the case of German foundrymen, stand behind these figures—qualities which had victoriously overtaken the English before the war.

It is the same spirit that animates our troops, from the hightest commander to the humblest volunteer; it is the unflinching will to win, the strength of will of which Paracelsus wrote: "The human will can become so strong that one man may overcome another, without drawing the sword, merely by the mind alone, by mere inner willing so to do."

In the course of time the road to this splendid quality has been lost to some degree, but the earnestness and seriousness of the present day reawakened these powers throughout Germany, and, by no means least of all, among those in its iron industry. They will make all the weapons needed now and achieve that goal of which my friend, Dr. Beumer, has written:

Grasp, O German youths, the home-forged sword in your hand,

Strike down the foreign foe, protect the Fatherland!

Internal Conditions in Germany

The London Spectator of Dec. 18, 1915, gave its readers the following summary of a Swedish traveler's observations in Germany:

A N exceptionally informing series of articles on the condition of Germany by a Swede, who has just visited many German towns, has

been appearing in The Times. The Swede, who was educated in a German university and spent ten years in Germany, is frankly pro-ally in his sympathies, though he still counts many Germans among his friends. He is so reasonable in his comments and so quick to pick out what is significant that we

have no hesitation in saying that his diagnosis of the state of German feeling is as near the truth as any neutral writer is likely to bring us.

The moral of all that he says is very plain. Germany is not being "starved" vet, and it would indeed be difficult to starve her in the strict sense of the word, but it is evident that the one thing above all others which is making an impression on her is the blockade. fears it. When it relaxes she rejoices: when it tightens its grip she becomes alarmed. If the blockade should be weakened, says the Swedish observer, the war "may continue almost indefinitely." What madness, then, to relax it by any deliberate concession! Maddest thing of all to do it in the name of humanity. when a relaxation means not only a prolongation of suffering, but a jeopardizing of the liberties of the world for generations!

On evidence collected in all directions. the correspondent was convinced of the reality of the German intention to try to conquer Egypt. Camels and mules are being bought in large quantities and railways are being laid in the desert. There is no excuse for any one who does not accept the warning. If we take the necessary precautions, we shall have nothing to fear and probably something to gain. But the Germans mean business. The correspondent, in spite of the universal confidence, was not unduly impressed by it. He knows Germans too well not to remember that, in spite of the traveling habit which has been fashionable in recent years, the vast majority of them know extraordinarily little of the resources and temper of other countries.

Although Berlin outwardly has been changed hardly at all by the war, the correspondent came across evidence of doubts, anxieties, and even of riots. Accidentally he lighted upon the information that, in the belief of one statistician, Germany could not hold out for more than twelve months unless she could maintain her supply of fat-matters—among which, we may say, copra is not the least important. In November there was a riot of some magnitude in Berlin, and there has been another since then.

These food riots-for such they are-appear to be originated by women. In a very curious and enlightening passage the correspondent says that the spirit of German women is giving out before that of German men. He does not mean that they do not work splendidly. They do. They are untiring in their hospital work, and even in hard manual labor such as navvy jobs on a Berlin underground railway, but their grumbling at the cost of necessaries grows louder and louder. They have no idea of accepting privation or-not to put it too strongly-inconvenience in their domestic economy quietly. Here we may congratulate ourselves that Englishwomen have nothing to learn from Germany.

By decree there are two meatless days and two fatless days every week. That is to say, on two days no meat may be sold in shops or restaurants, and on two other days no fat. The law does not touch whatever may have been stored in private houses. Bread, flour, and milk can be bought only to the quantity for which the purchaser holds a ticket. Paraffin oil is almost unobtainable. An interesting point is the cultivation of fresh water fish-carp, tench, pike, and The Government, contrary to so on. some accounts, have not yet called up the copper supplies. An acquaintance of the correspondent had been instructed to send a list to the Government of all copper articles in his works, but he had heard no more of the matter. The Government have drawn up an irventory, in fact, and have not yet made use of it. Butter varies greatly in price with the locality, but this is true of nearly all forms of food. Butter reached 3s. a pound at one time in Berlin, but has since dropped to 2s. 3d. On the other hand, in one small town in West Prussia visited by the correspondent the maximum price of butter had been fixed at 1s. 6d. a pound. One of the most conspicuous shortages is in rubber. Indiarubber tires may be used but rarely and taxicabs are disappearing. for pleasure is unknown.

The almost universal confidence is, of course, reflected in any discussion of possible terms of peace, though we do

not imagine for a moment that the statesmen of Germany really deceive themselves when they make such statements as that of the Chancellor in the Reichstag last week. The authorities assert what they wish the people to believe, and no doubt they also hope to bluff their enemies to some extent. At all events, the correspondent thinks that the German terms of peace as at present formulated are something like this: First and foremost there must be what is called a "Free Rhine." For that reason the Germans will fight for Antwerp to the last. They mean to persuade or intimidate Holand into abandoning her rights at the mouth of the Scheldt. Possibly this might be done by the extension of the German Customs Union. Belgium would be treated to the Alsace-Lorraine system. The correspondent came across no anti-annexationists, though they are said to exist. He calls the notion that Germany will be persuaded, except by force, to evacuate Belgium "ridiculous." She has spent vast sums of money, both there and in Poland, on reorganization and on what she fancies is a tactful treatment of the population. Whence is she to recover this money? She is not rebuilding Belgium for love of the Belgians.

Longing for Peace?—Answers

By Maximilian Harden

This article by one of the ablest journalists of Europe appeared in Die Zukunft of which he is editor.

THE change in the Russian Ministry, announced by the leading newspapers of Europe during the last weeks of October, has not yet occurred.

A sudden change of opinion in the high imperial circles?

Fear that the rough surface of the Duma would soon rub the new men raw?

Only Mr. Krivoshein has gone, (with the postscript, it is said, that his early return to an even higher post is not impossible.) Mr. Kvostof, the strongest, and, as Minister of the Interior, the most important man in the Cabinet, has not yet got rid of old Goremykine, Ambassador Shebeko, or Mr. Sazonoff.

Old or new, it is all the same to us. The unexampled freedom of criticism in Russia, Mr. Privy Councilor, is a sign of strength, not of weakness.

The public discussion of the failings and dirty acts of the administration, the censuring of the military doctors, (particularly by Menschikof,) and the expositions of the advantages due to German organization and technique should teach us how far Russia is from believing the

end of the world is at hand, as is thought by many in our "foolish zone."

The man who bares his wounds in the market place, and allows remedies and the possibility of a cure to be discussed before the ears of the crowd, seems, to the impartial, stronger and less in need of overnice consideration than the man who never lifts the bandage and who answers every question with: "Everything is in the finest condition. Besides? Nothing new of importance."

The Russian hears that his army in the field still numbers almost 7,000,000 men and that 8,000,000 men have been drafted and are being trained back of the front, that the railroad to the ice-free ocean being built by the busy host of prisoners of war is nearly finished, and he hopes, with the confidence swiftly following this news, that the fresh troops will be armed and equipped and sent to the front in the Spring. His slogan is:

"In March, or in April, at the latest, the offensive will begin, with ten or twelve million well-equipped troops, who, with the best of guns and projectiles, made at home and in America and Japan, will drive the enemy from our extreme outer works."

Alexeieff, Chief of the General Staff, says so, and General Russky declares:

"We have, at last, as much ammunition as we need against the Germans and we stamp on the boxes this notice: 'Don't be stingy with the cartridges!' Our war is just beginning."

Eighty thousand workingmen and women (who have received the right to vote) have sent representatives to the committee for war industries.

Now there must be a change. In Russia's favor? Since her last fairly convenient connecting road through Serbia is barred, her hopes may prove deceiving. In the meantime she is alive, raises her head through the fog and snow, and wisdom advises us to take her into consideration.

Revolution? Not yet the slightest sign in sight.

When Japan pledged herself in November not to enter into peace negotiations alone, but only together with her allies, it was looked upon by the "association" as a still greater promise of salvation.

"The cunning yellow men will only take part when it comes to the end. If they don't join us on the western front, after the cession of French Indo-China, they will certainly do so in India, Egypt, and on the Persian Gulf, perhaps even at Alexandretta, or on the Turkish, Albanian, and Bulgarian coasts; there where they could take part more effectively and under more favorable conditions and release white fighting units for use upon other battlefields. only because their prestige, in case they should decide the European war, would rise enormously on the Pacific Ocean and in the New World, but also because a loss of power in Europe would force us to return to Asia and thereby endanger Japan's predominance, as happened after the peace of Shimonoseki and before the quarrel over Port Arthur and the Yalu." These are the words on the lips of politicians and diplomats.

They fear nothing from Sweden, as they know that the Finns will not become Swedes and that the Swedes do not wish again to have a common Government with the Finns. The belief that is still floating around, and not entirely in the corners, either, that Sweden will draw the sword tomorrow against Russia in order to obtain the bagatelle of the Oeland Islands and to forestall an attack by Russia in the dim future, is silly, even if our enemies did not have powerful friends in the most enlightened and powerful of the Scandinavian kingdoms, equal to and above the Socialist leader, Branting. They have not been able to prevent the polite but firm repulse of English attempts at supervision and guardainship, (first the French language was chosen as the medium of negotiations, then the British emissaries' binding authority was wrested away, and finally acquiescence in London's demands was refused,) but they at once would have become the mouthpieces of the entire country if they had had occasion to protest against any German interference.

We should say to the Swedes, loudly and in unambiguous words: "We are glad of your German pride and of your stand for inflexible justice, and we have no intention of mixing in your internal politics, nor of imposing upon you the wanton outrage of a grievous war without a great object simply because it might suit our plans to do so. We have never intended that, because some day the Russians might threaten you, you should now force the struggle upon them. Whoever indicated such a conclusion did not speak for Germany's brain."

A separate peace between Germany and Russia?

For months I have been warning my readers against such irrational fabrications. That the pious single-mindedness of the peasants would never forgive even the Czar, the head of the church, the father, for breaking a covenant, that he would lose his divine attributes and become almost brutish in their eyes, if he tried to slip out of the ironclad agreement which he has signed, is known to every one who is acquainted with the Russian's soul.

If Nicholas Alexandrovitch should abandon his comrades of the September treaty to conclude a peace unfavorable to the empire, the mujiks would rise against him and he would have revolution in the empire, and not, as ten years ago, mere city riots. He would not be able to find support in the army and he might as well pack the trunks of his child of trouble, Alexis, too. He doesn't need any Rasputin to tell him that.

Would you rather, in a time of crisis, deal with the oppressor alone, or in company with powerful partners? Neither can you expect that an autocrat of all the Russias, whose army is defeated and whose border provinces are under foreign rule, for fear that the stock of his empire may go still lower, will sit down

alone with the enemy at the council table where he might have England, France, and Japan as neighbors.

Even a weakling heeds the call of honor when there is advantage in doing so.

I have never believed in the possibility of individual treaties of peace. That such a thing is more unlikely to happen with Russia than with any of the other great powers is plain to a politician.

To the ash heap at last with the dead stick that has made too many believe it was a vine capable of developing life!

The people of Germany demand the truth from writers, too, and protest scornfully against the illusion that has delighted the drunken topers in their swinish ecstasies in Auerbach's cellar.

Facing the Possibilities

By the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M. P.

Below we print part of the leading article in the latest issue of The Contemporary Review, in which Sir Joseph Compton surveys the war situation and discounts the worst possibilities confronting the Allies.

ET us take things at their worst.

Assume that the Austro-German-Bulgar-Turk combination is quite successful, and that the road is opened to Constantinople. Although the Allies keep a firm grip upon Saloniki they decide upon the evacuation of the Peninsula of Gallipoli. The troops so released would avail for Egypt if we had not otherwise provided for its defense.

Our fleet would still command the seaboard of Asia Minor, and with Saloniki as a base we should be on the flank of the German advance. Let worse follow and we evacuate Egypt because our troops can be better employed upon the offensive elsewhere. This would injure our prestige for the time, but it would bring no decision for Germany nor relieve her from the tension of a Winter's war. With Egypt and the Suez Canal in the temporary possession of the German-Turkish armies, what could follow? The Suez Canal would be closed by the allied fleets. We should throttle the Red

Sea effectually at Aden. Our possession of the Sudan would be secured by our naval hold on the Red Sea, and we should retain a direct communication with India as our military and naval base. An advance overland to Khartum would be impossible across the "belly of stones," the desert which separates Egypt from the Sudan. Our mercantile marine would go around the Cape to the Far East and to the Southern Hemisphere. In these days of powerful steamers, running at higher speed than formerly, the difference between the two routes is not so marked. This is particularly so in war time when we take into consideration the risks of the Mediterranean, the delays of the Suez Canal, and the slow passage of the Red Sea, which always bristles with dangers to navigation. Our empire would remain intact, and there would be no interruption in communication between the British Islands, India, or far-away Australasia.

Who imagines that Germany would at-

tempt an enterprise so impossible as a movement to India across thousands of miles and with Russia upon her flank? None of these things are likely to happen; but at the very worst our supremacy at sea would carry us safely through the crisis as heretofore.

The war will not be settled by "tourist trips" into Mesopotamia, but by our success at last in overpowering a weakening Germany, and the progress of the Anglo-French arms in the west and of Russia in the east. The real strength of our great adversary lies in her geographical unity, that solid body of the German race massed in Central Europe. Austria only holds together by the stiffening given to her by her ally, and Turkey again is a "geographical expression." The best of her fighting force today is found for her by races European in blood, whose ancestors were forced to accept the Mohammedan When these races fail her she has little to hope from the pure Asiatics of her distant provinces. We have yet to test the Turk in the open against the class of European troops which France and Britain will direct against her. In all this we have left out of calculation the contribution of Russia. It may be that an advance from the Caucasus may prove the best diversion, or a landing on the shores of the Black Sea, or even a continued advance into Galicia and into Prussian Poland.

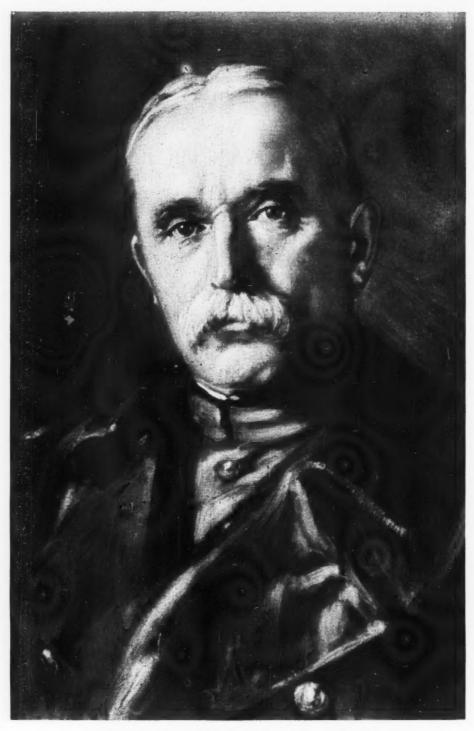
There is a question, however, which is as important as any of those which we have already discussed—the question of the terms which we are prepared to give to a defeated enemy. We may deprive Germany of her colonies, compel her to disband her armies and to surrender or to destroy her fleet to prevent its falling into our hands. We may even impose a war contribution upon her, but she will survive. Her defeat, however complete, will be attributed by her to the malevolence of Great Britain, whom she hoped to have kept out of the present struggle. Just as she recovered from the victories of Napoleon she will begin again to assert herself, to build up her industries, and to arm once more. Catastrophe, if it overtakes her, will be attributed to ill-fortune, failure of preparation, or to the unlimited resources of her malignant enemies. The judgment of war may not bring moral conversion, and the old difficulties will then reappear. Her enlarging armaments will threaten Europe, and our children or our children's children, as the generations move on, will return to the same deadly crisis as before.

If she could be persuaded that Central Europe ought to suffice for her, and that her intelligence and energies were given to her for the peaceful penetration of less favored peoples, then there would be hope of future peace. For whatever may be the value of her culture it cannot for one moment be compared with that of Ancient Greece, whose political power counted for so little, but whose influence has so sensibly affected the whole course of European civilization. Unfortunately, this is not likely to be the case. She has tasted the forbidden fruit of world power, and the poison still runs in her veins. Unhappily, this means that we dare not trust her. It may be necessary for the allied nations to impose a peace which will involve a strategical command of Germany until they see what the future will bring forth.

No one desires to deprive the German race of their right to self-government, but we are bound to emancipate those peoples who have suffered from her dominance and whom Germany has failed, after years of occupation of their territories, to reconcile or to assimilate. We may have to secure the safety of the North Sea by intrusting the German seaboard to a new federation of little States and retain for ourselves a naval station, Heligoland or another, in order to command the Kiel Canal. It may be that the effect of the war will separate Germany once more into a north and a south. while the non-German people of Central Europe are gathered into new States which will guard the approach to the southeast. The problem is highly complicated, and cannot be settled by a denunciation in general terms of the evils of militarism. Germany must pay the



GENERAL SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN
Commander of the British Expedition Against German East Africa
(Photo © by American Press Assn.)



VISCOUNT FRENCH OF YPRES

General French, Now a Peer, Is in Command of All Armies in the

United Kingdom

penalty for her lust of conquest, but in some way we must restore her to the company of civilized nations. We can only hope that, chastened by suffering, she may at last rise transfigured into newness of life.

Reflections of the War in Germany

The passages which follow are taken from a very able and interesting article, by M. Lourier, in the Vyestnik Evropy, (the Messenger of Europe,) published at Petrograd:

TN August there was unveiled in Berlin a colossal statue to General Hindenburg-between the Reichstag and the Siegesallée (the "Avenue of Victory")—a wooden image as tall as eight men standing on each other's heads, to render everlasting the features of the present army commander, the former professor. Kaiser Wilhelm ordered that the battle cruiser launched in July should be called the Hindenburg. A pretty, fluffy little animal (of the kangaroo family) which was discovered in what was then German New Guinea, and successfully brought to Berlin, is also called the Hindenburg, by the unanimous vote of explorers and scientists. This long-tailed Hindenburg has been placed in a separate cage in the Zoological Garden and "attracts even more attention than Missie," as we are informed by a patriotic reporter. Missie is a large chimpanzee of the gentler sex, dear to the hearts of Berliners.

Zabrze, a town of 63,000 inhabitants. is to be called Hindenburg; and the whole district of Zabrze (in Silesia) is also to take the same name. The larger German towns have collected more than 10,000,000 marks, to be intrusted to the learned General, and to be spent by him according to his discretion. The Government of Saxony has published in its organ an amusing circular, appealing to the people of Saxony not to bombard the General with picture postals; the Commander in Chief cannot use his dining room, because it is filled to the ceiling with postals; the General has no chance to get at his private correspondence because in the daily wagonloads which are delivered to him no one can divine which letters are important and which simply inform him that "a toast in his honor was drunk in such and such a restaurant, in the presence of so and so"; and the Saxon organ even calls the great warrior "a subject for sympathy and pity."

The heroes of the beer halls call their new-born sons Hindenburg; a newspaper announces that a little girl has been named Hindenburga. All these patriots are at war against all foreign words and names, insisting that the famous Hymn of Hate directed against England shall be made obligatory in the children's schools and incumbering the mail sacks of the army with postals that jeer at the nations which are at war with Germany. * * *

It is only just to add that public indignation against these beer-hall heroes was strong enough to compel the German Government to intervene. A whole output of postals especially offensive to the Allies was confiscated. This was done after many organs of the press, both Radical and Moderate, had printed innumerable protests against the lack of dignity and artistic worth that these postcards showed, and especially after the publication of many indignant protests from officers and soldiers at the front, who were wroth at being "disgraced by the heroes of the beer tables." The efforts to propagate the Hymn of Hate in the schools has also called forth many protests; and here the press did not miss the opportunity to point out the hypocrisy of the party especially interested in sowing animosity between England and Germany, which so rapidly changed front as soon as interest dictated.

An amusing instance of this: The central organ of German industry, the Mitteilungen des Kriegsausschuss der deutschen Industrie, in an editorial article, calls for a complete break in all intercourse with England, but in the very next number of the same periodical we find the following advertisement: "Business messages for England: A well recommended wholesale neutral merchant, well connected in English official and business circles, who resides in Berlin, but visits England frequently, offers to transmit business messages for those who desire it. Detailed information may be had at the Commercial Department of the War Committee of German Industry."

Americans Disliked in England

By James Davenport Whelpley

Following is a condensed version of a surprising article by an American correspondent in England, which appeared in The Outlook, New York, Jan. 12, 1916:

T the end of this war Englishmen will be liked better than they were in some parts of the world more hated in others, they will be as indifferent to these changes of feeling as if there had been none. At the end of this war Americans will be more heartily and generally disliked everywhere, except possibly in Belgium and Serbia, than they were in that peaceful year of 1913 which now seems to belong to a remote past. Also they will care more than ever. They will feel hurt and resentful, for they will believe that it should be quite the contrary, for good and sufficient reasons.

There will be many causes for this dislike, none of which will seem reasonable to an American, but the fact will remain. In the first place, we are, and probably will remain, neutral to the end. Neutrality means treading on every one's toes. The Germans, Austrians, Turks, and Bulgarians do not like our form of neutrality, for under the circumstances it favors their enemies. The English, French, Russians, and Italians don't approve of us because they think we have failed to protest sufficiently against German methods, have been too patient with German and Turkish outrages, and that we have profited enormously in a financial way from the misfortunes of others.

The Belgian relief work, the rebuke

to Germany for her submarine methods, the vast American contributions to all forms of assistance for the wounded and otherwise stricken among the warring peoples, the enlistment of several thousand Americans in the war on the side of the Allies, the unselfish labor of official and unofficial Americans for the relief of distress, the loans and credits given to warring nations in large amounts—none of these things, nor all of them, will prevail to make America or Americans popular with other peoples after this war.

We may reasonably be expected to ask why this is so. The answer lies in the domain of psychology and not of reason, and it is rather difficult to analyze.

At an English social gathering not long ago the discussion ran to America's part in the war. An American present, well versed in current events, analyzed and explained the position of his country in the various crises which have arisen since Aug. 4, 1914. The assembled company accepted the explanations in good part, and apparently all was harmonious, when an Englishwoman present, whose mind reflects that of her soldier husband and his friends rather than her original thought, suddenly dropped a bomb by saying, in almost spiteful tone, "You Americans feel so beastly virtuous because you are not in this war." and in the momentary silence that ensued before the topic of conversation was changed the atmospheric condition resumed the normal state which

generally prevails in an Anglo-American gathering in England in these times; the barometer suddenly dropped from "set fair" to "changeable."

"Remember the Lusitania!" is the challenge of one of Lord Kitchener's recruiting posters which is displayed in every English village. I went into a little shop in a small English town one day recently to purchase something. On a wall opposite this shop was one of these posters. The woman behind the counter, while attending to my wants rather absentmindedly, as they all do these days, began to talk of the war. Noting that I was an American, she said, in a very anxious tone, "Do you think America will soon come into the war against us?" I expressed my astonishment at her question, and she added, "Oh, lots of people around here expect that." I did some missionary work right there, and left her apparently much relieved in her mind, but her question haunted me, and still does.

Whence come these impressions of America and the attitude of her people toward the war? One can only theorize about it because of lack of definite knowledge, for no one is ever able to give any exact reason for his impressions or any exact information as to the stories he hears.

I have almost given up going to one of my clubs in London, where nearly all the members are military or civil servants of the British Government, because of the atmospheric change which has taken place in the past few months. On the club bulletin board is posted a "Roll of Honor." On it, the last day I saw it, were the names of forty members who had been killed in action and sixty who had been wounded. In the big smoking room, now half deserted, nearly every one is in khaki; even the old dodderers are doing something that entitles them to wear it or they are going on what they have done in the past. An American enters the club. A few glance over their papers at the unusual sight of mufti. His nationality is recognized at once. Men who are talking together, look around, a remark is made sotto voce or conversation stops altogether. It is not a personal thing, it is national, and, while the American's own state of mind may exaggerate the effect through hypersensitiveness, still it is unmistakable.

"Why?" you ask yourself again, and the question remains unanswered.

"Will America sit at the council table when peace is to be arranged?" I can hear the indignant shouts of "No!" from men and women of every and any class in these British Isles. What would they have America do at the present moment other than is being done? They do not know. They think we should at least have made formal protest against the invasion of Belgium, and many of us Americans agree with them. They admit that there is no real cause for us to go to war as yet, and that we are wise and right in keeping out of it—that is, the intelligent Britishers do-and here their argument or talk trails off into sarcasm or growl which leads to no statement of definite program that they would lay down for us to follow. I can't help feeling at times that there is a great deal in the peppery outburst of the uninformed Englishwoman who said. "You Americans feel so beastly virtuous because you are not in this war."

How Americans will stand in England when the war is over depends somewhat upon the outcome of the conflict. A complete victory for England and her allies, with America neutral to the end, would, of course, dispose of all the stories current in rural England as to America siding with the Germans. The defeat or the partial defeat of England, or a draw between the nations at war, would unquestionably perpetuate a feeling of bitterness which has shown itself in the oft-heard remark that in a sense England is now fighting America's battles. The theory upon which this is based is that the principles for which the Allies stand and are fighting are those under which the American Nation conducts itself, and also that a world-victorious Germany would mean shortly either a humiliated or a war-ravaged America. Should England fail to win a complete victory, it will be felt by Englishmen that America had it in her power at the critical moment to insure an allied victory and

failed to do it, notwithstanding a professed sympathy for the allied cause.

Religion During War

By A. N.

Translated from an article appearing in a recent issue of Russian Thought.

T was damp, and a cold and strident wind was blowing. We were in the midst of a long march in hilly country. The roads were horribly muddy after the rains. The wheels of our heavy cannons and munition cases stuck and were thickly covered with mud. going was slow, with frequent stops. Crossing small rivers over shaky wooden bridges was especially hard. The latter had often to be reinforced with firmer planks before we were able to use them, and so the long trail of our artillery wagons was detained by us. The riders of the gun teams used their whips and velled at the horses. The commanding officers yelled and swore at the riders, occasionally using their whips. The men were tired and hungry.

During an exceptionally long river crossing, while awaiting its completion, I dismounted and stood by the roadside on the edge of a plantation. Beet roots had been recently gathered from this plantation; I picked a forgotten root and cleanly peeled away the rind with my penknife. I cut it into small bits and chewed them, enjoying the juciness of the pulp. Glancing up, I saw our doctor watching my mouth with greedy, hungry eyes.

"Have some?"

"Spare me a bit, do."

He ate the small piece I handed him, and with eyes still burning with uncontrollable, animal hunger, he said: "Perhaps you can give me some more?"

And if we were reduced to devouring roots destined for cattle fodder, you can imagine how hard it was on the soldiers who had not even been riding, but who had walked and worked, helping the progress of the train, helping the horses.

In these circumstances, on such a day, my attention was drawn to a swarthy young soldier. He was a cannon attendant and walked close to his charge on the right, between the front and rear wheels. There was nothing noteworthy in the figure of the soldier, save for the fact that he carried a tiny book in his hand, which he read as he walked. His expression was at once collected and serious. I was unable to resist an impulse of curiosity, and driving close to the gun, in an off-hand manner, I bent forward in my saddle and glanced at the book. The type was ancient Hebrew-evidently a Prayer Book.

So! The Jew soldier prayed. It was Autumn; probably one of the great Jewish Fall festivals. Some dim memory flashed through my brain. Yes—I was reminded of the "Taper," the wax taper in Count Tolstoy's narrative, lit by the serf Peter, on whom fell the duty to plow for his master on Easter Sunday. So he stuck a taper on the plow, and prayed and sang Easter hymns as he followed the plow. Was this not an analogous case?

The implement was different, however—no tool of the soil, but a horrible, death-dealing howitzer. The man, too—he was no village harvester, but a member of the artillery—with a number.

The artillery train moved and stopped. With it the young Jewish soldier walked, kneading the sticky mud, which clung to his boots, or halting with a jerk, instinctively taking his stand between the front and rear wheels, between the ammunition case in front and the gun behind. Only now and then he raised his dark, southern eyes from the Prayer Book to make sure that everything was

as it should be around him, and that he might continue his prayer without interruption.

Happily, no one interfered, no one presented obstacles, though in an angry moment any battery commander could have made it hot for him for inattention. Possibly, just at this time, each was too busy with his own affairs, possibly no one besides myself noticed the little sacred book, scarcely bigger than a box of matches.

Adonai, the God of Israel, will accept his prayer.

Copenhagen Repudiates Björn Björnson

Scheduled to lecture on the war in the Danish capital, the pro-German Norwegian, son of the famous writer, was prevented from doing so by a hostile audience, as related in Dagens Nyheder.

THERE may have been a number of empty seats in the big hall of the Concert Palace, but still it can be said that it was a large audience that witnessed the stormy incidents of the evening.

Björn Björnson's lecture, "From the Three Fronts," was to have started at 8 o'clock, but a quarter of an hour passed before Björnson showed himself after the audience had displayed its impatience by stamping. A few applauded on the lecturer's appearance, but this sign of approval was immediately drowned by violent hissing and whistling. As near as could be judged, this hostile demonstration came largely from the crowd in the upper gallery and from others scattered in the rear of the orchestra circle.

While all this is going on, Björnson stands leaning carelessly against the table on the platform and at his right is Reinhold Mac, the young Chairman of the Society for Public Information, who arranged the meeting. Reinhold Mac keeps swinging the Chairman's bell, and above the din in the hall he is heard to say, "If you go on in this fashion, then—"

No one finds out what is to happen, for while the whistling keeps on increasing everybody gets on his feet while voices meet each other from the galleries to the boxes and from the boxes to the galleries. Even chair seats are brought into requisition as instruments for noise making.

Here and there are cries that Björnson ought to have a chance to be heard. Up on the platform Reinhold Mac tries again and again to speak, but he only succeeds with innumerable interruptions. Björnson himself says nothing.

"You have no right to judge any one until you hear him," says Reinhold Mac. [Interruption: "Oh, we know him!"]

"It is nothing but young fellows who are tyrannizing this meeting." [Interruption: "Do we get back our money?"]

"All opinions should be heard here. At later meetings there will be opportunity for French and English champions to express themselves." Singing in the back of the hall. "Yes, we love this land."

After the Norwegian national song has been rendered there is loud applause in which Björnson joins,

As time passes—an hour has already gone by—there are increased demands that Björnson should be allowed to proceed. He appears as if getting ready when suddenly there comes: "Are you a son of the old Björnson?" And from another corner of the hall: "He is being paid." Reinhold Mac proposes that the audience take a vote whether Björnson should speak. A voice: "May we have a written decision?" A vote is taken by raising of hands. The majority is for hearing Björnson.

At 9:15 Björnson takes a seat and drinks a glass of water. He confers with Director Jacob Jacobson, who has come on to the platform.

Now Björnson starts in: "I don't want to deliver this lecture, [the audience becomes restless.] Just be quiet a moment, I've got a cold and am unable to scream. The Social-Democrat of Stock-

holm said something about this being a peace lecture. To me it is funny that it has turned into a fighting lecture. But after all it is not the majority that is in control this evening. There is something else back of it. [Violent whistling.] Oh, as far as I am concerned, whistle at much as you please." Voices: "Throw them out!"

A couple of unruly fellows are removed from the front rows. An excited young woman has pointed them out.

When things have quieted down a little, Jacob Jacobson begins to speak. He reminds the audience that Björnson is there as an invited guest, and that he has a right to decent treatment. Björnson, says Jacobson, will merely indicate the nature of his lecture, and if the subject is objectionable he will take his leave.

Björnson: "No, that is wrong. It is now close to 10 o'clock and I am going to deliver no lecture. I just desired to protest against the charge that I was a paid enthusiast. [Considerable noise.] It is sheer nonsense to say that I am an enemy to Denmark." Björnson here strikes the desk with his closed hand. "Sheer nonsense, I say."

A young Norwegian jumps up and cries: "I hope that when a Dane comes to Norway to say a few words the Norwegian youth will give him a chance to be heard!"

Reinhold Mac now dismisses the gathering with the remark that Björnson will speak some other evening in a smaller hall, and that all who desire admission will have to give their names.

And the memorable evening came to a close. It is to be regretted that it came to demonstrations and remonstrances that may cause unpleasantness in certain quarters. It is well known that many here in Denmark are out of sympathy with Björn Björnson, but they ought to have stayed away and given him a chance to speak to those who cared to hear him.

The Danes in the World War

By Dr. Fredrik Boeck

The well-known Swedish critic writes in the Svenska Dagbladet about the Danes who are participating in the great struggle in the article of which a translation appears below.

F the northern race, only the Danes have come in direct touch with the world war—the two hundred thousand Danish brethren who live in South Jutland under German rule. Of all the literature on the war that has come to my notice, there is nothing which has so affected me as the letters of these Danish-Germans from the front.

Even the most casual observer will have to admit that these letters bear witness to an intelligence, a culture, an ability in respect to psychological reflection that unquestionably is not to be found among many other nationalities. The South Jutlanders are a chosen people. The majority of them are well-to-do farmers who almost without exception have had a splendid education in the folk high schools. During their long and persistant battle for the retention of their language and their individual cul-

ture they have possessed themselves of precious qualities.

It is one of the paradoxes of this war that the South Jutlanders have been better equipped for the war's terrific trials than almost any others. In spite of the fact that the task must have been a very hard one, they have stood the test with honor.

It is to be remarked that from many parts of Germany come evidences that the participation of the South Jutlanders is being thoroughly appreciated. There is something uplifting, something comforting in watching these Danish brothers who act with no less courage and initiative than their comrades, but who are completely without passion or hate. By virtue of their exceptional position they have partaken of the skepticism of modern culture, which again enables them to act without hardness or fanaticism.

One may be aware of the eternal relative in what is called the duty of man, and yet stand fast even unto death. One may be careful and refined, and yet strong in character and action.

The idyllic democratic, pacific sentiment of these farmer-soldiers crops out on every occasion. How touched they appear when they see those fine, well-fed Jutland horses harnessed before the cannons! It is like a dear greeting from

home. The dirt, the distress, and the poverty of Russia make a powerful and painful impression upon them. We should be proud of our kinship to these South Jutland farmers, who, perhaps more sensitive than any others in the war, suffer in silence. We are confronted with a heroism, a Danish heroism, without the least outward sign of pathos. It is for us Swedes to show that we understand how grand and genuine is this courage.

Denmark's Preparedness Propaganda

The Opposition press in Denmark recently discussed the need for military preparedness, as set forth in the subjoined article, translated from Dagens Nyheder, Copenhagen.

THE meeting in the Landsthing has been followed with great interest throughout the country in circles championing proper defense measures. The well-considered plan of the Rightist Party was up for discussion, and in view of the situation the suggestion for a parliamentary commission to examine the existing means of defense was entirely logical. The session was bound to open the eyes of those at the helm of our hyper-democratic Government.

Our Democrats-the Leftists, the Socialists, and the Radicals-have been unable to find expressions sufficiently condemnatory of the Rightist Party's proposition for a preparedness commis-Parliamentarism is something great and uplifting, so, of course, the members of the Right must not touch it. That is a privilege belonging solely to democracy. And although Joergen Pedersen is that member of the Landsthing who has called the present Rigsdag a "living corpse," yet he finds that a gathering fostered by "the corpse," for the purpose of learning our means for defense, can only cause uneasiness among the people.

The arguments advanced against the creating of a commission by the spokesmen for the cabinet and the Democratic Party were a wonderful concoction. A "beautiful" spirit of unity existed as regards the efforts of the Right going for nought. No one could conceive the

commission to be anything but mere agitation—a matter of personal experience, perhaps—although everybody must know that where it concerned the country's defense the policy of the Rightists has always been of the most unselfish kind. To the astonishment of the Democrats, the Right has more than once sacrificed members of the Rigsdag on the altar of preparedness.

The leader of the Free-Conservative Party attempted to mediate between the chief opponents, but the Minister of War, who was in control, did not even give him an answer. When the Left Party finally added a supplementary order of the day, the proposition of the Right was swept aside.

The whole proved to be parliamentary history of the most ultra-democratic stamp. But the good of it all is that the activity of the Right in the Landsthing has caused an improvement in defensive measures in various territories which otherwise might have been totally neglected. And in the Folksthing there is proof that now the voluntary army corps are to take the lead. No matter how the curious parliamentarism continues, much has been accomplished, and, as Herman Bang once wrote: "The corpse ate and drank, slept and woke up."

It ought to be no secret to Minister of War Munch that a commission of the kind proposed in Denmark has operated

to complete satisfaction in Norway, Sweden, and Holland. In these countries there has been no talk of creating uneasiness on that account. contrary, even leading Social-Democrats have publicly declared that it is important that preparations bearing on the military establishment should synchronize with industrial mobilization. Why, therefore, should a similar labor in Denmark, executed under the direction of Minister Munch himself, and by men chosen by him, cause confusion in this country? We feel moved to declare that it should be impossible for whatever member of the Radical Left, outside the Government, to construct an opposing argument really acceptable to normal thinking.

There is at hand complete evidence

of how Sweden has been moving in this matter. The energy there displayed in organizing the industrial war machinery is praiseworthy and typical.

Whether we shall finally obtain 2 parliamentary commission to investigate the defense situation or not, peace and security can only be maintained when the people learn that stomething is being done to remedy existing defects. The main thing now is not to get tired of agitating the question. The men who are in the advance lines advocating adequate defense must submit to being called war-mad militarists. It is not impossible that the day will come when they will appear in a finer light to the eyes of the great public than will the very men who now point the finger of derision at them.

George V. in Danish Eyes

By Dr. R. Besthorn

The noted Danish historian, Dr. R. Besthorn, presents in a recent issue of Dagens Nyheder of Copenhagen an intimate picture of the British monarch as ruler and diplomat.

7 HEN the Sailor King, the ruler of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, George V., shortly before the world war reviewed the great fleetthe greatest fleet the world has ever seen assembled in one place-Edward VII.'s son and successor may, perhaps, have dreamed of the day when, leading this powerful aggregation of sea fighters, he should sally forth in battle against the young but consequential fleet of his cousin, Emperor William. But the King-Emperor had scarcely considered it likely at that time that he should hold a review over a combined Anglo-French Army in the field against German armies that were attempting to snatch from France and England the city whose name stands indelibly written in the heart of Bloody Mary-Calais.

When George V., on May 7, 1910, assumed the reins of government, the new ruler over the world's greatest em-

pire of more than 400,000,000 souls was a comparatively unknown man, even in England. All eyes had been on King Edward and his foreign politics, and his death came so suddenly and unexpected that for a while it was quite impossible to get the Governmental machinery in proper order. Premier Asquith happened to be in Seville. The leader in the House of Commons, James Lowther, was in Constantinople. The Prince of Wales, who so unexpectedly became King George, had led a quiet existence, and even in England there were not many who had a well-grounded opinion regarding his personality.

That the new ruler of the British Empire was sailor with heart and soul was known, and also that he was enthusiastically interested in all that concerned the nation's men-of-war and the colonies. But most people must have had the idea that George V., who was so fond of his private circle and family life, and lived so quietly, had no special interest

for politics, whether those concerning foreign affairs or of the country itself.

Viscount Mountmorres, who knew the King well, assured his intimates that King George "resembled Emperor William by his irresistible, restless energy and his intelligence, and that he was a man who, in whatever interested him, insisted on playing an active, yes, a leading, part." But there were not many who placed much weight on this characterization, while the opinion was general that Queen Mary exerted a considerable influence over the King. This opinion was strengthened through the proclamation with which George V. took over the Government when he declared that he felt himself encouraged in his great task because conscious of the fact that he would find support in the aid of his dear helpmate.

Time has proved that Viscount Mountmorres had the correct estimate of King George V.'s personality. The Viscount's estimate is further strengthened by recalling the half-forgotten but no less interesting speech delivered by the King at his ascension after his return from the great journey, when he said that he "would emphasize the impression that, I believe, prevails among our brothers on the other side of the oceans, namely, that the old motherland must awake if it expects to retain its supremacy in colonial trade."

The words that King Edward's successor in 1902 addressed to his countrymen, "Wake up, England," at the time created much attention, and in reality constituted a program that has been followed by leading English statesmen. At any rate, that speech gave evidence that King George at the time had his interest rooted in great political plans.

The year of mourning passed quietly at the new Court, but when it was over, King George V. appeared more conspicuously in his public rôle. The dedication of the monument to Queen Victoria, with the accompanying entertainments in honor of the German royal couple, was followed by a series of Court festivals. Englishmen began to notice that the King took an interest in sports, including racing. The coronation in London showed

that George V. was popular, and the further coronation in Delhi, when the ruler announced the transfer of the Indian seat of government from Calcutta to Delhi, went to prove that the King had a program of his own in the domain of colonial politics, and saw a way to carry it to completion.

The constitutional struggles in Parliament as well as the Ulster crisis showed that where interior politics were concerned the King had his individual conceptions and made them tell, while perhaps he could not make his conservatism prevail. T' interest in the royal sailor's pipe, that replaced King Edward's famous Havana cigar, and many other characteristics had long been eliminated when the world war broke out.

As regards the larger political affairs, it does not seem that King George, in contrast to his father, cares specially for them. It is, however, possible that also here the general public estimate has been led astray through the quiet, unpretentious attitude of the King. In this, as in other respects, King George unquestionably resembles Emperor Nicholas much more than Kaiser Wilhelm.

On various occasions George V. declared that he would continue the politics of his father, but in his speech during the unveiling of the Queen Victoria monument there was a reference which pointed to the fact that a much more intimate relationship existed between the ruler of the German Empire and the ruler of Great Britain than had been the case in the days of Edward VII. And this official sign found corroboration in other instances. But at Emperor William's departure from London, May 20, 1911, a scene took place at the Victoria railroad station which gave inkling that elements of misunderstanding had come to hand. Further, the speech that Emperor William II., on June 20 of the same year, made on the steamship Amerika of the Hamburg-American Line, and in which the Emperor emphasized the duty of the new German Empire to solve the problem of the Hansa ideal, might well indicate that it was the Germanic-English fleet question that was at the bottom of the "earnest conversation" that, according to the Lokal-Anzeiger of May 20, took place between the German Emperor and the English King.

While King George V. has not made himself conspicuous in the foreign political arena he has fulfilled his promises. He has stuck to the politics of his father, and as the faithful ally of France he went to the front. It was here the King sustained injuries while doing his duty as military ruler. It would have been a serious loss had the British Empire during this frightful world war crisis been bereft of its experienced, characterstrong leader.

Sweden's Contribution to Literature of the War

By Nils Aden

Gustaf F. Steffen and Ernst Wigforss are classed among foremost Swedish writers on international affairs. A reviewer in the Forum of Stockholm comments on their most recent works in the light of the country's neutral position.

HEN Gustaf F. Steffen recently published the second part of his "War and Culture, Social-Psychological Documents and Observations from the World War in 1914," there appeared almost simultaneously another Swedish work with a similar title, "World War and World Peace, Documents and Reflections," by Ernst Wigforss. These books undoubtedly belong to the most significant works dealing with the international situation today. Both authors appear to seek for the causes of the great war in the dominant ideas characterizing the powers that are now opposing each other.

That Sweden should present such literature, and from the standpoint of Swedish interests, is quite essential. Our country has from the start declared its neutrality; we desire to continue in this fashion and hope to be able to accomplish our purpose. And, yet, it behooves us to see what effect the war is having on the world at large, and even if we succeed in keeping the peace within our borders it is necessary that we investigate how we are being affected by the general unrest. The direct political consequences, as well as the economic and spiritual effects, are especially felt in the countries nearest the scenes of con-

How do the Swedish authors stand in relation to a study of such a war as this?

Steffen declares that he approaches

his subject scientifically so as to "let the light shine" and to make "lucid the inner workings," but on top of this he emerges with nothing less than a declaration of war against one of the powers in question. "I have always," he says, "upheld Germany's intellectuality, its genius for organizing, and its universal spiritual tendency as the most important contrasts to the English way of thinking, its individualism and is insularity." This is certainly prejudging England and its allies. That, in addition, reverence is being paid Germany as the "motherland of the Social-Democracy" stamps Steffen as the champion of that country.

In the case of Wigforss's book, the intention at first had been to make of it merely a collection of documents. But the author discovered early that such impartiality was quite impossible. Even the bare arrangement of the material, he explains, had to be made with a view of reflecting the author's personal observations. As for the arguments of the respective sides, it is up to them to clinch their contentions. Wigforss's critical parallels we may examine point for point. It may be asked, Is he, then, friendly to the Entente? Yes, but in a different manner than Steffen is friendly to the Germans. Wigforss treats the fundamental problems carefully and just as cautiously; without bombast, without passion, he speaks his mind. Even those who may find that now and again he is

not free from bias owe him a debt because he invites the reader to use his own judgment, for which purpose he supplies him with the material.

The two great books on the war ought to be read and studied together. Of course, we should not expect that as a result of them the problem of the world war will be solved. Both of these writers consider the national psychological factors before and after the war first started. The presentation has had its difficulties, and there is a tendency to be heavy at times. Steffen has apparently written his book in great haste. But both works contain important material bearing upon the facts about the war.

Steffen's chief theme may be said to turn on the idea that the world war was unavoidable. There is a double motive. In the first place, general development has driven the great powers forward imperialistically, which necessitated a collision because of the inherent desire to keep on growing. Secondly, there has been antagonism on the part of the Entente powers against the rising Germany. Such is his argument.

Steffen bases his conclusions on history dating back to earliest times, with Babylon and Egypt and Rome and their successors typifying imperialism. show us the struggle for empire, world dominion, universal monarchy. such entities grow up there arises the danger of the unavoidable world war. Steffen implies that the imperialism of the Entente powers is aggressive, but that Germany and Austria-Hungary are overwhelmingly defensive in purpose. The three Entente nations have conspired "not to treat Germany as an equal," nor have they "permitted Germany to occupy the place in the world that its powerful development entitles it to when compared with the intellectual and material resources of England, France, and Russia." There is not to be found a "more logical reason for the world war of 1914-15."

Now the question is, What is Germany entitled to as a reward for its unquestioned development? Is it a matter of new colonies—in Africa, the modern form of colonization entitled colonial penetra-

tion, in Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia? As against Steffen, Wigforss here takes care of this proposition to the extent of leaving the query in the dark. There is no doubt that Germany has had need for new colonies to further its economical plans, but it may be asked whether England or the Entente in reality place such great obstacles in the way of this desire.

Some will point to Morocco. It is admitted that here Germany was prevented from gaining a foothold. But even those decidedly pro-German in their predilections have declared that Germany had no pronounced interests to serve; that the Morocco question was more a matter of political honor, and this due principally to German diplomacy off its guard. The agreement of 1911 did not only secure place for Germany's colonial interests in Morocco, but afforded them entrance even into the French Congo.

When Steffen characterizes German imperialism as defensive, and the Entente powers as offensive, such a terminology does injustice to existing facts. For it must be admitted that Germany stands for the aggressive empire when it embarks upon colonial and other economical political expansion.

How far Steffen goes in his belief that Germany should be given a proper chance for its development is shown from his attitude toward one of the many schemes for a new Europe following the war. The noted international jurist Franz von Liszt published last year a pamphlet in which he pictured a Central European Union. Steffen illuminates this union by affirming that it is for Germany to "exert a dominant influence in the realignment of the countries" by an ever-increasing co-ordination of the interests of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and in the new aggregation should be included Holland, the three Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, and Italy. The pamphlet, it is well to remember, was written before Italy's defection as a member of the Triple Alliance.

Sweden may well consider what a new Napolonic Rhine alliance would mean to it. Where does it belong in the light of the political, military, and economic issues involved?

Holland Looking Both Ways

Dutch newspapers have been cautious in giving utterance to personal views, but according to the Haagsche Post, which claims to maintain a neutral attitude, there have been journalistic expressions to the contrary. The subjoined article is from the Haagsche Post of The Hague.

EVEN if it cannot be said that in the course of the war all suspicion of Germany has disappeared or that outspoken enmity is no longer existent, there is no doubt that a much better feeling is present today. The attitude of the anti-German paper Telegraaf, which has tried its best to get Holland mixed up in the war, has caused a reaction, and the agents of the Quadruple Entente may now realize that all their trouble and expenditure of gold have gone for nought.

A similar fate has met the unlimited hatred that centred around the *J'accuse* declaration. An Amsterdam physician has published a counterpamphlet, *Contra J'accuse*, which is appearing in edition after edition. The reception accorded the speech of the German Chancellor proved indicative of the feelings of the better classes.

We must say that we ourselves are surprised that there should be any country in Europe, and especially ours, where there could be any apprehension regarding the speech of the Chancellor. Some say that there is a threat in that speech and that German domination in Europe is established. Also, that we can keep

our independence just so long as it suits Germany.

As we see it, the Chancellor desires to make his country secure against foreign aggression. He wants to put an end to the kind of politics that keeps his country in a vise. The Chancellor says that the enemies hope for a crushed Germany, nothing less than a vassal of Russia. But that is not to be. The future points to a new Europe with a powerful German Nation. We do not desire to affirm that Germany will attain such a power that it will put an end to Great Britain's rule at sea. But, on the other hand, we do not believe that Germany wants to control the oceans but only to relieve them from English pressure.

Under existing conditions we are not saying much about England's domination at sea, but there is no question that those neutral countries which live by ocean traffic are at the mercy of the English. When once peace is established, or rather when the freedom of the sea comes before the peace conference, it will be seen that Germany's powerful position in Europe has worked for the benefit of neutrals.

Conquered Lands for Foodstuffs By Dr. Lujo Brentano

Official adviser of the German Imperial Government on the cultivable areas needed by Germany to support her population independently, Dr. Brentano expresses his belief in this article, appearing originally in the Berliner Tageblatt, that the rich agricultural Lithuanian and Baltic provinces should be embodied for that purpose in the German Empire.

WHEN the fight about grain taxes was at its liveliest, many agrarians did not hesitate to demand that Germany be made over into a preponderantly agricultural nation. One of the principal arguments advanced in support of this was that the country, under present conditions, could be starved out

in war; that, therefore, all the grain needed by Germany must be raised on German soil, for which reason high grain taxes were absolutely necessary. This was opposed to the view of those advocating an increase of our navy in order to assure the importation of grain in war times. Many agrarians, prejudiced

by the advantage that might possibly be derived by grain-importing interests, were against the naval program.

Both arguments struck me at the time as unimportant. That of the Ministry of the Navy did not impress me because the German Empire does not consist of islands, like Great Britain and Ireland, which depend entirely on the sea for imports of grain. For the argument to hold, one had to assume our being at war simultaneously with all lands bordering on Germany, from which their own or foreign goods might be sent to us. Assuming, even, that such a war could arise, it seemed hardly possible that we should not have stored up everything needed. I considered a war lasting a whole year as out of the question.

The present war has proved the truth of so much that we deemed impossible that one may well ask who among us has been right in all that he foresaw. It is not only that the war has already lasted over a year and its end is not in sight, but our statesmen never expected such a world of enemies to rise up against us. But, on the other hand, our expectations of good have also been greatly surpassed, for the world has never before seen such unity in a nation of 68,000,000 people. Even experts of the highest standing were deceived. Writing in 1909, the late Count Schlieffen, Chief of the General Staff, said that the Landwehr and Landsturm could be reckoned with only in a limited degree as forming part of the "nation in arms," since the factory workman, accustomed to ride to and from his work on a bicycle, could scarcely be expected to do his thirty or forty kilometers a day, loaded with rifle, ammunition, and knapsack. For this reason, Count Schlieffen deemed an army of millions, more or less, imaginary.

Yet the army of millions has long been a reality. Landwehr and Landsturm, despite Schlieffen's prophecy, have become so adept at using the weapons and conforming to the fighting methods introduced since their days of active army service that nothing but praise is heard for them, and the marching feats of our

regular standing army, which, according to statistics, was made up of only 28.6 per cent. of men in agricultural pursuits and 71.4 per cent. of men in other walks of life, have made possible those brilliant successes of our Generals which have surpassed anything ever known before. This army of millions, that has been our salvation, would have been impossible were Germany a preponderantly agricultural nation. Such a Germany would neither possess the 68,000,000 inhabitants from whom to draw the necessary material for its armies, nor, with it, could we have provided our army with the costly equipment which has brought victory to our banners, nor the war loan of 25,000,000,000 marks, to the success of which we point with just

On the other hand, it has not been proved that the yield of our agricultural lands has sufficed to feed the German people. The opposite, to be sure, was triumphantly announced at the beginning of the war, and even now one often hears the assertion. Nevertheless, as early as November, 1914, I and others pointed out to the Imperial Council that Germany could not feed its people if the consumption of foodstuffs continued in the same way as before, and I suggested the fixing of maximum prices and curtailment of consumption. I was told that this was impossible and likewise unnecessary, since home production was fully sufficient to cover home demand. Since then the measures branded as impossible and unnecessary have long ago been introduced, and all of us have been held down to an allowance in the consumption of the necessaries of life.

That brings up for consideration what we must do in order not to be forced to surrender, in the event of another war against the entire world, because of lack of necessaries. In answering the question I presuppose that all the grain needed by the German people must be grown on German soil, although I still deem this impossible, at least so long as we have to reckon only with the present area of the German Empire and must

depend on a continuing increase of the German population for maintaining the position of Germany among other nations.

Up to now, we have been satisfied with pointing proudly to our increased crops. Where, thirty years ago, we grew only 12 double hundredweights of rye per hectar, we now reap 18; in the same period our wheat crop went from 15 to 22 double hundredweights a hectar, our barley crop from 15 to more than 21, our oats crop from 14 to 20. But wonderful as is the progress of our agriculturists which has made this possible, it must be remembered that this increased yield has technical limits, and, even before these are reached, agricultural limits. These limits will probably very soon be reached.

Then the fact will make itself felt that the area in the German Empire used for agriculture, owing to the growth of towns, manufactures, and transportation, is not only decreasing yearly, but is decreasing especially in proportion to the increasing population. This area comprised in 1878 36,726,015 hectars; in 1883, 35,640,419; in 1893, 35,164,596; in 1900, 35,055,397; in 1913, 34,813,800. In other words, there was in 1878, for each inhabitant of the empire, 0.83 hectar; 0.77 in 1883, 0.69 in 1893, 0.52 in 1913. Thus for the period between 1878 and 1913 there was a yearly decrease of 0.885 ar (one ar equals 100 square meters) per capita of the population.

Only a portion of the area under cultivation produces grain, and, although this grain-producing area has, in fact, increased, it nevertheless is steadily decreasing in proportion to the increase in population. According to agricultural statistics, the grain-producing area has decreased, on an average, between 1878 and 1883, at the rate of 0.219 ar; at the rate of 0.314 ar between 1893 and 1900, and of 0.234 between 1900 and 1913. Assuming that the population of Germany in the middle of the twentieth century will be 100,000,000, which would meet the wishes of those directing the present policy of increase, there would then be only about 0.33 hectar per capita for agricultural purposes, and for grain growing only about one-half a Prussian "morgen," (acre.) Not even the most fantastic increase of crops could make it possible to produce, on 0.33 hectar per capita, the total amount of agricultural produce necessary, nor to produce entirely on German soil all the grain needed by the German population, with only half a Prussian "morgen" per capita under cultivation for that purpose.

Let us now turn to the territory of our enemies now in our hands. Belgium and Northern France need to import grain from abroad in order to feed their inhabitants. The same is true of Austria-Hungary, for even if Hungary is a grainexporting land its exports are not enough to cover the grain deficit of the other half of the monarchy, which has depended for years on imports from abroad. Even if the kingdom of Poland should again become part of Austria-Hungary, and the latter should be combined with the German Empire into an economic whole, this would not be sufficient for us, because Poland also lives on products from other parts of Russia.

It is otherwise with Russian Lithuania and the Baltic provinces. According to a volume by Kovalevski, published by the Russian Government for the Paris Exposition of 1900, entitled "Russia at the End of the Nineteenth Century," there were, at that time, the following number of inhabitants to the square kilometer in various districts: Kovno, 44; Grodno, 51; Vilna, 45; Courland, 27; Livonia, 31; Estland, 23. There were 123 to the square kilometer in the German Empire in 1914. Vast areas of land in these regions, among them some of extraordinary fertility, await German settlers and German capital in order to yield extraordinary crops.

Whoever wants an agricultural area commensurate with Germany's needs must desire to see fulfilled the wish of the Germans in the Baltic provinces, viz., that Lithuania and the Baltic provinces may be joined to the German Empire and settled by German colonists from Russia and Germany proper.

What Is Nationality?

An anonymous contributor to the January issue of The Unpopular Review, in discussing the misapplied doctrine of nationality, draws the following distinction between nations and races:

RACE is often used interchangeably with nationality, and there are no objection to our speaking of the Irish or the German race if that is what we mean. But if race is used at the same time in the sense of physical type, there is a serious confusion. There are three main races (in the latter sense) in Europe—a blonde, long-headed, tall type found everywhere around the Baltic and the North Seas; a round-headed, partly blonde type to the south of the former; and, still further south, occupying the Mediterranean basin, a dark, long-headed type. If we agree to call the first sort of man the Teuton, we find that the Normandy peasant, the Flemish burgher, the Lithuanian and perhaps the Finn are Teutons, while the mass of south Germans, Austrians, and German Swiss are not. Ethnological nationality would evidently lead to some incongruous alliances.

The linguistic grouping comes out almost as badly. English, the most widespread of Teutonic tongues, is spoken by the majority of "Celtic" Irishmen, by Anglicized Hindus, and by Americanized Filipinos, Choctaws, Czechs, Italians, Poles, and negroes. Even the smaller linguistic group of the German language itself seems to be a poor criterion of nationality, for German-speaking Alsatians are so anti-German in sentiment that for more than a generation the German Government has felt constrained to govern Alsace as if occupying a hostile country. On the other hand, Belgium, which is cut in two by the sharp linguistic barrier between the Flemings and the Walloons, and Switzerland, where there are four native tongues, (German, French, Italian, and Romansch,) are two of the most patriotic nationalities in the world.

If not race nor speech but "country" is to be the test, then Germany might certainly claim Denmark and Holland as part of its coast line; but France could put in her claim for the Rhine boundary, and Poland might justly claim the Ger-

man city of Dantsic as the natural outlet for the valley of the Vistula, around which river the Polish people are grouped. Germany might find it necessary to yield as well the Alpine regions, which are not, strickly speaking, part of the German plain. Austria would also lose Galicia, which lies beyond the natural frontier of the Carpathians, but it would still retain within its mountain wall such a chaos of peoples as to prove that unity of country need not mean unity of senti-Besides, the argument from physiography cuts both ways. If Denmark is part of the German coastal plain, is not Northern Germany a part of the Danish plain? Could not Denmark put in a plea for re-annexing Schleswig-Holstein on the ground that it was simply bent on securing a better frontier?

The more modest Pan-Germans devote themselves to securing unity within the existing empire. They identify the "nation" with the "State." Since Poles are in Germany they must be German. Similarly the Hungarians argue that Croats and Rumanians living in Hungary must be Magyarized. Just as Philip II. could not rest so long as there was a heretic within his realms, so the Kaiser cannot bear any intrusion of an alien element into his Deutschland. Modern persecutions of nationalities are our twentieth century variety of the old human disease of intolerance, a new incarnation of the odium theologicum. But nations, like heresies, can survive much persecution. Ireland has been under English rule for centuries, and England has been forced to grant her home rule after all. Poland has not been a nation in the political sense for over a century, but at no time since its dismemberment has it permitted any one to forget that it was a nationality. The fiercely patriotic Balkan States and some of the minor nationalities in Austria and Hungary have undergone many generations of political obliteration without forgetting the memories of past greatness. It is no exaggeration to say that almost every historic attempt at forcible assimilation has resulted in failure.

If German nationality is not coterminous with the present German Empire, still less does it correspond with the "Germanies" of the past. * * * Any philosophy which would justify a German conquest of that part of France which was once Burgundy, on the ground of its Teutonic origin, could justify as well the replacement of the English language by the Welsh and the Gaelic throughout the island of Great Britain.

Nor can the boundaries of Germany be settled by an appeal to the bond of a common culture. There is nothing in the civilization of Germany which is not shared to a greater or less degree by Europe, America, and the Europeanized parts of Asia. With the modern means of transport and communication, and the modern abolition of illiteracy, ideas can no longer be kept from penetrating every part of the earth. If Germany ought to correspond to the limits of German influence, we must erect a world State and call it "Germany." This would not displease the Pan-Germans, but for the fact that there would be just as good reason for calling the cosmopolitan Commonwealth "France" or "England."

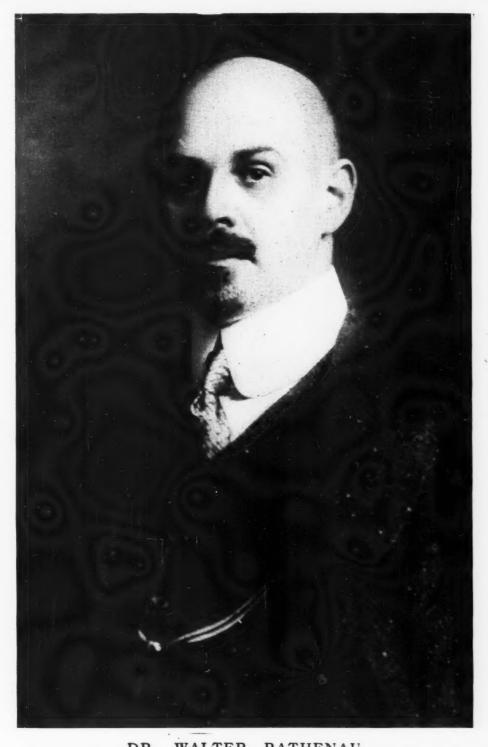
When reproached by liberals for maintaining a full-blown feudalism in the twentieth century, the German or German-American will always reply that republic and Parliaments might be all very well for other nations, but that without a hierarchical organization of the Government the Fatherland would never have achieved its splendid educational system, its scientifically fostered industry, its admirable municipal administration, its intensive cultivation and conservation of the resources of the country, and its welldiffused prosperity. But if these results are to be ascribed to the wise rule of the Hohenzollerns or the efficiency of the Prussian bureaucracy, it is amazing that results so similar should be attained under very different political systems. The German peasant may farm more intelligently than the British agricultural laborer, but he is no way superior to the

Dane. Prussian cities are clean, but so are Dutch. The industries of Germany are conducted with less waste, perhaps, than ours, but co-operation is as familiar to the artisan and enterpriser of Flanders as it is east of the Rhine. Education is more nearly universal in Germany than in France, but not more so than in Norway. Germans are orderly, law-abiding, and governed by officials who know their business. Very true, but so are the Swiss. There is really nothing peculiarly German about Kultur except the idolatry of the Prussian State borrowed from Treitschke the Czech and a dash of ruthless militarism derived from Nietzsche the Pole.

It is clear, then, that no one objective test of nationality will cover all cases. Race, language, religion, physical unity, political government, memories of the past, and a common fund of ideas may contribute to patriotic sentiment, but they should never be confused with it.

The popular will is nationality, and any other factor can at most be a cause. We see this most clearly in the case of the United States. With the possible (the doubtful) exception of the American Indians, all Americans are immigrants. They belong to every race and type under heaven. They speak all the tongues of Babel. They represent every creed the Old World ever knew and others which were invented on this side of the Atlantic. The country they live in has artificial boundaries to the north and the southwest, is cut by two great mountain barriers, and extends from sub-tropic Florida to the glaciers of Alaska. One thing they have in common—their choice. America is a nation of those who willed to be Americans. This unity has been all that was needed to keep our forty-eight Commonwealths one.

The same test can be applied to Europe, although there State boundaries correspond but poorly to the national will. If we wished to determine the nationality of an Alsatian, I do not think that we should ask the ethnologist whether he had a dolichocephalic or a brachycephalic head. I do not think we should ask the census taker what language he spoke or what church he attended. I do not think



DR. WALTER RATHENAU

The Kaiser's Industrial "Wizard," Who Has Built Factories to Make Saltpetre and Other Products Needed in War

(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)



ADMIRAL CORSI
The New Italian Minister of Marine, Who Replaces Admiral Viale
(Photo from Press Illustrating Co.)

we should send surveyors to locate his house with reference to the watershed west of the Rhine Valley. I do not think we should ask the historian whether Alsace was a German province stolen by Louis XIV. or a French province stolen by Bismarck. I think we should give the man himself a gun and ask him which

country he would rather fight for— France or Germany? When he answers you, you will have solved the puzzle of the man's nationality.

And when the war is over, and the guns are laid down, there will be many places where in their stead ballots should be put to settle similar questions.

War and Meteorology

A writer in La Domenica del Corrière (Milan) makes a valuable summary of the way in which atmospheric conditions have influenced the outcome of battles, both in the past and in the present war:

N official instructor of the military school of Leavenworth, United States, has complained that the notices of the progress of the war published in the newspapers furnish very scanty information of atmospheric conditions in which military operations are developed. For students of the art of war (he notes) a knowledge of the temperature, of the amount of rainfall, of the direction and velocity of the wind in the various theatres of operations have more importance than entire columns in which skirmishes, reconnoisances, &c., are described. The complaint is perfectly just.

History records that the condition of the atmosphere has always been a factor of the greatest importance in the conduct of military operations, and has had a decisive influence on the issue of many battles. The destruction of the three Roman legions led by Varrus into the Teutoburgian Forest in the year 9 A. D was due to the falling of very heavy rains which caused the overflow of a number of rivers. Fifteen centuries later persistent rains saved Venice from being destroyed by the Turks. In the year 1692 a persistent rain prevented the English troops which were sent to assist Namur, when besieged by the French, from passing the River Meuhaigne; and thus the city was compelled to capitulate.

Progress in military art has in no wise diminished the importance of the action of the weather on the progress of war. It is true that the adoption of motor vehicles has rendered easier the transportation of artillery, but it is also true that the number of heavy cannon has increased and therefore that even today muddy roads represent a serious obstacle to the movements of artillery. The efficacy of modern firearms, the use of nocturnal projectors, (searchlights,) the application of aeronautics to the services of exploration, render more urgent than ever the necessity of posting troops in hidden positions; but a cloud, or even a heavy rain or a fall of snow, represents an excellent method of masking troops.

We know, for example, that the fall of Namur into the hands of the Germans last year was accelerated by a dense cloud, which allowed the artillery of the assailants to place their heavy siege pieces in favorable positions without being exposed to any danger. The frequent and abundant rains which fell during the battle of the Aisne must have hindered the movements of the artillery to the point of obliging the commanders of the two armies to modify their plans profoundly. In December, 1912, during the Turko-Bulgarian war after the battle of Tchaldja (as Barzini relates): "If the rain had not held back the Bulgarians they would have entered Constantinople on the heels of the Turks with the bayonet at their ribs." A meteorological caprice prolonged the resistance of the Ottoman Empire.

Of how great importance may be an

exact knowledge of atmospheric conditions in time of war the Germans are so well aware that it was not by accident that they were favored by the weather in more than one of their enterprises.

Father Moreaux, the director of the observatory at Bourges, shows that the Germans systematically apply the knowledge of meteorology acquired in the last few years.

"All readers," he writes, "have been able to note that certain typical happenings were developed in meteorological conditions favorable to our enemies; for example, the attack on the City of Antwerp and the passage of the Scheldt were made possible thanks to a persistent cloud which concealed from the Belgians the manoeuvres of the enemy; identical conditions favored the raid of German warships against Scarborough, Hartlepool, and Whitby; the clouds were so thick that the units of the Germanic fleet were able to come close in to shore to carry out their infamous project without being signaled by the lookout of the English fleet."

Father Moreaux observes that after the entry en masse into Belgian territory the German General Staff summoned the astronomers and meteorogolists from beyond the Rhine mobilized for the purpose. From the 16th of August all the members of the meteorological staff of Aachen were transferred to Liége and shortly after to Brussels. The capital of Belgium possesses within a few kilometers of the city an observatory of the first class at Uccle, but for the German scientists it did not represent the final perfection in instruments. And the Belgian astronomers were replaced by colleagues from Berlin, who were perhaps more learned and more reliable.

The English suspended the international service of meteorological telegrams; but there remain particular situations of which an expert meteorologist can take advantage, especially if he possesses perfected material. And this was possessed by the Observatory of Uccle, thanks to the new instruments which the usurpers had brought from Berlin. The German astronomers set themselves to make soundings of the atmosphere. These soundings had been carried in Germany to a high degree of perfection. The new astronomers of Uccle began shortly after Sept. 3, 1911, to send up the little sounding balloons and continue to do so. The proof of this is seen in the little luminous balloons which are often found on French territory. In broad daylight the little balloons, whose flight indicates the direction of the upper winds, can easily be followed at a great distance by telescope, but at night the observer loses sight of them shortly after their release, and therefore the Germans have adapted to them a little electric light fed by a small dry cell.

The indications given of the direction of the dominant currents in higher atmosphere, combined with those which are collected by the meteorologists close to the surface of the earth by means of hygrometers, barometers, and so on, and transmitted by telegraph, are successful in giving, in many cases, a clear prevision of the weather.

In Autumn and in Spring, if the air is calm, with a high barometer and a moist atmosphere clouds can be foreseen forty-eight hours in advance.

The German scientists could not resist the temptation to bring the contribution of the most recent progress of meteorological science to the aid of the General Staff in the development of its military strategies.

At present the German meteorological stations have been reinforced by those of Zeebrugge and Ostend. These are destined, without doubt, to foresee favorable occasions for submarine and Zeppelin raids, the former against English ships and the latter against London and Paris.

Rear-Rank Reflections

A writer who served in the First Training Regiment at Plattsburg last Summer has contributed his reflections on preparedness to The Unpopular Review, as exemplified in the subjoined article.

THE thought came to me: Suppose this were not the end of a drill, after two weeks of amateur soldiering, but the beginning of a battle, after two weeks of real war. Who would teach us to shoot twice a minute and to roll over when to rise were death? Not our present Captain and Lieutenant, not our smiling and steely-eyed regular Sergeant, just willing duffers like ourselves, fighting by day and learning how to fight out of "Infantry Drill Regulations" at night. As things go in modern war, should the regular army have to face a powerful foe, there would in a month be no regular army. The funded military intelligence of the nation would be shot to pieces in just about four weeks. men who could make soldiers out of the million men, whom we are assured would spring to arms, would be themselves in soldiers' graves, or lying unburied amid thistle patches like this.

As from the rear rank I daily saw the miracle wrought by the regular officers in charge of us, my admiration grew for them, my regret that they were so few. How American they were, yet how novel. They were as far from the slackness of rural America as they were from the restlessness that marks our urban efficiency. They were always quick, but never fussed. What they knew, they knew perfectly. Yet they had one and all begun just as so many slouchy country lads, or snappy city lads. How had they attained such simplicity and dependableness? In many ways; some were fresh from West Point, others wore the service bars of Santiago, Porto Rico, Peking, the Philippines, but they were all like brothers of our forthright family. Loyalty to the service, Spartan obedience, the habit of quick command had made them out of easy-going men like us rear rankers.

Tradition had made them. A hundred years of coping with inadequate resources had sharpened them. Their alertness had in it generations of Indian fighting on the plains. The habit of accepting disregard, of being paid only by the inward satisfaction of service well rendered, had simplified them. Wringing success from hopeless tasks, bearing unreasonable burdens, making tolerable bricks without straw, had hardened and composed them. There was a kind of large directness in them, the like of which I had glimpsed in certain French officers in student days. I could not wonder that when a gigantic canal was to be cut, or a fever-stricken island was to be cleansed, the work went to the army. For these company officers of ours moved as an embodied conscience and efficiency.

Often from the rear rank I burned, as I clumsily handled my rifle, to think that I had supposed that such human material as these officers could be improvised in the face of war. I had supposed it came just to learning a batch of tricks, like studying a new language, or taking on a new sport. I have learned better. To be an officer is a complicated and resolute state of mind. It can be attained only through years of outward experience and inward self-discipline. The nation that has any notion it may need officers plays the fool unless it trains them well in advance of its need.

Often I smiled when I thought of the innocent deception by which our work had been represented as "elementary officers' training." Training it was about in the sense that it is training to show a short-winded and corpulent runner the distant mile post, and tell him that he can get there in something over four minutes if he can develop a speed and endurance that are, if entirely possible, rather unlikely in his particular case.

A rear-rank man could hardly avoid considering noncoms., for it was they who kept him up to the mark. In particular Sergeant W., detailed for our good from a regular regiment, manifested an uncannily keen eye for equipment ill-adjusted or rifle ever so little at the wrong tilt. Yet his voice was more of an encouragement than a reproof. Sergeant W. was the only person I have ever met who could always tell me everything I wanted to know. He was minute military knowledge for a hundred and fifty of us. The good nature, dignity, and irony with which he played the oracle were wholly admirable. There never was a more pestered person, nor more unfussed. It had taken twenty years of service from the reeking Pacific islands to the Alaska snows to harden his arrowy form, and set the firm glint in his blue eye, to pack his erect head with the most practical knowledge, to discipline his temper while increasing his quickness on the uptake. I sometimes wish that Sergeant W. might be exhibited in a hundred run-down villages. Let him merely walk up and down the main street, and his very carriage would convict the entire community.

Yet my justified idolatry of Sergeant W. was on the whole ignorant, as I was soon to learn. I had underestimated the special knowledge required of all his kind. We had had a long march from Lake Champlain and our first taste of the powdery roads in the Adirondack foothills. H Company had eaten the dust of 5,000 men, 500 horses, and more than a hundred motors, guns, or caissons. other companies of the First Training Regiment had eaten proportionately less, as they were nearer the head of the column; but all were given a day to digest it. In the afternoon we made the round of the outposts. A mile outside the camp grizzled Captains and white-haired Majors were controlling the far-flung patrols that should give us warning of any mischief from the indefatigable Red army. Each outpost commander showed us what he called generically "the position sketch." It was a free-hand map on a scale of six inches to the mile, containing the most minute information of the position covered by the outpost. Every wall, fence, and thicket, road or trail, gully, marsh or watercourse, house or barn, was clearly and neatly indicated.

Such a map is made by a Corporal or Sergeant in a matter of two hours. His bearings must be true, though from a cheap compass, his distances must be accurate, though they are measured only by his counted paces. In short, with the most limited time and the rudest means, a noncommissioned officer must be a fair land surveyor. His position sketch must be good enough to fight on. Every warstrength regiment would need 250 noncommissioned officers with these moral and technical qualifications. A modern field army would need 15,000 such noncoms.; a volunteer army of 500,000 would require 62,500. Not merely the aggressive efficiency of an army would depend on the Corporals and Sergeants, but also its safety. No service of security is possible without men who can make position maps, no comfort or order either in march, or in camp, not to say in battle, is possible, unless the entire force is steadied and leavened by such capables and imperturbable subalterns as Sergeant W.

If anybody believes that any athlete is ipso facto a soldier, I beg him to send a selected athlete to the next Plattsburg camp. Let him in a week consult that athlete as to the muscles that are concerned with crawling forward, let him in two weeks interrogate the muscles that are concerned with maintaining a continuous fire from a prone position, let him in three weeks inspect the muscles that are concerned with carrying a heavy pack. If the athlete will declare that it has all been easy and delightful, and that it can be done in a hurry and well, I will adhere to Mr. Bryan's formula of a million men springing effectually to arms in the space of a single sun.



The Fighting Honved

By Norbert Jacques

[From the Frankfurter Zeitung.]

A recent dispatch from Petrograd regarding the fighting on the southeastern front said: "The small number of prisoners taken by the Russians is explained by the ferocious stubbornness of the Hungarian Honveds, who are bearing the brunt of the defense." Here is a German description of how the Honveds fight.

FON! That is the Hungarian word for land. And ved means defense. Honved, defenders of the land. Soldiers whose very name is born of the language and soul of the land for whose preservation and freedom they have taken up arms.

Germany knows and honors the heroic deeds that the Honved of Hungary has performed for the Central Powers in this war. It is known that a great deal of Hungarian blood has been shed in battle, and, during the last eight days which I have spent at the fighting front with a Honved regiment, I have seen that these soldiers are ready to shed still more in the future.

Here they, together with other Hungarian and Austrian troops, are holding back the Russian flood on the last strip of Galician soil that is still occupied by the enemy.

The "steenth" Honved regiment has the worst of it these days. Three weeks ago it took up a position in the hills on the east bank of the Stripa which had not been intrenched and where it lay fully exposed to the Russian fire. Its right wing held back the enemy while the left was digging itself in. So, under a rain of bullets, hand grenades, and shells, it won its place in the ground and at night it threw up its obstructions.

The advance line runs this way from the north through villages along the hills, worms itself, in a stubborn zigzag manner, close to a hotly contested strategic point, draws near to the enemy's positions, crawls to within a stone's throw of them and never lets go an inch. Looking from below, the obstacles seem to meet here in a heap of hastily assembled stakes and barbed wire. Like a

bulldog ready to spring, the Hungarian fortifications lie under the small treacherous eyes that look out from the earth walls of the Russian advance line and spit bullets.

On the 3d of November an attack was begun by strong Russian forces. It was repulsed by the Hungarians. The Honveds left their positions, rushed to the outer slope, ready for a hand-to-hand combat, and so showered the ranks of the attackers with hand grenades that the Russians were forced to fall back. They dug themselves in about fifty or sixty yards from the Hungarians' advance line. Then the artillery opened on them. But, wild with rage, they fairly bit their way into the ground and stayed there, despite all their losses. They let the bodies of their dead lie between them and the enemy.

This attack that failed seemed to have been the signal for an outburst of bloody frenzy. During the next few days the Russians hurled themselves seven times against the Honveds' barricades. They made their onlaughts at night and sent regiments against battalions. The Austrian artillery sowed steel and death in their rendezvous.

The Russians advance by crawling and rushing until they are at the barbed wire obstructions. The Honveds can no longer be kept in their trenches. They rush out to meet the enemy on the other side of the wire fence. The hand granades hiss and crackle. The barbed wire is broken down with the butts of their rifles. Shouts and blows, iron and blood, madness and horror mingle in the darkness. Back of the Russians, their own machine guns fire upon those who retreat. Between the Russian machine

guns and where the hand-to-hand combat is raging are bursting the shells from the Skoda batteries. In the fray all the passionate rage of the Honveds comes to the fore. Horror is piled on horror. A rocket shoots up and reflects a fiery light upon those entangled in combat on the ground, but the night soon extinguishes it. The beams of a searchlight wander over the field. The gloomy little eyes of the Russian loopholes seem lost in the sand walls of their trenches. Darkness settles again over the struggling bodies. The night seems like black, clotted blood.

Fire burned in the veins of the Honveds. The Russians fought like bears at their last gasp in the threefold death sowed by their own machine guns, the shells and the desperate onslaught of the Hungarians. One of these hand-to-hand fights lasted three-quarters of an hour.

Then the Russians broke and, with a hail of Austrian shells on their backs and a shower of bullets from their own machine guns in their faces, rushed back through the midst of death and fell into the trenches where were their fratricidal mitrailleuses.

Throughout the night a field of dead lies between the Hungarian and Russian positions. Now and then a rocket throws its vivid glare over the field. Then night settles down again upon the seething, bloody mass.

In their trenches, to which they have returned, the Honveds lie upon their arms, keeping close watch through the tiny squares in the walls, with their rifle butts tightly clasped and with their redhot nerves trembling from excitement,

spirit and readiness.

Rockets fall upon the field and go out slowly, throwing their harsh glare over the heaps of misshapen dead who are covered by a mixture of sticky blood and damp earth. Flashes of lightning cross the heavens and from them fall masses of steel. Shots rattle like arrows against a drumhead. Shells howl through the darkness, bury themselves in the ground and throw up heaps of dirt. The hills and hollows are filled with crashing thunder. Man bows down, trembling in the face of death.

At Strumitza

By H. T. SUDDUTH

Bright your leaves, O holly green!
(Bitter cold the air!)
Sprigs of holly with their sheen
Decking tents in valley there;
Red as coral buds they glow,
Holly berries o'er the snow!

Holly hills and Christmas trees! (Cold, ah, cold the snow!)
Guns hold high their revelries
On your summits, while below
Banners fly from o'er the sea—
English cross or Fleur de Lis!

Gathered round the campfires bright, (Red, ah, red their gleam!)
Soldiers talk of home at night
Or in fitful sleep they dream
Home they are at Christmas time,
Listening to the church bells chime!

Morning wakes to strife again, (Red, ah, red the snow!)
Hilltops shake with thunder then,
Red the streams in vales below!
Holly berries gleaming red
Lie beside those dreamers dead!

Far away, across the seas,
(Far, so far away!)
Dreams a maid she once more sees
Lover brave on Christmas Day!
Holly berries round him lie,
Dreamless now, 'neath Balkan sky!

Life in the British Fleet

By a Member of the Grand Fleet

T is not necessary, when you are thinking of your friends in the Grand Fleet, to picture them as continually staring with strained vision into the mists of the North Sea. True, there is always some one doing it, but no one is doing it always. The fleet is so large, its distribution is so ingeniously arranged, that a murmur of the wireless can bring it together within a few hours at a given rendezvous, disperse it, concentrate it, and move it with ease and certainty at a touch of the master hand which controls it. In the intervals of movement its life is often a very quiet one, strangely like the routine of peace. For one of the profound differences between the navy and the army is the extent to which each is affected by a state of war. When war breaks out the life of the army is revolutionized; it is bodily transferred to a different country, its whole organization and environment are profoundly changed. But the navy continues to move in its familiar element; its peace routine is so entirely designed for war conditions that the imminence of tremendous issues hardly affects its daily life and routine; instead of being ready to fight at twelve hours' notice, it is ready at a minute's notice-that is all. There is no leave, there are no guests, there is less gold lace to be seen, but otherwise the daily round of life is very much the same as might have been witnessed in the North Sea harbors on any day during the last five years of peace. There are little differences, infinitely affecting the situation; but for the most part they are invisible differences, and only the trained eye would mark them or realize their great significance.

The landsman who looks out from his window on the waters of some harbor where a portion of the fleet happens to be lying in the pale sunshine of a Winter morning sees a scene of great, but, to him, incomprehensible activity. Perhaps yesterday the harbor was almost empty;

this morning it is populous with craft of every kind. The fleet lies, squadron by squadron, in its ordered lines. How it managed to arrive in the dark, showing no lights, guided by no beacons, and to anchor itself with mathematical precision, is a mystery which resides in the keeping of that officer in each ship after whose name a large "N" appears in the Navy List, and who is familiarly spoken of as the Pilot. But there it lies, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, colliers, store ships, oil ships, ammunition carriers, hospital ships, and a dozen other types of vessel included in the designation of fleet auxiliaries, apparently dreaming in the stillness of a Winter calm. Strange local craft-drifters, barges, and the like-ply among the immobile hulls of the warships, supplying their various needs; steam picket-boats are darting about over the glassy surface of the harbor-it is glassy today, but often they are buried in sheets of spray as they go about their duties. Colliers are casting off, having already, early as it is, poured their thousands of tons of coal down the iron throats of the monsters. Everything is moving except the ships themselves, which lie solidly planted like rocks, as though they were part of the earth which nothing but a cataclysm could move.

They are ceaselessly talking in their own strange silent language. Hoists of bunting break out at yardarms, ascend to mastheads, hover a minute or two, and come down in rainbow curves where flagship talks to flagship. A shore signal station is speaking in white flashes that dazzle you even in the strong sunshine; and between ship and ship of the same squadron minute conversations, visible only through a strong glass, are being carried ceaselessly on by the busy tossing arms of semaphores and by the small flags that a signalman, perched on the rail of a bridge like a fly, is waving to his opposite number in the next ship

What are they all saying? The on-

looker longs to know; but really it is not so interesting as he thinks, nor so exciting as it looks. Some one wants two engine room ratings to be transferred from one ship to another; that glorious burst of color against the sky refers to boiler tubes; that violent whirling of wooden semaphore arms only means that some thousands of pounds of marrowfat peas are adrift. That variegated strip of bunting that droops from a yardarm near by is a church pennant, and signifies that the ship's company are still at morning prayers. Listen; you can just hear the harmonies of the band and the sound of a familiar hymn. Apparently unnoticed, a single flag is flying from the triatic stay of an auxiliary. It is as though you should put a Carter Paterson's card up in your window; sooner or later some craft will thread her way out in response to this dumb request, and deliver the fresh water that is being asked for. Up goes a hoist in a near-by battleship; it is a signal for the duty steamboat; and all it means is that in another ship some way down the line (whose turn it is to supply the boat on this particular day) a bosun's mate, after a preliminary blast on his pipe, will put his head down a hatch and shout, "Away second picket boat!" that half a dozen men, cheerfully and with murmured oaths, will hurry from the messdecks and crawl out along the boom, and drop into this boat; and a midshipman will be summoned from writing a letter home to take command of her and conduct her wherever she is re-All routine, all commonplace. quired. The really interesting things are not being said by flags or flashes or semaphores. They come viewlessly through the ether, in a voice like the buzzing of a fly, to the ear of a wireless operator sitting in a steel box below the water line, and come to him only in uncomprehended groups of letters or figures, which are decoded by an officer in a locked office, sent as a sealed signal to the Flag Lieutenant, and by him delivered personally to the Admiral. and what may happen because of it are almost the only difference that an outsider would notice between peace and

war conditions in many a battleship in the fleet today.

So the sunny hours pass on. ships have been washed down after coaling; the men have washed themselves, their clothes, and the mess decks all together; all the other things that have to be eternally washed and cleaned and polished and tested and oiled have been attended to; dinner has been piped and eaten, the officers have lunched, some of them have gone ashore, and the ship settles down to the comparative peace of the afternoon. There is a cessation of tramping feet; and all about the mess decks, and in certain of the officers' cabins (for the ship only came into harbor in the small hours and has coaled since) men are deeply asleep. There is little left below decks to remind you of the sea. The click of typewriters sounds from the engineer's office, the armament office, the Secretary's office; but the rest, for an hour or two, is silence; you might be in a factory where the hands are all on strike, or in a city from which the inhabitants had fled. And the immobility, the everlasting fixedness, of the fleet seems greater than ever.

But that insect voice has been buzzing on in the wireless office of every ship, and in every ship an order of half a dozen words has been given to the senior engineer officer. Not six people in the whole ship know anything, and they say nothing. The officers come off from the shore, the ship wakes up again, the familiar bugles sound for evening quarters, searchlights, and a dozen other routine functions or exercises. Sunset sounds, the flags come slowly down, the boats are hoisted in, men gather in the wardroom and discuss the latest printed matter and resume their mild convivialities. A gin and bitters, a game of bridge, and—what was that?

Cable officers? the throaty voice of the bugle echoes down the enameled steel passageways. We are going out again.

No one knew, but it doesn't matter, because everything (except one's private arrangements, which are of no importance) is ready. As darkness falls little groups of officers and men assemble on the foc'sles and the titanic business of unmooring and weighing is commenced. No lights, no sound, no signals-it is perfectly automatic. And presently, as you stand there in the peaceful darkness and silence, you hear a sound like the tearing of silk, and a destroyer slides past, black and secret as the night. Another and another and another, each tearing the silk of the waters, each keeping her perfect station, until a whole division has passed you and vanished. A pause, and then a deeper sound, like the murmur of a weir, heralds the passage of a longer and larger ghost-the flagship of a cruiser squadron-which follows in her swirling wake, each ship as stealthy and intent as her leader, out into the night.

And then at the exact moment, not sooner or later, a quiet order of two words is given from the bridge, and your turn has come. There is a little clanking of metal from the foc'sle as the last links of the cable are coaxed in over its steel bed, a voice or two, a sound of hammer-

ing, and then silence again. There is nothing in the action of modern turbine engines to tell you when the ship is under way. All you know is that your position in relation to the dark masses around you is slightly altering, that there is a ripple beginning to set outward from the ship's shoulder, and that a breeze is stirring against your face. As suddenly, as silently, as secretly as the rest, the great ship is again setting about her fell business. The dark shapes round you melt into the surrounding void, the loom of the land fades into the universal blackness, the breeze becomes a wind, and there is no sound but the steady surge of the waters where the ram tears them. Before you and on either hand is absolute plackness; behind you one shadow of grosser blackness which is the ship astern; and from blackness into blackness, nose to tail, thirty thousand tons apiece, you are rushing at nearly twenty miles an hour. And that also is routine.

Departure From France of the Indian Army

A cable dispatch from London, dated Dec. 27, 1915, announced that the British Indian Army Corps had left France for another field of operations. At the parade of the Indian Army Corps before it left France the following message from the King-Emperor was delivered to the men by the Prince of Wales:

More than a year ago I summoned you from India to fight for the safety of my empire and the honor of my pledged word on the battlefields of Belgium and France. The confidence which I then expressed in your sense of duty, your courage, and your chivalry you since have nobly justified.

I now require your services in another field of action, but before you leave France I send my dear, gallant son, the Prince of Wales, who has shared with my armies the danger and hardships of the campaign, to thank you in my name for your services and to express to you my satisfaction.

British Indian comrades in arms, yours has been fellowship in toils, hardships, courage, and endurance, often against great odds, in deeds nobly done in days of ever-memorable conflict. In the warfare waged under new conditions, and in peculiarly trying circumstances, you have worthily upheld the honor of the empire and the great traditions of my army in India.

I have followed your fortunes with the deepest interest and watched your gallant actions with pride and satisfaction, and I mourn with you the loss of many gallant officers and men. Let it be your consolation, as their pride, that they freely gave their lives in a just cause for the honor of their sovereign and the safety of my empire. They died gallant soldiers, and I shall ever hold their sacrifice in grateful remembrance.

You leave France with just pride in honorable deeds already achieved and with my assured confidence that your proved valor and experience will contribute to further victories in the new fields of action to which you go.

I pray God to bless and guard you and bring you back safely when final victory is won, each to his own home, there to be welcomed with honor among his own people.

Cost of the War to Europe

The figures given below are from an article that appeared Dec. 18, 1915, in a special war supplement of The Economist of London, the leading financial weekly of Great Britain.

HE expenditure of the United Kingdom was £1,490,000 per day for the first eight months, (or £1,270,000, excluding external loans,) and has been rising rapidly since, until it is estimated at £4,450,000 per day (or £2,740,000, excluding loans) for the five months to March 31 next. The total expenditure to that date is estimated on actual and budget figures at £1,222,200,000, plus £474,800,000 for external loans, or £1,697,000,000 together. These figures represent the excess over a previous £80,000,000 a year for the army and navy.

Of the loans, about £50,000,000 will be made to our own dominions, but this is offset by the loan we have obtained from the United States. We have, more than all the other belligerents, raised money by special taxation. Our loans to allies and neutrals are estimated to amount to £425,000,000 to March 31 next, and the burden which has fallen on us in this respect is doubtless more than twice as heavy as that of any other belligerent, Germany probably ranking next. We have lent chiefly to Russia, (for purchases in the United Kingdom and elsewhere outside Russia,) to France, (for purchases here,) to Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and certain neutral countries.

Judging by the credits voted, the war has cost France £660,000,000 to June 30, 1915, to which must be added £224,000,000 for the quarter to Sept. 30, £240,000,000 for the quarter to Dec. 31, and £327,000,-000 for the quarter to March 31 next, making a total to the last-mentioned date of £1,451,000,000. Excluding loans, it is probable that the war has cost more to France than to any belligerent, except Germany. Special taxation of various kinds is only now proposed, including, in particular, a war profits tax. France has made loans to Russia, (for purchases in France,) Belgium, Serbia, and neutrals, and the total so disbursed in the first year was probably in excess of £50,000,000; while it has borrowed £50,000,000 from the United States, and considerable sums from us.

The Russian war expenditure has been £188,000,000 (including £37,000,000 for mobilization) to Nov. 14, 1914; £576,000,-000 to July 14, 1915, and £639,000,000 to Aug. 14, 1915. The seven months to Jan. 14, 1916, are expected to cost £429,000,-000, and the year to Jan. 14, 1916, £764,-000,000, making a total of over £1,000,-000,000 from the commencement of war. The expenditure was at first £1,400,000 a day, excluding the costs of mobilization, while for August last it was £2,000,000 a day, and for the year 1915 it is estimated at £2,100,000. Special taxation is proposed, including an income tax. Russia has lent money to the smaller belligerents, but has doubtless received much heavier loans from this country, for purchases here and in America, and from France in respect of purchases in France.

Italy, which came into the war on May 23, is believed to have spent £80,000,000 on preparations prior to entering, and its expenditure for the four months to Sept. 30 last was £14,600,000, £16,500,000, £17,400,000, and £16,600,000, making a total of £145,000,000 to that date.

Belgium and Serbia have been largely helped with loans by France, Russia, and ourselves, their power to provide being, obviously, very considerably curtailed. The bulk of Belgium has been in the hands of the enemy since the end of the first month of war.

An estimate of Germany's costs has to be derived mainly from its votes of credit, which have been £250,000,000 in August, 1914; £250,000,000 on Dec. 2, 1914; £500,000,000 last March, £500,000,000 on Aug. 20, and £500,000,000 this month. At the time the August credit was asked for, Dr. Helfferich stated that the war expenditure was nearly £100,000,000 a month. To the above have to be added the £10,250,000 of mobilization

treasure in the Julius Tower at Spandau, and the product of the "defense contribution," or Wehrbeitrag-a capital levy payable in three installments, at the beginning of the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, which was expected to bring in £50,000,-000 to £80,000,000. Partly, perhaps, because of this capital tax, imposed before the war. Germany has hitherto not levied any special taxation, but a war profits tax, formerly said to be impossible to formulate until after the war, is proposed to be shortly raised. Loans of large amounts have been made to Turkey, Bulgaria, and neutrals. It is not clear whether Austria-Hungary has also been partly financed by the German Government.

The expenditure of Austria-Hungary can only be surmised from the fact that its population, and thereforefore army, is 75 per cent. of that of Germany, and by remembering that its costs must be on a relatively smaller scale, because its commitments and resources are less. Dr. Helfferich on Aug. 20 put the then expenditure of the alliance countries at £5,000,000 a day and the expenditure of Germany at nearly £100,000,000 a month, which would leave £50,000,000 or so per mensem for Austria-Hungary and Turkey.

We now have material (with other data not here specified) for arriving at what may be regarded as being, on the whole, a fairly close approximation to the total direct cost of the war to the Governments

of Europe. A comparison of figures is, however, apt to be obscured if one does not disentangle the figures from loans made to other belligerents and to neutrals. In the table which follows "direct cost" is to be understood as the cost of the war to the Governments concerned for expenditure on their own war operations-expenditure in excess of ordinary peace outlay on military and naval matters-while the fourth column represents those direct costs, plus loans made, or less loans received, this representing the burden to be met during the war. The difference between the third and fourth columns represents loans made, less those received, or vice versa, for Russia, France, and ourselves have both borrowed and lent. It need hardly be said that the amounts of the loans have, except in the case of the United Kingdom, been guessed at, and are not based upon evidence. The difference between the grand totals of the third and fourth columns represents supposed loans to neutrals.

The table represents an attempt to gauge the direct cost of the war on the assumption that hostilities will cease at March 31, and the direct costs are continued to the end of July next, with the idea that full expenditure for a further four months (although not, of course, spent within the limits of that period) will cover the cost of clearing up after hostilities:

			Both	Years.——
	First Year. Direct Cost.	Second Year. Direct Cost.	Direct Cost.	Direct Cost, Plus or Minus Loans.
United Kingdom France	£550,000,000 680,000,000	£1,000,000,000 975,000,000	£1,550,000,000 1,655,000,000	£2,025,000,000 1,755,000,000
Russia	625,000,000 110,000,000	800,000,000 250,000,000	1,425,000,000 360,000,000	1,200,000,000 225,000,000
Belgium and Serbia	120,000,000	100,000,000	220,000,000	45,000,000
Entente total	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	£3,125,000,000	£5,210,000,000	£5,250,000,000
Germany	850,000,000 500,000,000	1,250,000,000 600,000,000	2,100,000,000 1,100,000,000	2,270,000,000 1,100,000,000
Turkey and Bulgaria	40,000,000	130,000,000	170,000,000	30,000,000
Alliance total	£1,390,000,000	£1,980,000,000	£3,370,000,000	£3,400,000,000
All belligerents	£3,475,000,000	£5,105,000,000	£8,580,000,000	£8,650,000,000

Toward the end of 1914 Professor Wolff estimated the daily cost of the war at £7,500,000, the Vorwaerts in January last at £9,250,000, (for the first year,)

while Dr. Helfferich on Aug. 20 estimated the daily cost at £15,000,000, and this week at £16,000,000 to £16,500,000.

On the matter of loss of human capital,

each man assumed to be killed or permanently incapacitated is taken at, roughly, six years' purchase of his average productive value, as compared with the seven to nine years' purchase at which M. Barriol's oft-quoted figures would work out. The figures of killed, wounded, and missing (the sick and those who die from disease are not included) are estimated from the best material available, and on the assumption of hostilities ending on March 31 next. It may be remarked that these estimates are very much below those sometimes given, and the total is only here set down to enable a judgment to be formed as to whether they are fair or not. What we really want to arrive at is the number of men permanently thrown out of production, and to arrive at this we take the killed included in the total casualties, add 10 per cent. to this figure, and a further 10 per cent. of the wounded, to allow for those who succumb to their wounds, who die of disease, or who are permanently incapacitated by wounds or disease. The picture thus obtained is probably not exaggerated in any way, though figures could not be produced in support; but it may be mentioned that Germany has claimed that of the wounded and sick submitted to the military hospitals of the empire to July last 88.5 per cent. were discharged fit and 9.6 per cent. unfit, while the remaining 1.9 per cent. died. The dead and incapacitated on each side come out approximately equal, notwithstanding the estimated greater total casualties on one side because of the smaller proportion of prisoners in the hands of the enemy:

LOSS OF HUMAN CAPITAL

	Killed, Wounded, and Missing.	Killed, Dead from Disease and Per- manently, Incapaci- tated.	Human Capital Per Head.	Loss of Human Capital.
United Kingdom	800,000	235,000	£600	£140,000,000
France		515,000	500	260,000,000
Russia		980,000	275	270,000,000
Italy	500,000	140,000	350	50,000,000
Belgium and Serbia	550,000	130,000	350	45,000,000
Entente total	8,850,000	2,000,000	£382	£765,000,000
Germany	3,700,000	990,000	450	445,000,000
Austria-Hungary		840,000	400	335,000,000
Turkey and Bulgaria		150,000	275	40,000,000
Alliance total	7,400,000	1,980,000	£414	£820,000,000
All belligerents	16,250,000	3,980,000	£398	£1,585,000,000

The total of probable dead and permanently incapacitated is appalling, but is much less than is sometimes expected or suggested, as, for instance, by one recent lecturer, who put the total destruction of life in Europe in two years of war at nearly 20,000,000 persons. The population of the belligerent countries is 447,000,000, and the estimate of 3,980,000 represents 0.9 per cent. of that population. The proportion is 0.7 per cent. for the Entente countries, (population 304,000,000,) 1.4 per cent. for the Alliance countries, (population 143,000,000,) 1.7 per cent. for Austria-Hungary, 1.5 per

cent. for Germany, 1.3 per cent. for France, 0.6 per cent. for Russia, and 0.5 per cent. for the United Kingdom. * * *

Roughly, the effect of the war will be to increase the pre-war debts of the Entente countries by 60 per cent., and to double the debts of the Alliance countries, while the interest charge will be increased in much greater proportion, and the cost of pensions will be added.

In the above figures no allowance is made for the war debts of our colonies or of Japan, or for the expenditure necessitated by the war in the case of neutral countries, all of which would add a considerable amount to the total given,

though by comparison with it they fade into insignificance.

Income Tax in Great Britain

TN discussing the new income tax in Great Britain, The London Times says that the tax for 1916 really fulfills the original purpose for which it was introduced by Pitt in the closing years of the eighteenth century, that is, as "an aid and contribution for the prosecution of the war." In 1799 Pitt imposed a duty of 10 per cent. on all incomes above £60 from whatever source derived. It yielded £6,046,624, as compared with £1,855,996, the produce of the tax of the preceding year, which varied according to the amount of income assessed. Mr. McKenna has raised the original rate for 1915-16 (i. e., Mr. Lloyd George's doubling in November, 1914, of the original rate for 1914-15) by 40 per cent. for a full year and 20 per cent. for the current year. The tax has thereby been increased, for 1916-17, from 1s. 6d. in the pound to 2s. 1d. (roughly) in the case of earned incomes, and from 2s. 6d. in the pound to 3s. 6d. in the case of unearned incomes. But for the present financial year the revised tax is 1s. 91/2d. (roughly) on earned incomes and 3s. on unearned incomes. The total effect of these changes in 1915-16, Mr. McKenna said, will be to increase the revenue from income tax by £11,274,000, and in a full effective year by £44,400,000.

Incomes of £160 and under were formerly exempt from the tax. The limit is now reduced to £130. All persons who earn £2 10s. a week or over will have to pay the tax. This means that a very large number of clerks, mechanics, and other manual workers will receive the demand note for the first time, and will thus have conferred on them the privilege of paying income tax to the State of which they are citizens. The scale of abatements allowed on incomes from £160 to £700 is also reduced. The highest abatement that can now be claimed

is £120. This applies to incomes under £400. So that a person who earns £131 a year will have to pay tax on £11. The abatement on incomes which exceed £400 and do not exceed £600 is £100.

The following table shows how the new income tax affects incomes up to £1,000:

,	•		D
	Old Tax for	N	Proposed
		New Tax for	Tax for
	1915-16.	1915-16.	1916-17.
£	£ s. d.	f s. d.	£ s. d.
131		0 19 9	1 3 1
140		1 16 0	2 2 0
150		2 14 0	3 3 0
160	*****	3 12 0	4 4 0
180	1 10 0	5 8 0	6 6 0
200	3 0 0	7 4 0	8 8 0
250	6 15 0	11 14 0	13 13 0
300	10 10 0	16 4 0	18 18 0
301	10 11 6	16 5 9	19 0 1
350	14 5 0	20 14 0	24 3 0
400	18 0 0	25 4 0	29 8 0
401	18 16 6	27 1 9	31 12 1
450	22 10 0	31 10 0	36 15 0
500	26 5 0	36 0 0	42 0 0
501	28 11 6	36 1 9	42 2 1
550	32 5 0	40 10 0	47 5 0
600	36 0 0	45 0 0	52 10 0
601	39 16 6	47 15 9	55 15 1
650	43 10 0	52 4 0	60 18 0
700	47 5 0	56 14 0	66 3 0
701	52 11 6	63 1 9	73 12 1
800	60 0 0	72 0 0	84 0 0
900	67 10 0	81 0 0	94 10 0
1,000	75 0 0	90 0 0	105 0 0
1,000	10 0 0	00 0 0	400 0 0

Two concessions to income tax payers were contained in the budget proposals. The relief in respect of children was increased. When this allowance was first introduced it amounted to £10 for every child under the age of 16 upon all incomes under £500. Last year it was in-This year it amounts creased to £20. to £25. The other relief is the introduction of the system of payment by installments. Payment hitherto has been in a lump sum for the whole year. In future, individuals and firms who are liable to direct assessment in respect of trade, profession, or husbandry may (after the current year) pay the tax in half-yearly installments on Jan. 1 and on

the following July 1. In the case of weekly wage earners the tax is to be assessed and charged in respect of their wages in each quarter of the year instead of on the whole year. This provision, however, is also not to have effect as respects the tax for the current year.

Some other concessions were made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer during the discussion of the finance bill in the House of Commons. Of these the most important are the following:

1. Preferential terms are given to soldiers and sailors. Those whose incomes are not over £300 are exempted from the increases,

and are liable only to the pre-war rates of tax on their pay. Mr. McKenna estimated the loss to the revenue at £590,000.

2. Hitherto the abatement on life insurance premiums was not to be more than one-sixth of the income. It was pointed out that this abatement might be lost in the case of incomes which have been reduced owing to the war, although the premiums have still to be paid; and Mr. McKenna decided to grant the abatement irrespective of its proportion to the total income.

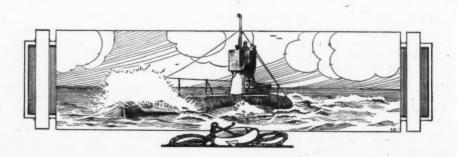
3. The bill originally made the employer liable for the payment of the quarterly income tax of weekly wage earners out of the employe's remuneration if the employe himself failed to pay the amount. Such arrears are now to be recoverable summarily as a civil debt.

Allied Confusion

By MAJOR MORAHT

Major Moraht, in the Kreuz Zeitung of Dec. 8, 1915, emphasizes the British reverse in Mesopotamia, talks about "the insecure defenses of Egypt," and proceeds:

There are plenty of people who would like to escape from the confusion of the English scattering of forces, and are yearning to produce a decision in the main theatre of war in Northern France. In the French press there are many references to the fact that the eastern French front must not be robbed of troops. Thus a dilemma has arisen out of which even the supreme "War Council" can hardly find a way, for it is the German conqueror who is still the dictator in France, and it remains a sign of the confusion of the Entente that now, at the beginning of the Winter, war plans are being made for the Spring of 1916, without there being any certainty that the plans of the Allies will remain undisturbed during the Winter. Everywhere we find England playing the part of the main agitator for new developments of the war later on. All the British organs shout at us, "We shall fight to the bitter end," but no Minister has ever been heard to say what is the foundation upon which the prospect of an improved situation is to be based.



America's War Trade Balance

The United States has become the world's banker for \$962,500,000, with a trade balance of over a billion. The American trade figures given below are from The New York Times of Jan. 1. 1916.

HE war has turned the United States from a borrowing to a lending nation. This fact has been contingent on the development of productivity at home and selling capacity abroad, and a trade balance never before equaled in the history of the nation of over \$1,000,000,000. A comparison of the trade of the single month of October is suggestive:

	1915.	1914.
Imports	.\$148,872,729	\$138,080,520
Exports	. 328,030,281	194,711,170

With the belligerent nations it as as follows:

	Imports		Exports.	
	1915.	1914.	1915.	1914.
Austria-Hungary	\$175,595	\$362,234	\$1,024	
Belgium	181,702	653,719	1,685,358	\$446,650
France	5,981,488	7,802,719	32,553,848	17,037,469
Germany	2,763,405	6,168,058	2,500	17,508
Italy	3,395,255	5,627,310	38,472,558	11,119,476
European Russia		54,532	11,283,013	3,930,970
United Kingdom		25,057,590	111,534,467	72,034,572
Japan		9,757,178	4,323,674	4,784,852

Total\$47,269,835 \$55,483,340 \$199,856,442 \$109,371,497

American sea trade is now the largest in the history of the country, and American tonnage equals that of any two foreign countries except England. The increase in tonnage of ships under the American flag during 1915 has been 475,000. Meanwhile there has been an increase of nearly 800,000 tons in American shipping registered for foreign trade, which is three times as great as the increase in registered tonnage during any previous year of American history. In the year, also, 200,000 tons

have been diverted from domestic to foreign trade.

But this not all. The United States seems in a fair way to become the banker of the world—an achievement commensurate with her advances in industry, trade, and carrying capacity. Most persons remember the heavy shipments of English gold here and the famous Anglo-French loan of \$500,000,000, but there are others whose total almost equals this amount and of which the public may not have kept track. They are:

\$962,500,000

Anglo-French loan	\$500,000,000
France—One-Year Treasury Notes	10,000,000
" Banking Credit (March)	20,000,000
" One-Year Treasury Bonds (April)	50,000,000
" Rothschild One-Year Loan (July)	50,000,000
" Export Credit (August)	20,000,000
" Commercial Credit (November)	15,000,000
" Commercial Credit, Supplementary	15,000,000
Canada—Government Loan	45,000,000
" Municipal, &c	120,000,000
Italy—One-Year Notes	25,000,000
Germany—Short-Term Notes	25,000,000
Switzerland—Short-Term Notes	15,000,000
Sweden—Short-Term Notes	5,000,000
Norway—Short-Term Notes	3,000,000
Argentina—Short-Term Notes	15,000,000
" Five-Year Bonds	25,000,000
Panama, Bolivia, Costa Rica	4,500,000

Decrease in British Drinking

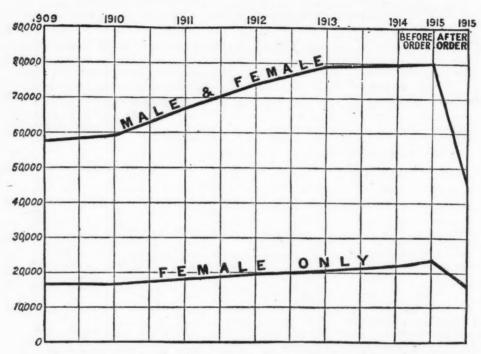


Chart illustrating the effect of the new restrictive orders. Actual annual figures (1915 pro rata) of convictions for drunkenness in the following controlled areas:—N. E. Coast, Liverpool and District, Metropolitan Police Area, and South Wales.

HE effect of the new drink restrictions upon public order and upon national efficiency in Great Britain is graphically estimated by The Times of London in its issue of Dec. 11, 1915, is shown in the chart above. As will be seen, the returns consist

As will be seen, the returns consist mainly of the larger ports of the kingdom and certain munition areas.

The chart shows clearly, in the opinion of The Times, how remarkable a de-

crease in cases of drunkenness has followed the application of the orders. Such a reduction should be followed by improved efficiency and improved work, and this impression was confirmed from many centres, notably from port and dock areas. The reduction should also enable both police and prison staffs to set free for military or other purposes a larger proportion of men than would have otherwise been possible.



Vodka Prohibition and Russian Peasant Life

By J. Y. Simpson

Below we present a summary of an interesting article that appeared in The Contemporary Review, London, December, 1915.

THE Russian genius for co-operative work has expressed itself in many ways, but in nothing so remarkable as the Unions of Municipalities and of Zemstvos, (County Councils,) to which the Government has successively handed over the care of the sick and the wounded, the charge of refugees, the provision of supplies for the army, and, last of all, the production of munitions. Of these Zemstvos one of the wealthiest and best organized is that in the Government of Kostroma. Amid a multitude of other duties the Statistical Bureau of this particular body issued a questionaire to six hundred correspondents in different districts of the Government dealing with various aspects of the effect of the war upon country life. A portion of this questionaire dealt with the results of prohibition. The answers have been studied and summarized with extracts in a booklet entitled "War and Country Life in the Government of Kostroma," and the net effect is a very interesting human docu-

The first question submitted to the correspondents was as follows: What are the results of the stoppage of the sale of vodka on the economic life of the country? Replies were received from 501 out of the 600 correspondents. Of these 267, or 53.3 per cent., replied generally that the results were "very good"; 203, or 40.5 per cent., submitted that the results were "good"; 29 gave in answer that there were no results; and 2 replied that it was difficult to say.

To the question, "Has any improvement been noted in the case of those peasants whose homes were previously ruined by their drunkenness?" 532 replies were given, of which sixty-eight were in the negative, while

four replied, "It is difficult to say." That there was such improvement is maintained by 460 correspondents, or 85 per cent.—a smaller proportion than in the case of the first question. The replies, however, are full of concrete cases. Many of the correspondents note a very great increase in the number of those who come back from the towns to their villages at the end of the Winter's work. Formerly such men were practically lost to their families, as they remained on in the towns to drink.

Another question cleverly brings out the feeling of the correspondents upon prohibition in relation to the social side of life: How do they get on without vodka at their holiday celebrations, weddings, and so forth? In 502 answers out of 539 these vodkaless gatherings are described as "good," "quite good," "quiet," "reasonable," and "much better without vodka." All these answers show approval. Only in thirty-seven answers does it come out that the peasants miss their vodka. "At festivals and weddings we feel awkward without it." "They say jokingly, 'We are dull and miss it,' but after all they are quite pleased with the temperance." "For holidays it is all right, but not for weddings." These thirtyseven answers show, then, that they sometimes miss it. On the other hand, others report that vodka is never mentioned now, indeed, is quite forgotten. "They are getting quite accustomed to be without it." "As if they had never known it." The war itself has, of course, had its influence on their festivals.

Thus a peasant delivers his soul: "Many of the dark sides of life have disappeared with vodka—thefts, murders, quarrels, immorality, pauperism, and usury. All vices have disappeared. O

God, let our Government understand the necessity of permanent prohibition, because from this hellish poison Russia was on the verge of ruin." "The morality of the people has advanced by a hundred years. No hooliganism, no crimes." One adds to his list, "No frozen people," lifting the veil from a once typical Russian Winter scene. A priest writes: "All are as if they were born anew. They are reasonable, gentle, and more capable for work; and, as a result, crime has disappeared." "All crime, &c., has lessened by 90 per cent. The village is quite different."

As a result of prohibition the number of fires has lessened. Law processes have also markedly declined in number. Seven correspondents say: "The police have nothing to do." One concise report runs: "Before prohibition there were thirty to fifty cases every month in the district court; now there are none. I (who write) am the Judge." A clerk of a district court writes: "Formerly we had 130 criminal cases every year, an average of eleven a month. Now from July till the present date (four to five months) we have only had seven, and not one of the most serious degree."

Besides the above, there are 118 reports where the correspondents answer quite shortly that prohibition has had a very good influence on the conduct and morality of the people. First of all, it is explained, the women can breathe more freely. "Women and children can now see the light of hope and redemption who were formerly suffering from beating, tortures, and injuries—as the poet Nekrasov writes, 'Peasant woman's life so hard and difficult, worse cannot be found." As compared with this life, the reports of the correspondents refer very much to the new conditions. "Nobody on earth ever had such rejoicing before as the women have now." "All the women are quite delighted." "God has heard their prayers." For what are they so grateful, and about what are they praying? "The women are very grateful for this good deed which has made them human beings and not slaves." "In a word, the country is preparing for a new life." "You can say without exaggeration that for the wives of such peasants as drank before, this year has been the happiest."

Further questions are devoted to finding out whether the correspondents think it possible to have permanent prohibition. Is there any tendency among the population that would help in this direction? * * *

The answers to the second part of the question bring out not merely the possibility of, but an actual desire for, permanent stoppage of the sale of vodka. In twenty-nine instances only is there, out of 531 answers, no answer to the second question. All the other replies (502) are of this general type: "The permanent stoppage of the sale of spirits is quite possible and actually desired, as it will give good results in the future."

It is particularly important to study the reports showing shades of opinion among those who still believe in the possibility of permanent prohibition. Of such reports there are 104. "In most of them it is apparent," says the redactor, "that there are people who are discontented with prohibition, but only in twenty instances is any light shed on the point as to who these individuals are." It is clear, however, that they comprise, first, those who had profit from the sales, (for there were shops with licenses to sell vodka other than the Government shops, but which bought the commodity from the Government shops,) the owners of restaurants with sale of wine, and rich peasants who exploit their poorer brothers. (They run private loan businesses, and do better the more their weaker brothers drink.) Finally, "the owners of premises used as drink shops are for the renewal of the sale."

For the stoppage are those who did not drink very much, the poor, those fairly well off, and all women. For the renewal or reopening stand the rich peasants, hopeless drunkards, and winesellers. In most cases even these correspondents say that the discontented are really few. Only in a very few reports is it stated that the majority of the people are discontented with prohibition. So if the majority of correspondents see that the stoppage of the sale is desirable and possible, then

there is more reason for giving the more detailed explanations of the minority.

Some very human situations are depicted in this group of replies. "Before giving the answers to the question I gathered twenty householders from our village, and I read to them a little pamphlet on temperance. After discussing some questions about the influence of temperance on our life, I could see that every one understood the harm of vodka, but nobody wanted to deprive himself of it. And on my question, What shall I write about the permanent stoppage of vodka? nobody gave any answer." A priest writes: "I do not believe in absolute prohibition; it is quite impossible to be in mourning forever."

Some are afraid that with permanent prohibition the people will try to make their own drink and suffer from it. Others fear the financial deficit, and the consequent imposition of new taxes. Two or three correspondents do not like the implied restriction of the liberty of the individual. "Our sobriety was forced upon us, and at a time when every good person, even without prohibition, cannot enjoy life; therefore such a change in the life of the people is due not only to temperance, but to the expectation of something terrible and indefinite that is going to happen. In spite of newspapers which speak about the victory of Russia, every one realizes the cost of this victory for every family. How can they enjoy such victory if their dearest are missing? These thoughts, I think, make people sober much more than any prohibition."

From many of the reports it is evident

that fresh educational measures are considered necessary to aid continued prohibition, because a new sober country needs culture, and every kind of such measure will be accepted with great joy. "I cannot say," writes a correspondent, "what will be the case in the future, but they need something instead of wine." (He notes that some are taking to gambling instead.) "The need is so great that even the local intelligentsiya cannot meet the need," (i. e., even if they put all their strength into providing entertainmentlectures, &c.) Yet others fall back ultimately on prohibition. "Prohibition is quite necessary for everything-for economic wealth, for their health, physical and moral improvement, and for the stoppage of hooliganism and crime. Without it the people will be lost. Schools or hospitals cannot help."

The majority of correspondents are therefore agreed in principle about the possibility and desirability of permanent prohibition. The reports show that the country no longer approves of its dark, drink-sodden past. If it continued so any longer it would, in the opinion of many of the correspondents, be quite "ruined" and "degraded." The consciousness that the country can avoid this allows some correspondents to consider permanent prohibition as "the greatest reform, and a most beautiful action."

A priest writes: "When I was filling up the schedule about temperance, a peasant entered the room, and when I read to him what I had written he said, 'I should like every one to know how good our life is without vodka. Let it disappear for-

ever."

Kultur In Full Operation

(From L'Asino, Rome)

- A group of learned Germans in conversation:
 "Oh, yes! Dante Alighieri was German. His name shows it—Aigler, "Oh, yes! aquila."
 - "And Donatello Bardi, too—Barth."
 "And Rafaello Sanzio—Sandt." " And Giordano Bruno was Braun."

" And Giotto was Jotte."

"In short, whatever was great in Italy was German."
"Even the Caesars?"

"Certainly! Were they not derived from the Kaiser?"

Is There a Sentiment for Peace?

By Dr. J. Steubben

Among German writers prominent in the literature of the war, Dr. J. Steubben of Berlin occupies a foremost position. The following article has been sent by Dr. Steubben for publication in The Current History.

Is there a peace sentiment? The question may be answered in the affirmative, but with a certain reservation. A sentiment for peace does not prevail, but it is nevertheless at hand, and especially in England and France. For it is being talked about, and that in public.

The speeches of the lords in the English upper house have found their echo in England and everywhere else. This echo is so loud that the accompanying utterances, which apparently are meant to nullify the peace desires, are hardly to be heard. The peers of the United Kingdom, Courtney and Loreburne, in language to be approved by both friend and foe, have pictured the cultural destruction threatening the world through a stubborn continuation of this war. But they have added, apparently so that neither they nor their comrades should be frightened by thoughts of peace: "Of course, it stands to reason that we cannot begin to think of peace until the German invaders are driven from France and Belgium."

We need not take this addition too seriously; in fact, we may admit that there are moments when this has been tactically necessary. But time will soften hearts, and events in the Balkans will also considerably minimize the influence of the war spirit beyond the Channel.

The reservations by the very honorable lords indicate an exaction of payment without return. It is the confounding of end and aim. Between these stretches a long and dangerous course, with no less than seventeen obstacles, namely, the twelve fortresses in France and the five in Belgium.

Furthermore, if all signs fail not, in the Balkans the English-French forces are confronted with a situation of the most far-reaching effect. And the Turkish armies will be free to enter upon the well-prepared march toward Suez. The British giant-body, which reaches from Canada to beyond India, in order to furnish the London stomach with nourishment, possesses just at Suez a specially slender waistline not particularly well protected.

A thrust here might prove deadly. When the ships at Saloniki and Gallipoli miss fire, and when the thunder of the Turkish guns is heard at Port Said, then will Lords Courtney and Loreburne give their peace sentiments a new interpretation, and that without the aforementioned reservation. And perhaps it will come even sooner.

Viviani, and after him Briand, have also been talking peace. It somehow floats in the French atmosphere. With but one negative voice the Chamber has virtually acknowledged its acceptance of the Briand speech. Not only did Briand repeat the reservation of the English lords, but in addition demanded the previous request for the giving up of Alsace-Lorraine and Serbia. And the Socialists, sworn before the war to protest against any conflict, have even joined in this demand. The forty-four-year-old dream about the reconquering of Alsace-Lorraine is not yet dissipated.

Although the Frenchman himself is down, he does not seem willing to cease thinking about the deliverance of others. The English malady can be cured. In France there exists a mental sickness which seems quite incurable. Should the German armies gain Paris and Orleans it is doubtful if this sickness would disappear. Only England's lead and willingness can have any effect. The cloak will drop only with the fall of the Duke. So far the Frenchman talks peace as in a fever dream.

From Russia and Italy there come re-

ports about an increasing sentiment for peace. And our enemies speak with some zeal about the strong sentiments and longings for peace among the Germans. It would be wrong to deny our earnest desire for peace, but it is the peace desire of the victor. The victor names the terms, not the conquered. Not until the boastful speeches of Briand and Churchill fail to find anybody ready to believe them—when the Quadruple Entente acknowledges its defeat—not until then will a

new dawn of peace rise over bleeding Europe.

When the powers of the Quadruple Entente, each for itself, look out for their own interests, and try to save what is yet to be saved—even the Turks have a severe reckoning to make with England—then, and not before, will the speeches in London and Paris have something solid beneath them. The future of Belgium and Serbia is not to be decided in those cities, but in Berlin and Vienna.

The Splendid Serb

By JAMES BERNARD FAGAN

"By your old men's bones on the mountain,
By the blood of your youth in the plain,
By the tears unshed for your holy dead,
By the children of your slain,
Ye who fought till no fight availeth,
O Serbs! 'tis the hour to shield
All that is left of your people—
The hour to yield!"

Hark! on the hill-winds ringing
O'er the thundrous drone of war,
From the snowy height of Kara Dagh
To the valleys of Vardar,
The splendid Serb has answered
From a patriot's soul of flame,
"Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!"

"It is said * * * it is done. Till we perish
We fight and we ask not why,
Back from our blacken'd homes and fields,
Till we've nothing left but the sky,
Till the last last man on the last lone hill
Shall cry as death calls his name:
"'Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!""

O world of men and sorrows!
In words of immortal light
The whole of the art of living
The creed of eternal right
Comes down from the Serbian summit,
For each man's soul the same:
"Better to die in honor
Than live in shame!"

"Tell Me the Worst!"

By Sir James Yoxall

The subjoined eloquent and pathetic comment on the British casualty lists reveals the agony of a war-stricken land. Sir James Yoxall's article appeared originally in The Daily News of London.

unseals new sources of tears, and the woe of the war lengthers into a litany of sorrow, "That it may please Thee to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows and all that are desolate: we beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

We stand in purpose firm, to the end; but many myriads of mothers and fathers are waiting meanwhile—waiting in gray insular weather; for the worst; and those who know the worst already had also to know the long anxiety of dread. Perhaps the dread is almost as bad to bear as the worst when it comes, if come it does; yet the worst also is listened for. "Tell me the worst!" is such a natural cry of the heart; "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee!"—even with the terrible truth.

Proverbs, those comforts in ordinary times, are now crutches that break. "No news" is not "good news" now. A crushing certainty has this much of good in it, that it stills the long racking of the dread. When the worst is known there is no longer a faint, fair hope left struggling with fears that assail it each sleepless hour, and doubts that worry it all day. Is "the worst" the worst indeed? It is a sharp and burning blade, on a sudden; but the pain of it blessedly lessens thereafter. It brings with it its own merciful anodyne, too; it stuns, so that the pangs are not entirely conscient—the blow is partly anaesthetic. And tears come to soften the impact; the good tears that relieve. "Men must work and women must weep" is another saving which breaks down now; men, too, should let the war tears come, not strive against their pain dry eyed.

Give sorrow words, also—unpack the loaded heart with speech. Do not only think of him; shut away alone, with the

worst as your relentless, silent companion, you hinder your own healing. Seek rather the presence of friends at your hearth, and talk with them of your loss, and of the lost as he used to be-of what he was, what he nobly did, and what is his exceeding great reward. Listen, as people speak to you of his bravery and devotion in a great Cause; accept and believe that whoso wars against the Mephistopheles that has entered into the German Faust is indeed a Crusader. Remind each other, beside the hearth which he died to defend against evil, of what he was there, at his best-all else that he was can be forgotten; the natural human dress of that has been refined away in the flame of his transfiguration. Think of him as being caught up from the trenches to the heights.

"But it is so sudden!" is the woman's natural cry. "I don't even know where he died!" Yet you know how he lived, and for what. And as to his resting place, it was burial in splendor for him, not in city fashion, borne to some city of tombstones, within the rusty trappings of a hearse. It was somewhere in Flanders or France that he died, or in a Balkan valley, or on a slope in Gallipoli, or upon the sands of Mesopotamia; or in the hale and hearty sea, upon the floor that has been strewn with the bones of the British for ages. No matter where—a grave is only a doorway; and wherever he died he died well.

ever he died, he died well.

"But I can't find out how it happened! The ill news is so brief."

No record of his service comes to hand, Save in a soldier's curt and simple phrase.

"I regret to have to acquaint you that he died in action"—that is all. Yet in everything splendid there is something vague, a mystical halo. And, however or wherever it was, he died manly, on a field of honor which was also a field of duty. In a great hour he died, and the laurel is everlasting for him, though—yes, I know, I know!—you so long to lay flowers on his mound.

But he lies in state, royal with his duty done to heaven and to humanity; following the great Exemplar he saved others from death, though himself he could not save.

The suddenness and acuteness of the worst will pass, moreover; for time does. The awful moment does not last. Time ticks again slowly at first, I know; faintly and tediously trickles the sand in the hourglass, but grain by grain it slowly carries some of your worst woe away. The touch of time is medicating, too; it is a spiritual and gentle massage; the pain is still there, still at the heart and in the memory, but it burns and throbs a little less intolerably each new day. You even blame yourself presently, because the first poignancy of the worst does not continue with you, but that, too, is natural; not continuous was the first rapture of your bygone joys.

Nothing continues, not even death, perhaps; why should you expect your sorrow to last on unlessened? It is not your heartlessness if after a while the pulse of your life begins to revive. Sorrow is like a tide; it cannot always be flowing up and moaning on the beach; an ebb must come, even for woe. Some one has said that we ought always to be lifting ourselves up and on toward one consummate hour, but there is none, not even in grief; the lines of life and death are curves; time bends over us, gentle and emollient, and kindly it offers us distractions. Bad and sad, then not so sad and bad, and then beginning to be almost a little glad, the hours keep coming up to us; some pouncing, with the worst, others approaching with the material consequences of the worst, and then some bringing the healing dullness that gives sorrow sleep.

And the hours bring up to us so many matters to deal with-small things, perhaps, toys or tools with which we might divert our thoughts from what might else become a cankering sorrow. There is dignity in a deep grief; but small things can well assuage great sorrows. Life has to go on with us, even in our bereavement; apparently life lives on by recommencing and repeating, and it must repeat other things as well as death and sorrow. So that death itself can be no end to life, and life for the loved and the still loving, together again-somewhere and somehow, there is no need to theologize-may be hoped for. It is noble to hope for that, at any rate, and wise to believe it, and dutiful to become resigned to separation for a while. Then, it is healing to take up one's work again; the talismans which best conjure sorrow away are Hope, Resignation, and Work.

One tries to say words of comfort, but the heart knows its own bitterness, and the words of another can console but weakly, if at all. How silent we have to stand in the presence of a mother's grief! "Flesh of my flesh, little son that nestled so closely, were you born for this young death?" She weeps for her baby, for she sees him small and helpless again. Yet he needs help no longer:

All that life contains of torture, toil, or treason,

Shame, dishonor, death, to him are but a name:

Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,

And, ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came.



Life After the Great War

By Twells Brex

This article appeared originally in the Continental Edition of The London Daily Mail.

HE great war has altered the social face of Europe just as much as the glacial epoch once altered its physical surface.

The Hohenzollern glacial period has set back the growth of civilization by a hundred years; it has crumbled Europe's social structure, stunted its arts and sciences, and withered away its web of travel and intercourse. A hundred years hence the people of every warring nation will still be taxed by the debts of the great war; dreadful memories will still keep a spiritual and social gulf between civilized Europe and the Teuton.

Twenty-five million men have taken up arms. It is estimated that nine millions already have been slain or disabled, and that the total destruction of life in Europe in two years of war will be twenty millions.

This is the combatant waste alone. Civilian populations everywhere in Europe, even of neutral nations, are affected by the physical and nerve stress of Armageddon. Nearly everywhere the birth rate is falling, the death rate rising. British births are already 40,000 a year less and deaths 50,000 more than in 1913, a net deficit of 90,000 lives a year—the total population of whole towns like Coventry or Northampton. Paris is losing similarly, and Berlin and Vienna much more heavily.

When the great war is over a shrunken Europe will realize that no plague of the Middle Ages ever ravaged it like the black death that came from Potsdam.

The direct monetary cost of the war to the belligerents can be put at nearly ten thousand million pounds a year, figures that, like the astronomers' distances, outpass the human conception. Titanic as they are, the figures of the indirect cost of the war exceed them; lost trade, lost production, and creations of science, art, humanitarianism, and discovery that have perished in embryo. Europe after the war will be a little Europe, with a population not much greater than the population of Europe before the Napoleonic wars, a Europe with these stupendous social problems:

Two women to every man.

More old men than young men.

More boys than workers in their prime.

More physically unfit than physically fit.

Millions of men to be fitted again into civil employment, millions of women who have learned men's work and earned men's wages.

Millions of manual workers who will have become accustomed to wages twice or three times as high as they earned in pre-war days, and who will still expect those wages.

Greatly diminished food supplies for many years owing to ravage of cultivated lands, diminished breeding stock, and shortage of production.

High commercial freights, dear imports, and handicapped exports, owing to shortage of ships.

These are only a few of the major problems that will confront Europe after the war. There are pessimists who prophesy industrial revolution. There are other prophets who mutter of a war of that sex rivalry and antagonism whose grim beginnings we British saw in days when the "surplus" woman was only one to every seventeen men.

There are other pessimists who prophesy that the century after the great war will have to be spent in sheer material rebuilding, and that all the sciences will stand still, all the arts languish, all the humanities rust, while a shattered Europe lies in a spiritual and intellectual stupor like that strange stupor of the Dark Ages.

Safe prophets are ordinary citizens

who say to each other so often, "Our old life has gone; nothing will ever be the same again." The social face of Old classes and Europe is changed. castes have been leveled; new and assertive classes have risen. Many men have been broken, many men have been lifted. There were democrats when the war broke out who cried in despair, "This is the end of democracy." There are other voices which whisper now, "Democracy alone will emerge stronger from the war-and what will its demands be?"

As in the great things, so in the smaller things, it will be a new world. Look at the map of Europe and remember how the tourist agencies had made it a holiday ground for us. For a generation to come the centre of that map is blotted out. What Briton will take samples or patterns to Berlin? What tourist will talk in our time of the Rhine or of the Black Forest? The great war has set back European travel and comity to the days of the stage coaches.

Turn from the Continent to home, and think of the new world. Already all its chronicles of 1914 are musty and unreal. Where are its "celebrities" and its "notorieties," its puppet passions, its "isms" and "antis"? Where are its parties and politics, when the party politician has become an effigy to smile at in a museum? Was it not in the late Summer of 1914 that the "tango" was the newest relaxation, golf the serious preoccupation of multitudes, and the coming league football season the sole preoccupation of greater multitudes?

In July, 1914, the "daring" actress, the "realistic" novelist, the man who had broken a record on a billiard table commanded our homage. The Summer of 1914 was the last performance of a stale comedy. The book of words is torn up, the theatre is in the hands of the house-breakers, its license is revoked, its players have forgotten their parts and have crept away.

Nothing will be the same again. We must make our best of a harder world and a narrower world. Europe can rebuild herself only by that stern efficiency of Rome when she first rose by Tiber. The curfew hour of all who survive these days will be late, the play hours short, the pleasure money scanty. But, despite all the prophets of woe, the changed world is going to be a better world. These days of our test and agony have hacked out new touchstones of values and worth. Hundreds of thousands of the new men will come home from the battlefields to claim voice and power among the masons; hundreds of thousands of the women who have done the home work of the absent and kept their hearths shining will demand trowels and cement in our work of rebuilding. Neither marionettes who would dance us back to the old fancy fair, nor revolutionaries who would dance us to worse than Armageddon, will prevail. It will be a new world, and nothing will be the same again; but, for all its burdens and sorrows, it will not be a worse world-unless the Allies are tricked into "peace" before the war militarism of Prussia is utterly broken.

Hope

By CONSTANCE MORGAN (From The Westminster Gazette)

I think the windows of my soul are overgrown With briar stems, and creeping thorny sprays Of withered rose; one little flower alone Blooms softly through the chilly Winter days And lifts her brave, bright head above the wail Of misadventure, and when she turns her face To the dark stretch of the road, the stormy gale Seems like a Summer breeze about the place, For then I see the bright stars looking through The soft, sweet radiance of the after-blue.

War Finance in Germany

By Dr. Karl Helfferich

Imperial Secretary of the Treasury

In asking for the passage of the supplementary War Credit bill, which called for \$2,500,000,000, Dr. Helfferich made the following address before the Reichstag on Dec. 15:

HE security for our existence as a nation and an empire has still to be wrested from our enemies, who, after sixteen months of military failures and defeats, still indulge in fancies of crushing and crippling Germany. The war must and shall be prosecuted at all risks, and at all danger, until that security has been gained. [Loud cheers.] Your voting this credit will prove that all calculation on Germany's weakness, disunion, weariness, and famine are, and remain, wrong.

The great success of the September loan enables us to wait until March, and to manage till then with the issue of Treasury bonds. We had to convince the enemy of our strength on the field of financing the war; you will agree that nowhere has that been demonstrated in such a way as in Germany. On the first installment day 70 per cent. of the subscribed loan was paid, against the 30 per cent, asked for. Today the payments of 10,600,000,000 marks are in advance of those due by 4,500,000,000. This proves how easily German political economy manages to bring up such a capital. Only 580,000,000 marks of the third war loan came from loan societies. The savings banks afford a highly satisfying picture: after paying out for the first and second war loans the deposits are still 1,250,000,000 marks more than at the beginning of 1914. Among the 4,000,000 subscribers to the third war loan there were 3,000,000 of less than 3,000 marks income. This was, in fact, a national loan, such as England tried to raise but failed to do.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer had to admit that the public subscriptions to the second British war loan,

which was kept open for many months, only yielded a few hundred millions. With regard to our banks, the deposits reached, in August and September, 1915, figures which they have never shown in peace times. The Reichsbank, with gold security for its obligations which daily become due, stands more favorably than the central banking institutions of other belligerent countries at war.

In spite of that, the enemy press condemns us to bankruptcy, just as it announces our final defeat from our war successes. The press repeats stories that our war loans are financed by loan societies, while the fact is that the total amount subscribed by loan societies for war loans and other purposes amounts to only 1,600,000,000 marks, and the loans granted for war loans are not even 5 per cent, of the total subscriptions. I repeat these statements to show the state of mind of the enemy people, created by an artful, unscrupulous system of deception by the enemy Governments' press. The German is too objective and too scrupulous to make the same mistake. but he sees his own difficulties more clearly than those of the enemies.

The war costs of all the belligerents are now daily from 320,000,000 to 330,-000,000 marks, of which two-thirds is the enemies' share. With a hundred millions daily of war costs. England has beaten us, and in the total amount of accumulated war costs England also stands foremost. Germany and Austria are covering the greater part of the war costs by long running loans. Among our enemies England alone succeeds also with. such a procedure, but, with her 18,500,-000,000 marks, not in the same degree as we with our 25,500,000,000. France, so far, has raised only a nominal amount of war costs by ten-year obligations, and the remainder by short-termed credits from the public and the Bank of France. Only now is France making desperate

efforts with a 5 per cent. loan, issued at too low a rate.

We allies are covering our money supply from the inexhaustible wells of internal strength. Our enemies have had to take refuge in money sources abroad; we have carried through our money raising by a uniform plan chosen from the beginning—a type of 5 per cent. loan—and have increased the rate of issue from 97½ at the first to 98½ at the second, and to 99 per cent. at the third loan. The result is that the subscriptions rose from 4,500,000,000 to 9,000,000,000 and to 12,200,000,000 marks.

In the French 5 per cent. loan, the rate of issue, after the deduction of small profits and interest, comes out at 86.60 per cent. In England the raising of any notable amount of the war costs by failed. The English 31/2 per taves cent, loan was a failure, which rendered the market unfit for similar loans. England helped herself with Treasury bonds until the market was glutted with them. In July England chose a 41/2 per cent. loan, which in reality was a 5 per cent. one, and again a failure as regards the result and its influence on the condition of the money market. The difficult condition of the English money market was accompanied by the deterioration of the English rate of exchange. England was faced with a convulsion of her prestige on the international money market, and the endangering of her supply of war material and provisions from America. Under the pressure of this situation, England and France sought credit in America. The result did not correspond with expectations, so that both soon tried to obtain further credit. The lack of success was greatly due to the resistance of American citizens of German origin.

Dr. Helfferich then proceeded to draw a comparison between the course of gilt securities in France and England and Germany before the war and now.

We are almost exclusively paying to ourselves, while the enemy pays abroad. Therein lies a guarantee that in the future, too, we shall maintain the advantage. It must be added that money is a different thing with regard to England than with us. The British Empire is to a great extent built up on and maintained by British money power. England has founded her alliances and waged her wars mostly with money. In the present war, also, England hoped to work by this method, but our brave troops forced England to stake not only English money but English blood. The raising of strong armies increased the English war costs incalculably, and brought English finances to a state continually described by British statesmen as extremely serious. With the shaking of British financial powers the foundation of the British Empire is tottering. Germany's relation to money is different. She can bear to become poorer, but still remains what she is.

We overcame the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic wars: we were sucked dry, plundered, beaten, and cut up: but we always worked our way up and grew together again. But when the British Empire has gone to pieces it will never rise in a millennium; and this England pronounces the outrageous word of "a war of exhaustion." We know how to possess what we want, to live and to fight. Bread, potatoes, and other necessities are cheaper than in England and France. The enemy shall know that we had rather forego all abundance and bear all hardships than suffer an enemy's command. The enemy shall know that, besides that, our sharp sword, unbroken fighting spirit, and confidence in victory are at our disposal. The German iron fist, which has now blown up the Iron Gate and opened the broad road to the East, is ready, if her enemies wish, to strike anew. The responsibility falls on those who cannot make up their minds to draw conclusion from our war successes, and who, in criminal delusion, still talk of our destruction.

We stand firmly as a rock in its native ground, but on the golden pillars of the British Empire gleams, in flaming characters, "Mene, tekel, upharsin."

Britain's Secretary of the Treasury Answers Germany's

E. S. Montague, M. P., Financial Secretary to the Treasury of Great Britain, answers the statement recently made to the Reichstag by Dr. Helfferich, the German Imperial Secretary of the Treasury:

WHAT is Germany's position in regard to foreign exchange? Dr. Helfferich will hardly be able to remember the day when the German exchange was within measurable distance of being as good as our worst, and the recovery on sterling since August has been in an inverse proportion to the now rapid and steady collapse in the value of reichsmark. On Oct. 1 depreciation of the mark in the terms of dollars was about 12 per cent.; now the mark is 19 to 20 per cent. below par, while Germany's exchange in Amsterdam is more than 26 per cent. below par.

We keep a chart in the Treasury showing the statistical position of the various exchanges since the war began, and we have continually to extend the chart in order to prevent the descending line which represents reichsmark from disappearing below the bottom edge of the chart. This depreciation of the mark is occurring in spite of the fact that Germany is cut off by the British fleet from the outside world and is unable to spend money in America and elsewhere on purchasing supplies which she would give so much to secure.

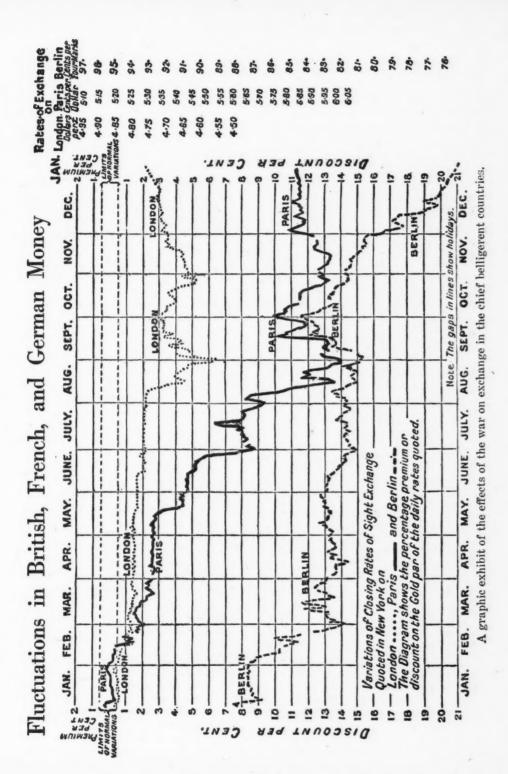
Germany, with hardly any payments to make outside Europe, has, nevertheless, to see her exchange falling away to vanishing point. She has realized all her available assets in the shape of negotiable foreign securities, and ever since the outbreak of the war she has suspended specie payments. What is the explanation of this fall in the value of the mark? One only is possible—the manufacture and abuse of paper credit. The mark has lost all relation to the gold standard. If this has happened in the present con-

ditions, what will be the value of the mark when peace comes and the German importer wants to restock his empty larder and his empty storehouses, and tries to exchange his depreciated paper for goods from overseas? Will the mark then be worth 10 cents?

The criterion of exchanges is not one which Dr. Helfferich should have invoked so lightly. He pretends to believe that it is a sign of weakness on the part of France and England to have sought credit in America. Does any one believe that Dr. Helfferich would not have borrowed there if he could—that is, if the British fleet would have allowed Germany to make any effective use of such credits as she might have obtained in America, and if American lenders would have risked their money? I wonder, by the way, how he regards Canada's internal loan of \$100,000,000, of which the Canadian Government has offered to put one-half at our disposal for meeting the purchase of munitions. Is this another sign of the collapse of the tottering British Empire?

Germany's one public attempt to borrow abroad (a \$10,000,000 loan in the United States in April last) was not a very encouraging performance. But if Dr. Helfferich really objects to borrowing in America, how comes it that all sorts of advertisements have appeared prominently in the American newspapers offering Germany's internal loans for subscription in the United States of America at yields which become more and more superficially attractive as the mark exchange goes down, yet fail to attract because of the risk that the exchange may never rise again, and of the intelligent doubt of Americans as to where Germany is to find the cash to pay the interest?

Dr. Helfferich told how the first German war loan was placed at 97½, the second at 98½, and the third at 99. The stage manager was naturally proud of



his stage management. I dare say Dr. Helfferich can arrange if he likes that the next German war loan shall be brought out at 991/2, leaving room for the fifth at par. But it is clearly a little too good to be true. We are asked to believe miracles. Not even in Germany can the raising of ten thousand million dollars in war loans positively improve public credit, even if you forget conveniently the remarkable fact that not a ghost of provision has been made for meeting future interest charges. How can finance be sound or lead to good results if no taxations are imposed when large loans are being raised?

The explanation of these loans is partly, of course, that there is no sort of freedom about the market for war loans in Germany. The Bourses are entirely under Government control, and, in fact, if not in form, there are minimum prices fixed below which no one is allowed (or, indeed, dare attempt) to sell the war loan, however much he may want to. The quotations are nominal and exist for rhetorical purposes only. Besides, if

you flood the country with manufactured paper credit it is easy to create a surplus of depreciated marks nominally available for investment. The operation of this latter factor is well illustrated in the quotations of Germany's pre-war debt. Dr. Helfferich boasts that this has fallen only 7 points since the war. This may be true in Berlin, but it is a sufficient commentary that in New York the price of this German loan has fallen 28 points—a fact which Dr. Helfferich naturally ignored in his eagerness to make debating points and to avoid discussing realities.

Mr. Montague discussed at length the raising of funds from small investors. He said England had taxed its public very heavily, and the taxes had been paid cheerfully, but asserted that Germany had not dared to do the same. He said that Austria's financial ruin was complete, and that Germany was "nearly sucked dry," but that there remained "great sources of private wealth within the British Empire still untapped for public purposes."

Ballad of French Rivers

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Of streams that men take honor in
The Frenchman looks to three,
And each one has for origin
The hills of Burgundy;
And each has known the quivers
Of blood and tears and pain—
O gallant bleeding rivers,
The Marne, the Meuse, the Aisne.

Says Marne: "My poplar fringes
Have felt the Prussian tread.
The blood of brave men tinges
My banks with lasting red;
Let others ask due credit,
But France has me to thank;
Von Kluck himself has said it:
I turned the Boches' flank!"

Says Meuse: "I claim no winning,
No glory on the stage,
Save that, in the beginning,
I strove to save Liége.
Alas that Frankish rivers
Should share such shame as mine—
In spite of all endeavors
I flow to join the Rhine!"

Says Aisne: "My silver shallows
Are salter than the sea,
The woe of Rheims still hallows
My endless tragedy.
Of rivers rich in story
That run through green Champagne,
In agony and glory,
The chief am I, the Aisne!"

Now there are other waters
That Frenchmen all hold dear—
The Rhone, with many daughters,
That runs so icy clear;
There's Moselle, deep and winy,
There's Loire, Garonne, and Seine,
But, Oh, the valiant, tiny
Marne and Meuse and Aisne!

What Living in Brussels Is Like

This lively British view of life in Belgium under German rule is from The London Daily Mail.

ESIDENTS in Brussels, too ill to be fit for any sort of war service, have been released in exchange for German prisoners in England, and have just arrived in London. They speak of sixteen months of German rule which has only served to intensify a hatred and loathing for the invaders which is felt by the Belgian population. They have become so inured to the reign of tyranny and petty despotism that the freedom of England amazes and stupefies them. They still unconsciously speak in hushed accents, unable to realize that spies are no longer at their sides. One man pointed out, however, that there were three burdens in London life which have not to be borne in Brussels-the impenetrable darkness, the restricted hours for the sale of liquor, and the no-treating order.

"You Londoners think it all very terrible," he said. "But you ought to have a taste of German rule to realize what war really means. There is no business in Brussels.

"It is true that the same milkman brings the milk to your door in the morning—that is to say, if you are a man of some means and can afford to pay the price. You still get your newspaper—such as it is, printed and published according to German orders. You can still buy good meat and bread and vegetables, and you can still have repairs done to your house.

"But you would find things intolerable directly you got into the street.

"Supposing your wife got into a tramway car, as one married woman did a little while ago, and a German officer came and sat opposite her and began to ogle her. She turned her face away to avoid his offensive glances, and the officer immediately ordered the conductor to stop the car, beckoned to some German soldiers and had her arrested for insulting a German officer! She was marched to the jail and sentenced to several weeks' imprisonment. What would you think of it? What would you do? That woman's husband knew nothing about it, but knew that some harm had befallen her because she did not come home.

"You see scarcely any motor cars in Brussels now. In the early days of the war the city swarmed with them. But now there is a great scarcity, and even the wounded Germans are moved in tramway cars.

"We depend for our news on what the Germans give us, but there is the amazing little sheet, La Libre Belgique, surely the most wonderful little newspaper that was ever published. It was still coming out when I left. Who publishes it, who distributes it, and, in particular, who delivers one copy of it at the residence of the Governor, Baron von Bissing himself, the Germans simply cannot discover. For months their spies have descended like clouds of locusts upon every place where a printing plant or a typewritter could possibly be hidden. They laid all sorts of ingenious snares, all to no purposethe two sheets printed on both sides periodically drop into the letter boxes of friend and foe alike. Its columns are full of the most delightful satire at the expense of the Germans, and there is always the official news of the Allies' ar-

"One day a Belgian called at my door and asked me in a whisper if I had a copy of The London Times. One copy of that newspaper, which was smuggled into Brussels, was sold for over £12, and it was let out at £1 for a twenty minutes' reading, so you can imagine how precious it was. English newspapers have not been seen in Brussels for a long time now. so vigilant are the Germans. But this Belgian was anxious to know if I had got one. I hadn't, and, what was more. I had grave suspicions of the accent of that Belgian. He was no Belgian-he was simply a contemptible spy sent to try and trick me, so that I might be arrested and imprisoned for a long time and possibly sent to Germany.

"These spies, men as well as women, are in every restaurant, every tramway car, every public place, in fact. One indiscreet word and in a few minutes up comes an automobile with an officer, and you are whisked away by soldiers and your friends may never see you again. I shall not forget an incident in a tramway car one day.

"A cart laden with pigs was going by, and a man said jokingly and unthinkingly, 'Why haven't they all got helmets?'

"The tramway car stopped at once, there was an awed silence—a man in plain clothes put his hand roughly on the man's shoulder and made him alight. They walked away together, and when they had gone some distance and were well out of earshot the man who had stopped the car turned to the other and said:

"'You awful fool! Don't you know you might have been overheard and got a very heavy sentence? I'm not a spy, but I pretended to be one in order to get you out of it. What on earth made you say such a mad thing? Now, you come and buy me a drink and thank your lucky stars you are well out of it!'

"One day some mounted soldiers were going by a house. Looking out of a window above was a woman who was amused by something she saw and

laughed slightly.

"She may not have been laughing at the soldiers at all for all I now, but she did not remain many minutes in that house. She was arrested for insulting the German Army and spent some months in prison. Almost every week you would see posted up near the German war bulletins a list of persons who had been condemned and sentenced—some of them to death. You would recognize names of people whom you knew well as unoffending people who in past years you had done business with, and you wondered what crimes they

had committed that they should be shot or imprisoned for years.

"In their desperation the Germans have raided the monasteries, and the long-suffering Jesuits, a large number of whom have already been shot, are subjected to a rough handling, but I can scarcely imagine that they would dare to print the paper. When the history of the German occupation of Brussels is written one of the greatest stories will be the story of the enigmatical, irresistible, Hun-defying La Libre Belgique. The Germans have offered a reward of 75,000 francs for the discovery of the publishers.

"One day I wandered unmolested out of the town into the country and passed through villages, some of which had been ruthlessly destroyed and others scarcely touched at all. They were remarkable contrasts. You wondered how it came about that any had been spared. Rich and poor alike were being fed with the flour supplied by the American Commission, whose organization is so admirable. In Brussels a charming way of expressing the people's gratitude has become very popular. On the empty flour bags the women beautifully embroider pictures of the country, and also inscriptions like 'Vive l'Amerique,' and send the bags back to America.

"Coming over to England, I was struck by the callous way in which the Germans had selected the prisoners who were to be exchanged. Many of ours were hopeless, paralyzed cripples who could have no object in going to England, but had been taken away from their friends and relatives. There was a paralyzed boy whose father, who was English, died when he was a baby. His mother was a Belgian, and the boy had never been to England and had no friends or relatives there, but yet they took him away from his grief-stricken mother in order to exchange him for a German. Certainly the German prisoners were physically much better."





ARTHUR HENDERSON

English Labor Leader, Whose Decision to Remain in the Asquith
Cabinet Helped to Settle the Conscription Crisis

(Photo from P. S. Rogers.)



GENERAL NEIDENOFF
Bulgarian Minister of War

Human Documents of the War Fronts

Some of the most interesting matter from the war fronts comes in the form of personal letters, tragic or humorous episodes, sketches of leaders, and pen pictures of trench life, deeply colored with the writer's private views and personality. A group of such "human documents," irrespective of nationality, is presented herewith.

Letters From the Wife of a Russian General

CURRENT HISTORY is so fortunate as to have received, with permission to translate and publish them, a group of letters from the wife of a Russian General ("Alexei") who has been in command of one of the Czar's armies since the outbreak of the war. The writer's brother, "Rostia," holds the rank of General Adjutant.

T

WRITE again to give you tidings of us. Lena and I work here, Alexei and Rostia on the battlefield. May God protect us and defend the right! The moral awakening here is marvelous. All parties and nationalities in Russia have been blended in one great soul. What a marvelous epoch we are living through. I thank God that I have learned what the real Russia is. Pray for us, pray for us who are fighting here for the highest ideal. What happiness that England, France, and Belgium are with us! God guard you! * * *

II.

Everything has come at once like a deluge. We can only hope that we shall live to see final victory before our hearts burst to pieces. Alexei, Rostia, Alexei junior, and hundreds of our friends are under fire in dauntless conflict with savages. Every day we weep for the loss of some one, every hour we are under the sword. Can the Germans hope to escape punishment? Their way leads to hell. Our slain deserve the kingdom, close to God. His will be done. Lena and I are up to our eyes in work. The wounded come in crowds. * *

TIT

* * What a blessing that, thanks to Alexei's foresight and caution, we were not caught abroad! If we live, what happiness awaits us, to free the Slavs and Galicia. Alexei says this is worth dying for. I pray God that we may conquer and live to see the fruits of our grand Russian sacrifice! How this sacrifice purifies the soul! All the alien tribes of the Caucasus, the Poles, and even the Baltic Germans, support our just and honorable cause. * * *

IV.

From morning to night in our hospitals! Thousands and thousands of martyrs, and whatever we do we cannot help them all. But what is the use of writing? You must see it all close at hand to understand how difficult it is. And in addition to all our difficulties the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovich has been here with his Caucasian division. With him came swarms of Alexei's and Rostia's old comrades from the Daghestan regiment and the Guards. It was my duty to receive them all, to give dinners for them. The Grand Duke is wonderfully good. He made friends with all our dogs and played with them like Alexei and Alexei junior. Now they are all gone to the front. * * * So many of these youngsters will never come back. I was very depressed when seeing them off; but they are all full of enthusiasm.

At long intervals we get letters from our own dear warriors. Pray for them, our one hope is in prayer. Our Erivan and other Caucasian regiments have so far succeeded in keeping the Germans back from Warsaw. O merciful God, how soon will final victory come?

V.

* * * All the dogs are here with us. The apartment is lovely. The view is a delight—the cottages and garden, and across the river the cupolas of a church. It is all white with snow now; in Summer and Autumn it was still lovelier. But I see it all through a mist. My thoughts and my heart are not here. This house belonged to a young matron whose husband, an artillery officer, is also at the front. We grew very intimate, and throughout the Autumn and Winter we made up packages to send to soldiers and officers at the front. Christmas she and her little son set out for the frontier to try to get a glimpse of her husband. She caught cold and died from inflammation of the lungs. * * * Her coffin is on its way back from Galicia. Her husband and the little boy are here. He got leave of absence to bury his wife. For six months he was exposed daily to bombs and bullets, and then—he is perfectly well. And she, on her way to pay him a visit, full of joy and animation, is dead.

As to the Germans, I could never have admitted, even in my imagination, that Europe today contained such monsters and savages. You in your America do not know the tenth part of what we know-not by hearsay, but through our own eyes. I have photographs-I have living men here whose noses and ears were cut off. whose tongues were torn out. You would never believe how many wretches were hanged or tortured to death in Galicia during the Austrian retreat. The populations of entire villages were shot and hanged wholesale on the mere suspicion of being in sympathy with Russia.

Our soldiers are fighting for the right. I know not whether God will grant to such insignificant people as you and me life to see their ultimate triumph. The deeds of Germany and Austria remind me of some tale of witchcraft in which monsters, slain and cut to pieces, grow together and come back to life, but this power is of Satan, and only the cross and prayer can prevail against it.

Alexei is just now the national hero. His portraits are everywhere on postals and calendars. Besides the two degrees of St. George, our monarch has conferred on him the Order of the White Eagle, but I feel altogether indifferent to this. His health and final victory—I

can think of nothing else. Rostia has also been decorated with a high degree of St. Vladimir, with the Emperor's personal regards. Even Alexei junior has been decorated—I implore our Lord that the boy's young life may not be maimed.

If you only knew what we see in the hospitals. At present in my infirmary there are 75 wounded, and in the hospital about 700; in the Zemstvo hospital there are nearly a thousand; two private hospitals have 150 each.

During the Christmas holidays I organized amusements and presents for them all. We gathered the ladies into groups, each having its own infirmary and barrack. In this way no one was forgotten. Artists sang, recited, and danced. One dying soldier sat propped up by his pillows, and laughed heartily, for the last time on earth, at a comic song. In my own infirmary I had a Christmas tree, with presents for the soldiers and for two orphanages—eighty children in all.

We care for the maimed, feed them, clothe them, heal them, or—bury them; then da capo; this is our life.

Alexei does not exist for us. His whole being is in his great achievement. He no longer belongs to us. Rostia the same; but Rostia, having a less tremendous responsibility, is not so highly strung as Alexei.

Alexei's energy and moral strength are like the strings of a musical instrument drawn tight. His letters are no comfort to us: "Pray not for me, but for Russia. * * * Rest in the thought that we have given our lives to our country." * * *

Words and acts like these do not bring—comfort: I cannot "rest" in anything. I am tortured and suffer in the suffering and sorrow of others. I live between the upper and the nether mill-stone—between the terrible sufferings of our soldiers in hospital and the high tension of our Christian warrior, Alexei.

* * Lena is a great help to me in everything. But I do not know how much longer I shall be able to stand it. If we live we shall see. * * Pray for us and for our warriors.

(To be continued.)

Four German Letters

By David Starr Jordan

THE great war is in no sense a people's war. In its initial impulse it is not a war between nations. Its fundamental impulses were two: the desire of privileged classes to restrain the rising tide of democracy, and the desire of the gray old strategists to try out their wonderful instruments of destruction before the day of international war should be past. We may remember the dictum of Professor Treitschke, that foreign war is the swift remedy for disunion and for waning patriotism. A foreign war frustrates all attempts at social or political reform, uniting a nation on the lowest motive, that of selfpreservation; and under martial law, the law of war-which is no law at all-at the best merely co-ordinated anarchy. As bearing on these questions, I give extracts from four German letters, the first from a junker officer, the second and third from "Friedensfreunde," the fourth from an officer in active service.

T.

In the Adverul of Bucharest for Aug. 21 appears a letter addressed by a German officer to his friend in Rumania. This letter is accompanied by a facsimile reproduction of passages in the letter. This letter translated into French, and again into English, reads as follows:

Nauen, July 28, 1915.

Very dear Wilhelm:

Always in good health. Everything goes as we would wish and we have the best hopes. * * * When one thinks difficult it was for H. to convince our Emperor that the last moment had arrived for letting loose the course of war; pacifism, internationalism, anti-militarism, and so many noxious weeds of our country would have been propagated to such a point that even our stupid people ("der dumme Michel") would have come to be infected by these maladies. That would have been the finish, the twilight of our dazzling nobility. We can lose nothing by the war-on the contrary, we have everything to gain.

We can never sufficiently thank our Emperor for having saved the German nobility from certain ruin. Even in case the fate of the war were doubtful, we should have nothing to lose, because the people would never rise against us. are going to be the absolute masters of the world. All the chimeras and stupidities like democracy will be chased from the universe for an infinite time. already have got rid of Bebel. We shall soon be rid of that bull-head who calls himself Harden, and of all the fools who have the boldness to impose their theories upon us. That we may at last finish with all these charlatans, we must first become the all-powerful dictators of the world. * * * I rejoice already that I am going to travel through the vassal countries of Germany in the suite of our Emperor. What glory and what pride for us as Germans! At the end of the count we have to purge our own country of all its revolutionary ideas in order that our nobility will recover its ancient splendor, its power and its authority.

KARL VON H.

This, of course, is not characteristically German by any means, any more than similar utterances which one can find in England are characteristic of Great Britain. It is, however, typical of the attitude of a certain class represented in all nations, more or less, but potent in matters of military activity.

II.

A German writes (in German) to another friend in America:

B. writes from New York that there will be no more attempt at mediation. The battle must be fought out to the complete extinction of militarism. That is inconceivable. For militarism is in war time bound up in the closest manner with the people. It is extinct only with the extinction of the people. Militarism cannot be suppressed from the outside. On the contrary, every attack from the outside awakens and strengthens it, for it makes it appear necessary. The struggle against militarism is possible only from the inside. It is possible that after the war this struggle will be less difficult.

The greatest probability is that the war—according to our prophecy—will remain without result. Then may militarism be killed forever. * * *

One must realize that Germany, before she declares herself exhausted, can fight a very long time; and then when Germany is perhaps suppressed, Europe, too, can not maintain herself. The fighting of this war to the last end is a most ghastly conception.

III.

Another German friend of peace writes:

I hope that you will mention the fact that Germany has suffered more than Belgium. This is important for our peace propaganda, for it shows better than anything else could how futile in modern times it is to be victorious in the military sense.

IV.

A German officer, wounded, in a hospital writes this in English:

You will easily know my view now when I tell you that you were wholly right in what you say in "What Shall We Say?" of 19th January, 1915 * * *; especially the last two paragraphs contain all that I would say and prove by many details.

The paragraphs referred to read as follows:

"If we want peace we must prepare for it, guarding it at every angle, and reducing, so far as we can, all war's incentives. When nations are armed a very few men, a very small accident, may turn the scale. To lose at one point is to lose at all. It is the armament itself which is the true cause of war. Trade jealousies, race antipathies, land hungers—all these are mere excuses, which would not of themselves lead any nation to fight. It takes a vigorous agitation, war scares and war appeals, and unlimited lying to get these taken at all seriously.

"The safeguard for peace is the minimum, not the maximum, of armament. As to this, Washington—who warned us so sagaciously against entangling alliances—had also this word of caution: Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as peculiarly hostile to republican liberty."

The Bewitched Tower of Ypres

By Robert Blatchford

This anecdote appeared originally in the Continental Edition of The Daily Mail.

HAD been reading the suggestive chapter on "Silent Ypres," in Valentine William's book, "With Our Armies in Flanders," and I asked some of our wounded soldiers what was the state of the town.

One of them told me that Ypres was a battered wreck. "It's really a pity to see it," he said. "The Germans have been shelling it for months. When I was there the only building that seemed to have escaped was the lucky tower, and I hear that's gone now."

"It's a queer thing," said the man of the R. G. A., "that sometimes a particular building, a church spire, or a mill, or a clock tower, will seem to be charmed, so that the best gunners simply cannot hit it." He looked around with his sparkling black eyes, and his humorous face became very serious. We all sat and waited for his next words. There was obviously a story to be told.

"There was," he went on, "a little

busy old town in Flanders, standing well back behind the Boches' lines, and in it was a slim gray tower. It wasn't a handsome, swagger tower, but just an ordinary old square thing. Well, somehow that tower got on our nerves. We got fed up with it. Every day we stared at it, and it was the only tall thing to be seen, and, though the Germans hadn't put it there, we felt they were goosesteping about in their pride because they had kept it there and we used to get ratty and want to bash that tower about.

"And at last our Lieutenant caught the feeling and began to stare at the tower through his glasses and to seem to be thinking a lot. And after a day or two he says to the Sergeant, 'Do you think, Sergeant, that tower is an observation post?' and the sergeant said emphatically there was not a doubt about it. 'Well,' says the officer, 'we'll get a couple o' guns laid on it, and we'll knock it endways.' So the next day we laid a pair o'

guns and we raked up two crack gunners and we opened fire on the little old tower. It was a great bombardment. We stared out through the smoke, and the gunners blazed away, and, well—at the end of two hours the tower stood as solid as if we had been throwing snowballs. So we knocked off for the day.

"And the following afternoon we tried two more crack gun-layers, and we bombarded that blooming old tower till the light failed and never touched it once. It is like that sometimes. It was so with the tower at Ypres. Seems as if the bally thing's bewitched. Well, the Lieutenant was disgusted, and the champion gunlayers were jumping wild, and chaps began to bet money on it, and one of our bombardiers began to make a book. He said he should offer six to four on the tower. And there was a good deal of loose silver likely to change hands. But the book was never opened. No. When we woke up the next morning the blooming tower was gone.

"It was gone clean off the map. The officer stared, and wiped his lenses and stared again, and the Sergeant said he hoped he'd be an angel and with angels stand if he could guess what had become of the little old tower that had stood up against shell fire without a scratch and then had fallen without being hit. It was a mystery, and a mystery it remained till Sunday, which was three days after the little old tower had disappeared.

"And on Sunday there was a clatter of pom-pom fire, and a Taube flew over our position very high up, and down fell a long stick from the aeroplane, and tied to the stick was a letter. The Sergeant picked up the letter, and as it had no address he opened it. And this is what was written, as near as I can remember: 'Kindly to chuck it. You have destroyed a hundred houses and spoiled our café and made many casualties, and it is a nuisance, so we have pulled the blinking tower down. Gott strafe England!"

General Sir Douglas Haig

Career of the New British Commander in Chief in France

THE appointment of General Sir Douglas Haig to be Commander in Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium recalls to mind a paragraph in a recent report of Field Marshal Sir John French, in which he paid this tribute to the man who now succeeds him:

"I desire to express to the army under my command my deep appreciation of the splendid work they have accomplished and my heartfelt thanks for the brilliant leadership displayed by General Sir Douglas Haig and the corps and divisional commanders who acted under his orders in the main attack."

The following appreciation of Sir Douglas Haig appeared in a recent issue of The London Chronicle:

"When the war began in August it is safe to say that few people in England knew anything about Sir Douglas Haig. As a rule we pay little attention to our military or naval leaders until their existence is forced upon us, and outside the circle of experts and their own friends they enjoy an anonymity as perfect in its way as the publicity enjoyed by the politician. Sir John Jellicoe was known to students of naval warfare all over Europe; but how many of the general British public had ever heard about him? Yet today his name is a household word.

"Something similar is happening in the case of Sir Douglas Haig. When he went out to command one of the two army corps which made up Sir John French's small and gallant army in August he was hardly known at all. Nor did we hear much of him in the retreat, because in a retreat the post of glory is that of the rearguard, and the great rearguard action was fought by the other army corps under Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

"It was not until the battle of the Aisne that his name began specially to disengage itself from those of other general officers mentioned in dispatches. In his dispatch dated Oct. 8 Sir John French specially selected Sir Douglas Haig for particular mention. On Sept. 14, when the first footing had been gained on the north bank of the Aisne, Sir John French wrote as follows:

"The action of the First Corps on this day, under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig, was of so skillful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river.

"General Haig had proved himself bold, skillful, and resolute as the leader of an advance. He was to prove himself a few weeks later to possess to the full that tenacity in defense which he had already shown in repulsing the German counterattacks on the Aisne. In October the British forces were moved from the neighborhood of Soissons to the line from Ypres to La Bassée, and the centre of what has been described as the greatest battle in English history-the three weeks' battle for the defense of Ypreswas in Sir Douglas Haig's hands.

"'Throughout this trying period," wrote Sir John French, 'Sir Douglas Haig, aided by his divisional commanders and brigade commanders, held the line with marvelous tenacity and undaunted courage. Words fail me to express the admiration I feel for their conduct, or my sense of the incalculable services they have rendered.'

" A more recent dispatch tells the same tale: 'The energy and vigor with which General Sir Douglas Haig handled his command show him to be a leader of great ability and power.' The British Army on the Continent has fought strenuously and without intermission, but its three brightest achievements are attributed by the Commander in Chief himself, so far as leadership is concerned, to one man. The Aisne, Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, these are clasps which Sir Douglas Haig will wear more proudly on his medal ribbon than any man in his force.

" Although the world has known so little about him, Sir Douglas Haig has, of course, been very much in the eye of the army for a long time. Sir John French knows him well, for they took their first big course of practical military education together. Major Haig, as he then was, was Chief of Staff to Colonel French in that brilliant series of minor operations around Colesberg, which prepared the way for Lord Roberts's advance, and when that advance began he was closely associated with the present Commander in Chief in the work of the Cavalry Division. He has had experience at the War Office, where he has been Director of Military Training, and in India, where he was Chief of the General Staff to Lord Kitchener's successor. For the last two years before the war he commanded those divisions concentrated at Aldershot which, under Lord Haldane's scheme, were known as the 'striking force,' that is to say, a force always mobilized and always ready at a few hours' notice to go abroad.

"In the manoeuvres of last Spring it had become the custom to give him the command of one of the opposing sides, and he used generally to be pitted against the late General Grierson in these mimic battles. It would be hard to find two men more different in training and temperament. On the one side, Grierson, who had been from his earliest days a student of warfare rather than a fighting man, and who had by his intellectual and linguistic gifts always been held in bondage to a staff appointment; on the other side, Haig, who had spent his active military life as a regimental officer or Brigadier, and had only for a year or two had the time or opportunity to turn from the actual handling of men close beside him to the larger problems of handling troops in a body on the map.

"Both were Scotsmen, Grierson of humbler parentage than Haig, but Haig had remained almost undecorated and unknown, while on state occasions Grierson blazed with orders and ribbons from every sovereign and every army in Europe. They never got the chance of fighting together for the common object of their professional life, for Grierson died (as his friends say, out of pure exaltation and happiness) a few days before the British Army went into action.

"Sir Douglas Haig has carried on his

old opponent's and friend's tradition, as well as his own. There comes a point in every General's career, perhaps when he gets a division, perhaps not until he gets his corps, at which the problems with which he has to deal alter not merely in degree but in kind. Sir John French passed that point brilliantly in South Africa; Lord Roberts passed it also perhaps at the same time. On the other hand, there have been Generals like Sir Redvers Buller who never passed it at all, and remained magnificent Brigadiers,

but ineffective in the control of larger forces. The significance of Sir Douglas Haig's threefold triumph in France and Flanders is that he has proved himself to have made this fateful step with brilliant success. Before the war he had never commanded in action anything larger than a regiment; in manoeuvres never anything larger than a division. At the Aisne he commanded corps, and now he commands an army, and as his responsibilities increase so do his praises grow."

A Submarine's Feats in the Baltic

By Lieut. Commander F. N. A. Cromie

Lieut. Commander F. N. A. Cromie, who was personally decorated by the Emperor of Russia with the Cross of St. George for his services in the Baltic, having previously received the Order of St. Vladimir with swords, has written to his mother on his reception by his Imperial Majesty. Another British naval officer also received the Order of St. George, and five of Lieut. Commander Cromie's men were awarded the Silver Cross. In the course of his letter he says the visit of the Emperor to inspect the fortifications and submarines was a pleasant surprise. He continues:

7E did another 1,500 miles this last trip. I went to bed for the first two days out with "flue," and so directed operations from my bunk. We met a German submarine and had to dive in a hurry, and found ourselves down at 140 feet before I could get out of bed to take charge. The third day we found a lot of "wood" outside neutral waters, and after a short chase we made a lovely bonfire, being unable to sink the stuff. The "inhabitants" left hurriedly, leaving a small puppy dog, which we rescued. Its father was a Great Dane, and its mother a pug, but, considering it is a "hun," it is not half bad, and is a great favorite.

Nothing travels by daylight since our last raid on the "hen run," so my special haunt was very dull, and I gave it up

after four days and tried another spot where I knew train ferries must pass. We had an exciting chase, but it was spoiled by two destroyers and a cruiser turning up. Guessing that they would come back again, I lay low, and, sure enough, I caught the Undine in the afternoon. The first shot stopped her and put her on fire, but she was not going down quickly enough, so, avoiding the destroyer that was after us, I dived under the Undine's stern and gave her another from the side. * * We arrived in covered with ice.

The Emperor was very polite and nice, and said our work in the —— had made all the difference to the country. In the evening we "dined with all the Kings and Princes," &c., in the train, which was a palatial affair. We sat down twenty-eight at one table, and still left room for waiting. Nearly all spoke English, and said all sorts of nice, polite things, and I sneaked a menu card as a souvenir, but had not the cheek to ask for signatures.

Being a Chevalier of St. George, I am pretty safe, as no one can arrest me without an armed escort and a band to take me to prison, and both of these are pretty scarce now. I think I told you that the other cross gave me the right to go into girls' schools and taste the food and express my opinion! I only

hope now that we shall not be at sea on Nov. 25, (St. George's night,) when all members of the order dine in the palace and take the plate home with them as souvenirs! * * *

It was a very hard frost during the Emperor's inspection, and all were very much surprised to see us without greatcoats, but the cold is so dry here that one does not feel it so long as one moves about. The place is lovely under snow, and sledging is very pleasant with all the bells going. Unfortunately it has now all gone and is raining hard.

General Sarrail Sketch of the Chief of the French Orient Army

By George Renwick

Saloniki Correspondent of The London Daily Chronicle

E is tall, with a clean-cut, erect, soldierly figure. Fifty-nine, he looks at least ten years younger, despite a white mustache and hair, set well back from a high forehead, almost white as well. But his face has an almost youthful mobility when he speaks, and there is a strange attraction in his active, flashing, light-blue eyes. He goes about inconspicuously, wearing a khaki uniform with no decorations or signs of his rank save three stars on his sleeve. He is easily accessible to everybody, chats with freedom about things of interest, tells battle stories over again, and when he talks with the special correspondents here, as he does every day, he always humorously expresses his delight when, as he puts it, he has "passed yet another examination successfully!" He is fond of a joke and can tell many a good one.

General Sarrail has had a long career of very distinguished military service. He has seen war in Algeria and Tunis, but his best work has been done as organizer. That work has been tried and justified in the fire of the present war. For three years he directed the Ecole Militaire d'Infanterie, was "officier d'ordonnance" to General André while Minister of War, and, made General, was "Directeur de l'Infanterie" for four years. In each of those posts his work was brilliant and fruitful, for he hates red tape and he knows and uses a worker as does a Joffre or a Kitchener.

Before the opening of the war he com-

manded a "division de couverture" at Rheims, and on leaving that post was put at the head of the Eighth Army at Bourges. When the war cloud burst he expressed a desire for a frontier command, and was given the command of the Sixth Corps at Chalons. This corps was on the extreme right of the army which advanced toward the Belgian frontier, and from the 22d to the 25th of August it put up a splendid resistance to the advancing Germans. Its retreat on the Meuse, in carrying out the supreme instructions, was a cool and fine piece of fighting and manoeuvring.

On Aug. 30 the General was put at the head of the Third Army in the Verdun region. In that position the important task fell to him of holding that vastly important fortress. Here had to be done the lion's share of the work of keeping the left of the German line pinned down on the frontier while on the French left Joffre smote and hurled back the army of von Kluck. And all the world now knows how that work was accomplished. "Hold Verdun or-do not come back" is said to have been the final word of Joffre to Sarrail. He held it, and so contributed in no small degree to the success of that strategy which took the offensive out of the hands of the Germans and altered the whole aspect of the titanic struggle. And he did it with three army corps and three divisions of reserves against seven German army corps. Sarrail's work in that part of the war has certainly given him a high place in its history.

For the first half of the year the Third

Army and its chief were engaged in daily struggle with the strong and numerous legions of the Crown Prince in the Argonne region. The story of the way in which "der junge Herr" threw his forces time and again against Sarrail is already well known. Despite enormous sacrifices the army of the Crown Prince could make no progress, and, in the end, when the French took the offensive again, the Germans were driven out of many a position. The appearance of

General Sarrail in the Balkans, therefore, is a good augury that the campaign here—one of tremendous difficulties and of equally great importance—will be conducted in decisive fashion.

From what I have seen, though I may say but little of it, I am confident that the blow when it comes will be swift, unfaltering, and final. It will carry the Balkans out of the active war area and put an end to Germany's Oriental hopes.

Germany's Vigilant Navy

Special Report from the German High Seas Fleet

Under the title "The Navy on the Watch," the Vossische Zeitung printed during December, 1915, a "special report from the High Seas Fleet," as follows:

HITHERTO the High Seas Fleet has had no opportunity of fighting a sea battle, because the enemy fleet has refrained from advancing against the German coast, and has carefully avoided any fight on a large scale. The waiting for the enemy for a period of already sixteen months seems to all the naval officers with whom I spoke the hardest fate which could befall them. They are burning to get at the enemy, and they are confident that they can give him serious blows. But they do not grumble at having to go on containing themselves in patience.

As the fleet is determined to do its best, if ever it comes to the great battle with the English, every effort is made not only to maintain but even to increase by tireless labor the readiness of the ships and their crews for action. Even on outpost work every hour is employed for this purpose. Shot after shot is falling at no great distance from us. A little later there is firing from our ships toofiring from our 15-inch guns with infantry ammunition. The practice is the same as if battle shells were being fired. Toward evening naval airmen flew over us and away out to sea. They have to report whether enemy ships are venturing to approach. On board our ship all measures of precaution are taken, in order that we may be safe against any surprise.

In the officers' mess we sat talking and drinking after our meal. splendid companions these naval officers are, and how charmingly they can talk about distant cruises and far-off lands! The amusing description which the navigation officer was giving of his reception by a Chinese Viceroy was rudely interrupted by drums and trumpets. It was an alarm. Everybody rushed away. It was almost quite dark in the gangways, which for a few moments were filled with hurrying men. Within a few minutes every one of the 1,200 men on board had reached his post. This represents a fabulous achievement of organization. In the morning several torpedo boats of the newest type shoot out to sea at such speed that their tops are drenched by the foaming masses of water. A number of smaller ships come back in line from the sea. Out there they have been performing the equally laborious and dangerous work of seeking for mines. A whole flotilla of steamers is going far out to relieve similar vessels there, which day and night are cruising and keeping watch on the high seas as close as possible to the enemy. In these fishing vessels a crew of twenty or twenty-five men performs extraordinarily onerous duties, relieving the warships and enabling us to save more valuable vessels.

On board the armored ships every effort is made to amuse the men in their leisure hours, and to promote their physical freshness and suppleness. Cinematograph shows are given on board many ships. As our ships cut through the waves, the band, stationed on one of the

turrets, played brisk tunes. On one turret stood a gymnasium instructor, while on deck hundreds of the men in their clean, white work clothes went through all sorts of exercises.

Cultivating Good Nature at the Front

Writing in the Morgenbladet of Christiania, Norway, the Norwegian pastor, E. Berggrav-Jensen, gives personal experiences relating to the measures for maintaining a good spirit among the German troops on the west front, as presented in the subjoined article.

I HAVE given orders that at least once a day everybody in the trenches must indulge in hearty laughter," remarked Major W. at supper time in P.

"But you cannot compel people to laugh," I interrupted.

"Oh, no, but I begin by laughing myself. Just the mere command to laugh has something funny to it. Don't you see that we have to cultivate good nature?"

Major W. is by no means the first officer that I have met who considers it his chief duty to keep geniality alive among the soldiers. It has been one of the great surprises of this war that in addition to the many technical inventions there has sprung up a new psychological doctrine which one may call the "soul-culture" of militarism. The above-mentioned Major is a splendid type of this "soul-culture."

"And then," he continued, "once a day I walk through the entire line of trenches in my charge and grasp the hand of every man and speak some word of comfort. Before we take the offensive I usually gather them around me and quote something from the Scriptures. 'Now,' I will say to them, 'you are in the trenches of the Lord, which are much more secure than ours.' That pleases them and they go to their task with renewed spirit."

While the spiritual caretaking of the army is a chapter by itself, I shall confine myself more largely to the humanistic. The brutality of warfare brings all into a common fold. Where all must go together, through thick and thin, as if we were on an arctic expedition, it

becomes the duty of every one to watch his comrade, to see that no one holds back, wavers, lies down.

"Discover immediately who becomes discouraged, hangs his head, feels ill at ease. Form a circle around such a one, help him, give him courage." Such is one of you Kluck's daily orders, it is said.

Class distinction disappears in the trenches. Militarism as a conception of stern inforcement disappears in war. Rank becomes less and less noticeable the closer one approaches the front. That he is being treated as a comrade by his superior—this means to the ordinary soldier more than any material stimulant.

When it comes to keeping good nature uppermost there are many remedies at hand. In the German Army singing takes first place. Proceeding from the experience that military music inspires, it is unfortunate that it becomes impossible to have this music where it is most needed. The band must remain back of the front, where it at least does service for the reserve troops and the soldiers getting a temporary respite. For the marching millions and the battling divisions this music can do nothing. Here singing must take the place.

"There are two opposite poles that centre the interest of the men in the trenches," said an officer to me. "The thought of home and the thought of death. The further the line extends toward the enemy the wider apart become these poles." As concerns the home, it is one of the wonders of this conflict how the soldiers fix up their underground dwelling places like genuine

homesteads. Though they are compelled to live below the level of the ground, there is a homelikeness about it all. We find places with names like "Home Life," "Home Rest." &c. There is much to occupy the men in their leisure hours. Surrounded by twigs and leaves, we see here and there pictures of wife and children, father and mother. And not only here in the trench region but in the villages where troops are quartered we find the same neatness, the same thought of Those miserable, tumble-down huts have their comforts, due to the solicitude that governs the entire campaigning.

The flower boxes arranged in the hospital trains are not only evidences of care but direct means for healing. The wounded must not get the impression that they are victims of misery. Their longing for home, their desire after orderliness and neatness, is to be gratified. Not a piece of paper is allowed to lie

around. This attention to every least detail has a considerable effect on the mental attitude. It is all a part of the scheme to maintain good nature.

The moral effect of the field post office can scarcely be overestimated. The intention that the soldier shall not feel himself separated from every influence of civilization is admirably fulfilled by the working of the mail department of the army. The letter factor is not only a matter of great convenience; it is a means for success in battle, a stimulant to action. Those innumerable motor cars daily bring four million letters and postcards into the camps, together with many packages, and a quantity of mail almost as large is carried back to the home lands. Witnessing the perfect organization of this field post office, one may well ponder on what it meant to Russia that its soldiers were cut off for so many months from all avenues of home communication.

Winter in Gallipoli

By the Correspondent of The London Daily Telegraph

British Headquarters, The Dardanelles, Dec. 3. INTER has arrived earlier than was anticipated, with a severe blizzard. The hills are covered with a slight fall of snow, and there has been a sharp drop in the temperature. At Suvla the water rushed down into the trenches, and the stamina of the British troops underwent a severe trial. But they stood it better than the Turks, who, to evade the flood, left the trenches, and in some cases were shot down while sitting on the parapet. Several prisoners who were taken were poorly clad, and stated that they were on half rations. Apparently the severe weather, combined with our aeroplane and ships' bombardments, are considerably hampering the enemy's lines of communication. Recently the Turkish artillery has been more active, but the bombardment of one section of our trenches for nearly two hours was not followed by any attack. In another section the New Zealanders easily repelled a half-hearted night attack.

The colonial troops, including the Maoris, withstood the intense cold satisfactorily, and even cheerily. The greater proportion of the Australians, who saw snow falling for the first time in their lives, viewed the storm with intense interest, and, though unused to Winter conditions, the indications are that, owing to their splendid physique and resourcefulness, they will stand the severe weather yet to come even better than their British comrades. The storm caused some damage to our boats and barges, but communication has now been restored.

On two occasions recently the Turks, thinking that we might be evacuating our positions, left their trenches, stealing out under cover of night to reconnoitre in considerable numbers. For the most part they were not molested, our officers wishing to encourage their belief in hopes that they would come on in

greater numbers. At one section, however, the Australian Light Horse fired, accounting for twenty.

Weather conditions are now normal, but more severe weather is expected, especially in January and February. By that time, however, it is hoped that the troops will be thoroughly well equipped. Already they have received a portion of wet-weather clothing, such as thigh boots and waterproof capes. When they receive their full equipment they will un-

doubtedly be much better prepared for a Winter campaign than the enemy.

Supply conditions here are more difficult than in France, but apparently every possible effort is being made to cope with the unusual circumstances.

Later information shows that the enemy suffered greatly in the storm. Many had neither blankets nor underclothing, and must have perished. Several bodies and mules were washed down into our trenches.

Pictures From Gallipoli

By Sidney A. Moseley

The official war correspondent with the British Mediterranean forces contributes to The Fortnightly Review for December a series of human-interest sketches, two of which are herewith reproduced.

A MAJOR in the Royal Welsh was the first speaker. He addressed his remarks particularly to me as a noncombatant.

"Only the man who leads can experience the sensation of his life at the first charge," he said. "It is neither fear, excitement, nor the novelty. It is simply a great fatherly anxiety and pride in the men whom you have watched from their infancy in soldiering to maturity. I never knew how closely allied in heart and soul I was with my men until the moment when I gave the order to 'charge.' 'How will they shape? How will they conduct themselves?' These questions came uppermost and with insistence in my mind. Nothing else seemed to matter. * * * It seemed to me that we were in a huge arena with everybody in the world watching us breathlessly, saying: 'Now we shall see what the Royal Welsh are made of.' * * * And then they-and I-saw what they were made of. Mind you, the men were dead beat. The rapid advance and the preliminary fighting had taken it all out of them, and even glory is a poor antidote to exhaustion.

"We were supposed to be relieved, but the brigade in reserve was done up. So we had to go on, When we thought we had just about done enough for the time being we were warned that another difficult trench was to be taken. From a prominence we could see the Turks concentrating. They looked like a multitude of ants. Their number was overwhelming. * * *

"The Welsh Headquarters Staff was in the firing line, and it was 3:30 in the morning that the General came along and spoke a few words of encouragement to the men. The brief, simple address, delivered by a man who showed he was not afraid of his own life by standing on the parapet as he spoke, acted like a tonic to the men. I saw the glint in their eyes and the determined clutch on their rifles. * *

"Five o'clock came, and I gave the word. With a cheer that still rings in my ears the men bounded forward. Nothing could stop them. The Turks literally flew. The slaughter was terrible. * * * "

There has surely never been a campaign where the sniper has reaped such a harvest. Speak to any man who has taken part in the operations, even for one brief hour, and he will dwell half admiringly, half wonderingly, upon the manner and means with which the enemy has potted at our men from the most unexpected places. Sniping is, of course, a perfectly legitimate means of warfare, although to those whose idea of war is a

straight fight in the open it must leave a bad taste in the mouth. In these days, however, it is among the minor tricks of war, and the Turks have become adepts at it. The peninsula appears to have been specially designed by nature for the sniper, and the Ottoman soldiers have not failed to take the full advantage offered. Tree, bush, rock, and sand are utilized by him in a peculiarly cunning manner, and this, combined with a reckless regard of personal danger, has brought him so many victims as to justify special campaigns by special companies against him.

In the recent fighting a good haul of these snipers was made. The stories make dramatic reading. A Captain of a London territorial regiment happened to look back after his men had passed a solitary tree on the field, when he noticed something moving on it. It looked like a green bird. He took aim and fired, and the "green bird" promptly fell to the earth, dropping his rifle. Its hands, face, and rifle were painted green, and its clothing was of the same color, but of a darker shade. The bag was as heartily cheered by the men as if it were a Turkish regiment, for that particular sniper had been an undoubted terror. On another part of the field-north of the bay-a pretty harem lady sniper was,

after considerable effort, rounded up and brought into the British lines. She cried and struggled, pointing pitifully to another part of the bush from whence she had been brought. At length a detachment of men allowed her to lead the way to the spot indicated by her, and here they found her child in a dugout, tastefully furnished. In a corner was a pile of identification disks, probably taken systematically from the necks of dead soldiers, and an almost endless supply of ammunition. Carefully hidden away was her yashmak, (veil,) which the men allowed her to take away.

One of the most audacious attempts at sniping was discovered the same afternoon. Three miles in the rear of our line a company Sergeant Major was shot at close range. The most energetic efforts were made to bring the culprit to book, and it was only after another man was shot that he was discovered in a deep pit in the heart of a base camp. He had evidently been installed for some time. A good supply of food and, as in the case of other snipers, a very large amount of ammunition was found, and a quantity of reading material.

"It is like working on a knife's edge with the snipers all around," an officer told me, "but I believe by now we have them fairly well in hand."

An Indian Gunner and His Gun

A Letter From the Front

An account of how some gunners—in the Indian force—did their work during a recent attack on the enemy's position is contained in a letter which appeared on Dec. 14, 1915. The orders for the fight came as a great surprise, for the men had been "grousing" at their inactivity and the continued prospect of nothing to do.

O N this evening the magic word was passed along, and our instructions were issued. "So many hundred 'high explosive' and so many hundred 'shrapnel' were to be delivered to us that night. The bombardment was to

start at 12 P. M. and continue for six hours. Further orders later." When we heard the amount of shells we were to dispose of we looked at each other with astonishment. Never before had we had so many to play with, and we wondered what was in the wind. It took us a few hours to draw ammunition and get it all ready, and it was heavy work, I can tell you. Then we had a few hours' sleep, the last peaceful sleep we were to get for some days.

Next day at 12 we started and kept a steady rate of fire up for six hours. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But it isn't

quite so easy as it may appear. Every gun has its little peculiarities, just like a motor or a ship, and you mustn't think that so many hours' continuous bombardment is merely a matter of putting in the shell, laying the gun, and pulling the firing lever, because it isn't. We think just as much of our gun as a cavalryman of his horse or an infantryman of his rifle, and they all take a lot of looking after to keep in working order. We are very grieved sometimes when we are told, "Your gun is firing badly today," and if any particular gun happens to be temporarily out of action for minor repairs the detachment will have to put up with a lot of references to "old iron," "scrap heap," &c. Before we had been firing for a couple of hours the gun began to get red hot, the oil in the buffer expanded, and a host of other little things began to happen to cause us uneasiness. Our worst trouble consisted in trying to keep the breech as cool as possible, and the only way we could do this was to leave it open for the few seconds after we fired until a couple of seconds before our turn came to fire again.

A bystander might have caught the following scraps of conversation: "How is she going now?" "Side slipping," "leaking," "jerky," "the old cow's got the jumps this morning," "steady as a rock," "give her a drink," (oiling the breech,) "fill her up," (fill the buffer,) and other little things which would have convinced him that the gunners, at any rate, think their gun is nearly human.

Six o'clock came at length, and we thought we were finished for a bit, at any rate, but no such luck; we got orders to keep up a certain rate of fire until further orders. This we did, and, although the number of rounds per gun per hour gradually dropped to three, we didn't stop until 5 A. M. on the fourth day.

Exactly how many rounds of ammunition we got through during that time I mustn't tell you, but if the Minister of Munitions could have seen how quickly "our old girl" ate into his supplies he would have wept with mortification.

Fighting in East Africa

By a British Signaler

The following extract is from the letter of a signaler in the East African Mounted Rifles, a corps raised in Nairobi at the beginning of the war and consisting for the most part of young settlers and coffee planters:

W E started at sunset, our orders being to storm a picquet—if there—at dawn, and then hold the ridge. The fact that we were to do a bayonet charge worried some of us because, you see, we are Mounted Rifles, and have never had much use for bayonets.

There was moonlight, and dust and little puffs of cold, dry wind whispered mysteriously through the long grass, and the forbidding-looking mountain we were making for stood out very black. Toward morning the breeze got bitterly cold, and the moon set and the plain

seemed peopled with horrible black shapes — ourselves in extended order. We arrived at the foot of the ridge before dawn and slept for an hour before forming up for the assault. That hill was one of the steepest ever, and we were a bit disappointed when we got to the top and found it unoccupied! If it had been, I expect it would have been a bit expensive to take. It finished our work for the moment, as it was still too dark to shoot, and the King's African Rifles were to carry on the assault.

I didn't see as much of their work as I would have liked to, because, being the squadron signaler, I had to keep a bit out of it if possible. When I did try to see what was happening the enemy sprinkled me with a maxim, so I decided mere curiosity wasn't worth it. Firing

didn't begin till daylight, and though quite a lot of people were moving about the hillsides, we couldn't tell whether they were British or enemy askaris, as their uniforms are much alike. Then there was a single shot, then a volley, then the circle of hills in which we were rang with the music. The maxims joined in, and rattled viciously, providing the light music; the heavy part of the opera being the rumble of rapid rifle fire in a rocky amphitheatre.

Then the K. A. R.'s charged. I heard the bugle sound and some distant yelling, and the Germans' maxims stopped their deliberate work and stuttered on and on without taking breath. After a time there came a lull in the fighting, and the firing sounded rather like a pack of dogs who had been severely reproved for barking in the night and yet can't quite stop. A shot—then more shots—a lull. ("Stop it, you brute.") Then an enemy maxim would yap hysterically, and the whole pack would be off again.

We were trying to finish off a machine gun which wouldn't be silenced. I think we must have worried it a bit, for it did me the honor of taking a violent dislike to me personally for about ten minutes. It fired at irregular intervals into and over and around my rock, till I felt that I was playing an exciting game of roulette with rather high stakes. I got through about twenty rounds in that little gamble. I had to wait till they fired, pop up, pick up my mark, fire, and then

grovel again, judging the time between their bursts. I do not mind the twang of a ricochet, but I have no use for the soft, threatening little whisper in your ear.

Presently I was called to flag a message, and beat an undignified retreat to what seemed a safer spot; but a sniper had now started on me, and I had sent only a few words when I heard the beastly little whisper an inch off my left ear. I knelt down, and sent a few more letters, and a bullet passed between my arm and body, and hit the sangar in front of me with a sound like the breaking of a banjo string. Then I climbed over the sangar, and went on with it, but a bullet hit a rock somewhere near the back of my neck, deflected, and hummed off into space.

I got a bit further down the hill, and tried to hurry the message through, but they turned a maxim on to the man I was signaling to, and made things exciting for him, so we were jolly glad when it was finished. The worst of this job is that you have got to pretend you like being potted at; because everybody is looking at the pretty signaler at work on occasions like this. The sniper was a German askari, not a white man, because our snipers were kept well occupied by him all day, and saw him. Several enemy snipers had slipped through the K. A. R.'s, and sniped from between them and our snipers, so both lots had a busy time chasing one another.

Nish a City of Mourning

M. Adorjan, the Hungarian war correspondent with the Bulgarian Army, sent to The London Times this interesting message from Nish, the former capital of Serbia:

THE first thing that struck my eye as I approached Nish was a great American flag flying over a building beside a small Red Cross flag to indicate that the American Red Cross Mission is occupying it. In fact, America seems to be quite well represented in the occupied city, for on most of the shop

doors one can see an inscription in English, "American Property," a kind of precaution against the looting inclinations of the Bulgarian troops.

The streets of Nish are broad and pleasant, and make quite a good impression on the stranger. Over most of the houses flags are flying, either white ones as a sign of friendliness, or Bulgarian ones. On almost every house also one sees a small black flag and black drapery over the door, indicating that inhabitants of the house are in mourning.

The whole of Nish gives one the impression that all are in mourning, for I have not seen two dozen houses without the black draperies and flag. It is also possible that these signs of mourning are being exhibited to symbolize the tragic fate of the town and Serbia. In the streets every woman is wearing black clothes, the men having a broad black band on their sleeves. This is the more touching, as every shop is closed and the people are walking the streets depressed and seemingly unconcerned, yet there is a most tragic aspect on 'he whole city.

I was billeted in the house of a chemist called Jovanovich. A black flag was mounted on this house also, and, although the women folk received me with evident displeasure, and the landlady declared that she could not supply me with any cover for the night, I asked her if she had lost some one in the war, as I could see a black flag flying over "Yes," she replied. the house. lost my husband and son in the war, but they served in the Hungarian Army, because they were Hungarian Serbs, but I came home to my people as soon as the war broke out." Later on one of the servant girls brought wood into my room for a fire, and she told me that for three days there had not been a bit of bread in the house, so when I came back in the evening from supper I had with the officers of the General Staff, out of pure precaution I brought a whole loaf with me for the widow and l.er two maids. The next night I found an excellent cushion and a fine cover on my bed, but the landlady I did not see again throughout my stay.

The bread had a most wonderful effect. It was expected by the population that the invading forces would distribute food among the population, but this had not been done, for the necessary quantities had not yet reached the town.

It is evident that the people are practically starving; you can see by their pale faces that they have neither bread nor potatoes; yet they walk about in the streets with a dignity and contempt, es-

pecially for the Bulgarian soldiers, as if in the best of circumstances. At 7 o'clock in the evening the population has to be indoors, the streets are dark and deserted, and only the patrols are pacing their rounds. Not a light is to be seen in the windows, not because lighting is prohibited, but owing to the lack of oil and candles, which cannot be had at any price.

The Bulgarian Prefect whom I went to see told me that the attitude of the population has not been hostile, chiefly because the men had been taken away and the women had been seriously warned not to commit excesses, under capital penalty. "One proclamation to the people to give up their arms was quite sufficient," said the Prefect, "for they gave up every firearm they possessed without further trouble." He also said that the misery of the population as regards foodstuff was indescribable, for there was absolutely no bread, butter, eggs, or milk, and only a very little meat was available. The authorities were unable to supply them with foodstuff, owing to the blowing up of the bridges and the destruction of the railway lines by the Serbians, a circumstance which, under the present weather conditions, makes the transporting of large quantities impossible. The men, especially the German engineers, are working hard to put the lines in order, but at least another three weeks will pass before railway communication can be reopened. It also bears hardly on the population that Serbian paper notes have become absolutely valueless, and their silver coins are only accepted in the value of their silver weight-that is, they only get 65 centimes for a dinar.

Next morning I was invited to breakfast by Prince Windischgrätz, who lives in the building of the Austro-Hungarian Consulate. When I arrived there at 9 o'clock I found hundreds and hundreds of old men, women, and children before the building, the most terrible-looking, misery-stricken group I ever beheld, who had come there in their heartrending misery to beg for bread. I had seen misery already two years ago after the fall of Adrianople, when the Greek refugees arrived at Saloniki, and this year in Ga-



GENERAL TODOROFF Commander in Chief of the Bulgarian Army



KING OF ABYSSINIA

Lij Eyasu, Grandson of Menelik. He Has Offered a Large Force to
Help Defend Egypt
(Photo from Paul Thompson.)

licia and Russian Poland, where the havor of war ruined everything, but nowhere did I see misery so terrible and so naked as at Nish before the house where a sumptuous breakfast was awaiting me. But there was nothing to be done for them, and nothing will be done until railway communication has been re-established. The Prince himself distributed many thousands of crowns, Aus-

trian money, among the famine-stricken population, but money does not mean anything to them, as they cannot buy food with it. Among the people standing before the house from early in the morning until 7 in the evening there were also many Austrian and Hungarian subjects, as well as Greeks, many of whom had been interned before the Serbians quitted the city.

An Episode of the Crna

By a French Correspondent

In an account of the battle of the Crna, a special French correspondent with the Serbian Expeditionary Corps writes:

Nov. 2 two Serbian companies which had been cut off, and had offered a stout resistance in the village of Nirzon to the Bulgarian advance guards, fell back before large forces which began to make their appearance, and took refuge in our lines. The aspect of this handful of heroes, exhausted by fatigue and privations, their eyes shining with fever, made a great impression on our troops.

The order to attack was given for the next day. On Nov. 6 our batteries established themselves on the ridge commanding the Rajec River, and our troops began to climb the formidable Arkangel Height. On the 7th our infantry, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ground, continued to advance, and at nightfall on the 8th the Bulgarians, amazed by the bold advance of our men, were precipitately abandoning a position. At 5 in the morning we were in possession of their trenches.

On Nov. 9 we suspended our attack to make sure of our left before pushing forward. The stout regiments of the North captured in this direction the village of Sirkovo, and gained a footing, after a sharp action, on the heights to the west and northwest. Without a check they rushed to Krussevica, which a company took with the bayonet. Its Captain was wounded in the assault, and a Lieutenant fell mortally injured at the moment when he was shouting, "Forward with the

bayonet!" These rapid successes disquieted the enemy, which began to plaster our positions to the north of Krusevica and Sirkovo with shells, and directed against our company at the Green Hillock a strong attack made by a battalion and a half. Our men offered vigorous resistance for several hours to this attack, shattering every assault by a steady and accurate fire.

Unfortunately, the ammunition ran short, and during the darkness, which settled down very quickly, fresh supplies could not be sent them. At 7:30 in the evening the company was completely surrounded. At 11 o'clock a section having no more cartridges defended its trench vigorously with the bayonet alone for an hour, and withdrew only on the order of its commander, who formed his men in square. In this formation the heroic company continued its resistance. 1:30 in the morning the enemy, which seemed to have suffered very severe losses, was attacking with less frequency. One of our sections had no ammunition left at all, and others only had a few cartridges per man.

A thick mist enveloped the Green Hillock and in this complete obscurity the situation was becoming critical. At 2 o'clock, by order of its commander, the company formed in columns of four and dashed forward with the bayonet. It succeeded in making a breach in the circle surrounding it and rejoined its regiment at daybreak.

On the 10th the chasseurs-a-pied captured the village of Cicevobas and the

enemy resumed with ardor his attacks on Sirkovo and Krusevica. The fighting was desperate and on four occasions hand to hand. A small hill was won, lost, and recaptured three times. The enemy was unable to make the slightest headway. Finally, on Nov. 11, our chasseurs succeeded in reaching Cicevo, whence they drove the enemy helter-skelter, but the General commanding on the Crna learning that the Bulgarians had received large reinforcements and were preparing a general attack, ordered our men to go

back to Cicevobas, which they did with reluctance. Mown down by the fearfully rapid fire of our mountain guns and our 75's, swept away by the gust of fire of our machine guns, held up by our bayonets, the enemy gave up the game and on the 15th fell back behind the hills, leaving numerous dead on the ground.

These days of desperate fighting, during which our losses were comparatively slight, cost the Bulgarians at least 4,000 men.—*Reuter*.

German Disaster on the Dvina

By Gregori Petroff

Correspondent of the Russkoye Slovo.

In connection with the unsuccessful attempts by the Teuton forces to cross the Dvina, a graphic story of the operations is told by M. Gregori Petroff, the celebrated correspondent of the Russkoye Slovo, in its issue of Dec. 5, 1915. The translation appears below:

It was a cold, damp, and foggy night, he writes, with a piercing wind. Toward 2 A. M. the tramp of thousands of feet became audible from the direction of the German positions, and, just as if they had swept out of a newly opened mill sluice, hosts of men emerged from the enemy trenches and flowed forward over the hard-frozen earth. The Russian patrols on the watch fired a few shots against the advancing forces, and then rushed back to give the alarm.

The Russians in the trenches were warned and waited, with rifles and machine guns aimed at half the height of a man. The noise of footsteps became louder, and soon separate words of command could be distinguished above the general murmur.

Then a loud cry rang out, and from the whole of the enemy's line came a roar, to which the Russian rifles and machine guns made reply.

But the Germans came on, right up to

the trenches. Russian soldiers gripped them by their collars and swung them aside, or knocked them down with the butts of their rifles; but the thick columns rushed forward still. Some of the men, without rifles, ran on, with eyes wildly protruding, roaring as they ran.

Whole rows of Germans, who had crashed through the first line of defense, flooded the second line trenches as well, while some thousands of Russian soldiers who remained in the first line stabbed wildly at the opponents who rushed past them or made fresh prisoners. Russians were to be seen tying the Germans hand and foot within sixty yards of their fellows.

The enemy swept through the Russian first and second lines on a broad front; and, from the noise, it could be gathered that new and great forces were coming along behind them. Then the German artillery began to thunder, and the advancing lines of the enemy cleared a space for their own gunfire. The electric lanterns and rockets of the Germans were suddenly extinguished, as though they had been placed under a water douche.

From the rear of the German infantry came a voice: "You fellows in front, lie down!" Shells whistled, roared and exploded, but did little damage.

The Russians could see plainly the im-

possibility of retaining their positions in face of this furious German flood, so, detaining the enemy by rifle and machinegun fire, they began a fighting retirement to the pontoon bridges. The retreat was conducted in perfect order, amid cries of "Straighten the lines!" and such shouts as though the men had been on parade. The guns halted at intervals and lashed the Germans with whips of steel as they came forward.

The enemy soldiers lay down on the ground, seized their spades and began to dig themselves in. The Russians held on their way and before dawn had crossed the river and removed the bridges. At sunrise the German vanguard reached the water and saw that the left bank of the Dvina was clear of their adversaries. This they reported to their commander, and soon battalions of men armed with spades made their appearance, commencing to intrench along a line of several versts.

It was as though thousands of giant moles were working there. One saw no men, but the earth flew up and fell back in one long dark brown line. The Germans were digging infantry trenches to cover the crossing of the river. Great forces were being collected in their rear, protected by both artillery and cavalry.

In the morning the enemy brought up his guns to the Dvina in considerable numbers and opened an infernal fire on the Russian bank. Attempts were then made, by extending the range, to drive the Russians further back from the river. A strip of land three to five versts (about 3¼ miles) broad along a length of 6¾ miles was deluged with shells, but the Russian infantry kept silence.

The Germans brought down pontoons and big piles on chains. The bed of the river is soft at this place, and it was easy to place the piles in position. They were dragged against the current, and the sappers had only to drive them into the mud. After about five minutes' work the piles were fixed firmly, and the pontoons were drawn up and attached to the chains. The Russian infantry lay on the opposite bank and the machine guns were placed under cover. It was with difficulty that the men were restrained. They wanted to rush on

the sappers. "Don't fire! Not a shot!" came the orders.

The German bridge grew like a building in a fairy tale. More than two-thirds was finished, and it appeared to the strained eyes of the soldiers that in another three or four minutes it would be joined to the bank and the dense columns of the Germans would be pouring across the stream. Meanwhile, on the other shore, strong German forces were being massed awaiting the completion of the bridge.

Squadrons of cavalry came down almost to the water's edge, ready for the rush, and battalions of infantry stood behind them. Small wonder that the Russian soldiers began to get excited. The bridge came nearer and nearer, but the Russian troops were still silent. "Let us fire," appealed some of the riflemen, but their request was answered by the stern command: "Quiet! Lie down!"

All at once the roar of a gun was heard from behind the Russian infantry and the wail of a shell sounded in the air. The men at first did not understand, but the shell fell on the other side, near the bank, and exploded over the first pontoon. There was a crash, and sheets of iron and fragments of wooden piles flew upward. The pontoon was torn from its moorings and began to whirl in the eddying current.

The Russian soldiers, forgetting their instructions and oblivious of the circumstance that they were opposite the machine guns of the enemy, rose to their feet, took off their caps, and made the sign of the cross. The Germans were so startled at the well-aimed shot that they did not fire a single volley, but the Russian soldiers fell to the ground again, while Russian guns continued to speak from the rear, and their shells destroyed one pontoon after another.

Then other guns poured a hail of shell into the massed German columns. The German batteries were next attacked, and failed to answer effectively. Meanwhile, the Russian machine guns and riflemen were active, their fire being directed on the remaining pontoons, which were covered with men, and upon

the other bank. There terrible confusion reigned, especially among the cavalry, for the horses were maddened by the fire.

For a time the Germans sought to retrieve their fortunes by mad rushes toward the bridge, but they met a hurricane of shells. Men dashed into the icy water, but their hands and feet became numbed, and they could not climb the bank on the far side.

In less than two hours nothing remained of the bridge works except a few

piles, which were swaying loosely with the stream. On the opposite bank heaps of dead Germans were mingled with the bodies of horses and the wreckage of carts.

Then the Russians crossed to the other side of the river without hindrance, and drove away the retreating enemy, pursuing them beyond their intrenchments. The Germans' attempt to cross the Dvina had ended in failure and had cost them, according to their own computation, no fewer than 12,000 men.

Bullet-Swept "No Man's Land"

By H. Warner Allen

Special Correspondent of the British Press with the French Armies

O MAN'S LAND" is all day long a bullet-swept desert, where no living thing can show itself and live, but as soon as darkness falls it becomes alive with gray, mysterious forms that glide to and fro in ghostlike silence. After hours of walking in the trencheswhere, perhaps a mile or more behind the lines, all traffic passes below the surface, for fear of the enemy's shellsit is a strange and memorable experience to find one's self in the open, in the "No Man's Land" between the trenches, with nothing but a narrow barbed-wire entanglement and a screen of darkness between one's self and the Boches only 200 yards away. At the particular point of the front which I visited yesterday the opposing trenches are from 500 to 1,000 yards apart. The ground is very marshy, and it is impossible to push forward the lines, since any attempt at trenchmaking is impracticable.

The approach to this debatable ground is impressive enough. First we passed through a ruined village, where not a light or a sign of life was to be seen. Barked wires and walls of great stones, roughly piled together, trenches and barricades have turned this village into a fortress. Never has a town been laid out and planned with more thought and care, though chaos itself would seem order compared with that unhappy village.

Every section of it is a centre of resistance, carefully devised to give a maximum of cover, and capable of carrying on a defense even if all the other sections on either side were captured. Yet it seemed that an invisible army must be protecting this point in the great wall of civilization; none of its defenders were to be seen. Even the sentries were completely hidden from view—so much so that, while on our way, we had an amusing hunt for one of them, as the officer who accompanied us was anxious to prove that, despite appearances, unsleeping watch and guard were being kept.

We blundered along in the darkness beside a garden wall, but not a living soul was to be found. At last we came to a doorway, and there, in an armored greenhouse-from which, it need scarcely be said, all the glass had disappeared-we found our sentry placidly gazing out across the marsh. In the heart of the first line there is a trench which leads out in audacious fashion into marshes, straight toward the German lines. We walked on wooden gratings set high above the muddy water at the bottom of the trenches, and everything was silent with a sinister silence. A gray mist, which had risen with the end of the short December day, seemed to muffle every sound.

We followed this trench to an isolated

block of buildings, once a factory, some 200 yards in advance of the French front trenches. These buildings had been mercilessly shelled, and looked as desolate and uninhabited as the ruins of Pompeii, but our guide groped his way to a door, which was thrown open at his knock. The dim light of a smoky lamp showed a small and cozy shelter, dug deep in the ground, and protected with sandbags and piles of débris. There were half a dozen men inside it-cheerful French cavalrymen, chasseurs à cheval-who were amusing themselves with a game of cards. At his officer's order the commander of the section, a gay, venturesome youth of just over 20, came out to guide us to the poste d'écoute, the advanced post, where all night long the sentries strain their ears to catch a sound of the enemy's movements. As soon as the first gleams of dawn appear, they return hastily to the cover of the trenches, for delay means certain death.

The trench we had followed still continued. It passed in complete blackness through the very centre of the factory, and as we passed we had a dim impression of monstrous machines, half wrecked by the enemy's shells, that loomed weird and menacing on either hand. Then, as we neared the marshes, the trench grew shallower and shallower, and eventually came to an end. We stepped out into the open, and our guide warned us to move warily and not to talk above a whisper. We set out toward the German lines, with a hedge dimly visible on our right to guide us. Caution was necessary, since we had to find the gaps in the barbed wire-gaps that could be filled at a moment's notice with chevaux de frise, and movable barbed wire obstacles lying ready to hand.

In Indian file the four of us went forward until we reached the first postes d'écoute; a pile of railway sleepers offered a semblance of cover and that was all, for anything more solid would certainly have attracted a German shell. There was no one there, however, as the sentries had two days before moved forward a hundred yards or more. As we went on we were startled by a low whistle on our left which was repeated three

times. Some one in the darkness was on the watch, awake to the slightest sound. Our guide replied cautiously, "It is the maréchal des logis," (cavalry Sergeant,) he said. The Sergeant had been out on a little scouting expedition. seeing that the barbed wire defenses were all intact, and the sudden appearance of four shadows moving furtively along the hedge had filled him with suspicion, and it was with fixed bayonet ready for immediate use that he came toward us. Reassured, he took the lead, and, after another 200 yards along the hedge, we reached the most advanced post.

We were more than half-way across "No Man's Land." Further progress could only be made by crawling forward in the mud, with the imminent risk of finding one's self free to face with an armed Boche in a similar attitude. We came upon this listening post suddenly. It consisted simply of three men sitting in a hedge. They were sitting there as motionless as statues, and as silent, their mudded, pale blue uniforms almost invisible, while their half-seen trench helmets gave them a strange mediaeval air. With their rifles, bayonets fixed, held between their knees, they were ready to charge or challenge at the smallest noise. Their only protection was a few lines of barbed wire, which they had put up two nights before.

They rose and saluted on our arrival. They were very pleased at the unwonted appearance of visitors from the rear.

The Sergeant went to inspect his barbed wire and apparently found something to interest him very much, for he went down on all fours and began to crawl forward. On the other side of the hedge two more sentries were talking together in low, mysterious tones. then one suddenly realized that the silence of the night was full of little noises. There was a cry of a marsh bird, and one wondered whether it was a German signal. We felt that the darkness was full of hostile forms, creeping with the stealth of red Indians upon us. A rustle in the hedge-a bird, probably, or a mouse-made one start and strain one's eyes into the darkness.

The Sergeant rose to his feet with an

expression of annoyance. "They have cut the wire," he whispered. "Who has cut it?" I asked. "Why, the Boches, of course," he answered impatiently. "One of them must have crept up last night. It is a trick we are always playing on one another. You see, their advanced post is only 200 yards away, and it is quite easy to worm one's way through the long marsh grass without giving any warning that one is there."

In this debatable country war is full of surprises and stratagems, and from the French cavalryman's point of view it is ideal. Though he is deprived of his horse and sabre, he has the joy of fighting in the open, and of pitting his wits, man to man, against the enemy's. One of these men told me afterward how, one night when an alarm had been given, he crawled forward to see what was happening and found nothing but a German officer mortally wounded. The curious thing was that, though the officer still had in his pockets his military papers, nothing of any value was left upon him. Watch and money had all disappeared.

"To my mind," the chasseur said, "there is no doubt that he had gone out with a couple of men to scout, and that when he was wounded they robbed their own officer and left him to die."

After saying "Good night" to the chasseurs we tramped away back to the cover of the trenches.

War Cuts the Birth Rate

By HAROLD G. VILLARD

So much attention has been paid to the military losses incurred by the various belligerent powers that the equally severe impairment in their population caused by the falling off in the normal birth rate is apt to be overlooked. Since hostilities began millions of possible fathers have been torn from their families and sent to the battle front. This was naturally bound profoundly to affect the number of the coming generation. It is only very recently, however, that the results of the enforced separation of the sexes are becoming known.

For the period April 4 to July 31 last the number of children born in the twenty-six largest German cities was one-fifth less than during the same time in 1914. With the exception of Essen, whose population has risen from 345,000 to 477,000 on account of its being the seat of the German war munition industry, every civic centre shows a decrease ranging from 6 per cent. in the case of Cologne to 31 per cent. for Nürnberg. If the average loss occurring in the leading cities prevailed over the whole of Germany, the falling off for the entire empire would likewise equal one-fifth of the births normally registered. As these have been averaging 1,875,000 a year, this would mean that 1,000 less children are being born each day in Germany in consequence of the war.

This figure comes very close to the daily fatalities incurred by the German forces in the field. According to the declaration made to Parliament on Dec. 21 by Mr. Tennant, the British Under Secretary of War, the official German casualty lists up to Nov. 30 showed that 512,902 soldiers in all had either been killed outright or had died from the effects of wounds or disease. Seeing that sixteen months were involved, the daily loss figures out 1,100. Thus the ranks of Germany's present fighters and of her recruits of a generation hence are being

equally thinned.

The same is true of the other great warring nations. The British Registrar General reports the birth rate in Great Britain for the second quarter of 1915 to be the lowest in any like period since civil registration was established. In France the war simply means an accentuation of the country's depopulation. Even in the first six months of 1914 the newly born failed to replace those who died by 17,000. Extremely ominous, too, for the future of the French race is the falling off in the number of marriages since the war began. For the last half of 1914 these totaled only 43,585, as against 122,754 for the same months in 1913, or a decrease of 65 per cent. If children are the greatest wealth of a nation, France must be deemed poorest of all the belligerent countries.

Three Men in the New French Cabinet

By Charles Johnston

I.

Aristide Briand

Prime Minister

RISTIDE BRIAND calls himself a Socialist. For years he was one of the leaders, aggressive, militant, triumphant, of the active Socialist Party. Victor Berger, who willing to reform the American Commonwealth, assures us that the choice of Briand to head the new French Cabinet, and his willingness to undertake the job, show that France is getting ready to make peace-on Germany's terms. There could be no more radical error, no more complete misunderstanding of the spirit of Briand and the spirit of France. It is true that Aristide Briand is a Socialist: but for him the name means a humane and generous sympathy with mankind, a sympathy to be expressed not in words but in deeds, and, if need be, in the fiery sacrifice of war. He himself tells us the plain truth when he declares that the new Cabinet means one thing, and one thing only-victory!

Aristide Briand is a man of 53, comparatively young, therefore, among the statesmen who are directing the war. He was born at Nantes, the big industrial city at the mouth of the Loire, in Western France. He was not a struggling child of toil, born in poverty and misery, but the son of prosperous, well-to-do parents, good French bourgeois townspeople of the normal type. But from his very boyhood he was an enthusiastic dreamer, full of fine theories of human betterment, eager to work for the new golden age that should make a paradise of earth. He passed through the law schools, as a clever, diligent student; but his heart was not so much in law as in politics. And, finely endowed with what his friend

and fellow-worker Georges Clemenceau calls "the clear and critical spirit of France," he burned to set forth his views and ideals in fiery, enkindling words.

There was, in those days, when the Third Republic was struggling to its feet in France, menaced by the aftermath of the Communist movement on the one side and by the renewed hostility of Bismarck on the other, a journal called The People, which loved freedom with such a white-hot passion that it was not so much socialistic-since socialism is, in some ways, a kind of serfdom-as frankly anarchist; and to The People the young Nantes lawyer first contributed. Next, he held an editorial post on The Lantern, the purpose of which, like the lantern of Diogenes, was to find an honest man. From The Lantern he flitted to The Little Republic, and this in turn he deserted to found, in brotherly accord with the famous Jaurés, the ambitiously entitled sheet, Humanity. The two men were really in essence irreconcilable, destined from the first to take antagonistic sides on every vital question; but, for the moment, they toiled together like comrades, in the fullest socialistic sense. Young Aristide Briand was passing through the process of "finding himself," and his association with Jaurés was a stage of the way.

It has been said that the typical Socialist is a man with a splendid imagination—but a weak will; so that, able to dream magnificent dreams, he cannot even take the simplest steps to turn them into actuality, and so ends by frothing at the mouth in impotent anger. But Briand has an exceptionally firm and vigorous will, and, while cherishing gold-

en dreams of universal joy, he has always been determined, at the same time, firmly and courageously to take the next immediate step toward realizing them. So, while writing for Humanity his visions of things to come, he saw very lucidly that the first practical step in improving the conditions of the toilers lay in the development of trade unions, which might build up, line upon line, here a little and there a little, winning, at each contest, some small practical advantage.

Without fully recognizing it, he took the most decisive step in his career when, at the great Congress of the Workingmen at his native city of Nantes, in 1894, he espoused the cause of the labor unions as against the Utopianism of the famous leader, Jules Guesde, who belonged to the school that regrets and decries all remedial legislation, every betterment of the condition of the toilers, because it puts off the day of "the Social Revolution."

From the day of the Nantes Congress, twenty-one years ago, the destiny of Briand was decided. He became one of the recognized and trusted leaders of the Socialists, but of that wing of the party which did not believe in waiting for the millennium.

Like all good Frenchmen, he felt the tremendous fascination and stimulus of the wonderful life and spirit of Paris. As a lawyer and politician, his ideal and goal in Paris was the Chamber of Deputies, and several times he offered himself as a candidate for the votes of his fellow-countrymen. He was finally successful in 1902, being then a man of forty. The bane of French Parliamentary life in those days was the splitting up of the popular Chamber into a dozen little parties-in striking contrast with the traditional English system of two great parties only; so that the task of a French Prime Minister who wished to keep a Parliamentary majority together was something like that of Eliza crossing the Ohio River, by jumping from one floating ice raft to another; with the result that no French Ministry lasted more than a few months.

This had its good side, as all French parliamentarians got an unrivaled training in practical tactics, and every able man among them got a chance to try his hand at the actual work of Government, as a Minister of the State. But it had its crying disadvantages, too; among them, extreme instability; and Aristide Briand first distinguished himself in the French Chamber by warmly advocating, and practically working for, a union of all the more radical elements, to the end of obtaining practical legislation especially making for the amelioration of the working classes.

But one great question was then absorbing all the most active minds in France, to the exclusion almost of foreign and domestic questions alike; this was the relation of Church and State, or, rather, of the churches and the State; for not only the dominant Roman Catholic Church, but also the Protestant, and even the Jewish religious organizations, had an official standing and were paid from the State Treasury. But it was practically a question of the Roman Catholic Church alone, and of the traditional continuance of the theory of Gregory VII .- the great Hildebrand-that the State must be subject to the Church; that Kings and even Emperors all hold their thrones from the Pope of Rome and are his vassals.

This tradition, that the Church should control the State, was complicated in France by the fact that the Clerical or Church domination party was also the royalist party, bent on attacking and overthrowing the French Republic; so that clericalism meant also an attack on popular government and the principles of democracy. This fact accounts for the bitterness of the struggle, which was in no real sense a fight against religion, or even against the Catholic Church in France, though it was a struggle against Roman influence and dictation in French politics.

Aristide Briand first became a world figure when, chosen to report the bill for the separation of Church and State, he made his report to the Chamber of Deputies with such power, such clearness, and, withal, such urbanity and gentleness, that his handling of the whole question has healed many ugly wounds. He was

not only the principal author of the law of separation, which gave the Church in France much the position which it holds in the United States; he was also the chief executive of the law in the Sarrien Ministry of 1906; though his acceptance of office under the bourgeois Prime Minister led to his expulsion from the Socialist Party.

For one other great achievement the name of Aristide Briand has been celebrated. His war, his victorious war, against syndicalism, as expressed in the great railroad strike, in which he gallantly, and with complete success, accepted and enforced the principle that the interests of the whole nation are supreme, and must and shall outweigh the interests of any class, section, or body.

"Aristides became Draco," says Maximilian Harden, well summing up the part Briand then played, with magnificent courage and firmness. Briand himself met the objurgations of his enemies with sparkling humor: "You call me a dictator!" he said. "If I am to play the dictator, I must learn to ride. I shall look out for a horse tomorrow!"

II.

Charles-Louis de Freycinet

Vice President of the Council

E have grown accustomed to think of General Joffre "the Grand Old Man" of the present war, perhaps because his once blonde hair has turned to finest silver; and all his soldiers speak of him with loving tenderness as "Grandfather Joffre." But, in comparison with the new Vice President of the Council of Ministers and Secretary of State, Charles-Louis de Saulses de Freycinet, to give the good gentleman his full style and title, General Joffre is but a youngster. This, with sheer literalness, for, when Joffre, as a gallant subaltern of eighteen, was fighting a battery in the girdle of Paris forts against the Prussian invasion of 1870, Freycinet, then a man of forty-two, who had made a high reputation throughout Europe as a scientist, a philosopher. an economist, a man of affairs, was cooperating with the fiery patriot, Léon Gambetta, in the work of reorganizing the armies of France, outside the walls of Paris, from which he escaped in a balloon, to lead the work of national defense.

Freycinet is literally venerable, splendid, even, through sheer force of age alone. Joffre, the Grandpapa, was born just about the time of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état. That dates the Generalis-

simo. But Freycinet was born in the reign of King Charles X., lived through the mean, disappointing years of Louis Philippe-whose grandson now rules over Bulgaria-saw the Second Republic of 1848, the Second Empire which blazed into glory at Magenta and Solferino and fell into ruin at Sedan, played a leading part in the reconstruction of France as the Third Republic-and is living still, even standing next to the Prime Minister, in the greatest Cabinet of notables France has ever seen. Yes, Freycinet is the fine flower and epitome of modern France; in him lives a whole epoch of her history.

The old gentleman will celebrate his eighty-seventh birthday in a few dayson Nov. 14. On that day he was born, in the little town of Foix, in Ariège under the Pyrenees-almost midway, as it happens, between Rivesaltes, where Joffre was born, and Saint-Béat, General Gallieni's birthplace. His kinsmen of the preceding generation had gained renown for doing the kind of work that Charles Darwin did in the Beagle; the kind of work associated with H. M. S. Challenger; a wide scientific survey of the Southern seas, in search of new truths in oceanography, geology, botany, cartography. So it happens that, in Western

Australia, due south of Java, there is a Freycinet Harbor, while in botany a genus of pandanus bears the name of Freycinet.

He made a high reputation as a scientific writer years before the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, doing somewhat the same kind of work as President Poincaré's cousin, the mathematician. In the New York Public Library there is a formidable collection of his works, such as "A Treaty on Rational Mechanics," in two volumes, (1858;) "A Study of Infinitesimal Analysis, Being an Essay on the Metaphysics of the Higher Calculus," (1859;) "The Mathematical Theory of Railroad Gradients," (1860.) Only the last of these suggests the more practical side of Freycinet's work. Graduated from the Ecole Polytechnique in 1848, he had held an appointment as a mining engineer under the State; had passed from that, eight years later, to railroad work, and had gained a great practical success as manager of the Southern Railroad of France, a post he held for five busy years. He worked out there a scheme of operation which has been widely copied and which has left its stamp on the entire system of French railroads.

Beginning with 1862, when he was already eminent as a man of affairs and not less as a writer of singular force, he entered on a series of economic studies. the main purpose of which was the kind of thing Lord Shaftesbury accomplished in England-to secure the greatest measure of health and well-being for factory workers, and to reduce as far as possible the part played by women and children in industrial life, or at least to surround it with all possible safeguards. For seven years he studied these problems in England, France, Germany, Belgium. Two of the works in which he recorded the fruit of his researches were so excellent that they were "crowned" by the French Institute in 1869.

This brings us to the eve of the Franco-Prussian war, in which, as already recorded, he played a great part in conjunction with Gambetta, who speaks of him as "Charles de Freycinet, my colleague, whose devotion is equal to all difficulties, and whose resolution surmounts all obstacles." With Gambetta he left the French Government after the armistice with the Prussians was signed.

In 1876 Freycinet returned to public life in France, being elected Senator as an adherent of Gambetta. In the Dufaure Cabinet of 1877 he was Minister of Public Works, and in that position carried through a great scheme for the State ownership of railroads-a military necessity in France-besides constructing new lines at a cost of three billion francs (\$600,000,000) and developing the canal system at a cost of \$200,000,000. He retained this post in the Waddington Ministry, and succeeded his chief as Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1879. This was the first of many times that he held the Premiership. Freycinet passed an act granting an amnesty to the Communists of 1871, and made a preliminary effort to solve the question of Church and State; but he was far too tolerant for Gambetta, whose watchword was "Clericalism is the enemy!" and their difference brought about the downfall of his Cabinet in September, 1880.

But, so quickly did the whirligig then turn in France, within fifteen months he was once more Premier, soon coming to grief again, this time because of a difference with England over Egypt. In April, 1885, he became Foreign Minister in the Brisson Cabinet, becoming Premier again in the following year, and playing a vital and highly honorable part in the development of the vast colonial empire of France-her greatest achievement in the years after the Franco-Prussian war. So firmly did he lay the foundations that, at the outbreak of the present war, while Germany had about 1,000,000 square miles of colonial territory, France had between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000. course the disparity is vastly greater today, when, as a colonial power, Germany has practically ceased to count.

In 1887 Freycinet stood for the Presidency of the French Republic. Had he been elected this would have meant a practical retirement from active politics, since the French President stands

aside from political struggle almost as completely as the sovereign of England; but he was too moderate for the Radicals, and Sadi Carnot reigned in his stead.

He had his revenge, however, for he became War Minister in the Floquet Cabinet of 1888, the first civilian to hold that post since Louis Philippe's fall, forty years before. Here he did his most valuable work for France, holding the War Ministry through five consecutive vears and five Ministries, and passing the three years' service law, establishing the French General Staff, and organizing the Supreme Council of War, the committee of a dozen Generals who, under the Chairmanship of the War Minister, dictate the policy of the French Army. In August, 1914, Joffre, Gallieni, and Pau were the three best-known members of this council.

During one of the five Ministries just mentioned Freycinet himself was Premier, besides holding the war portfolio—a proof of his force and skill as a parliamentarian. In 1898 he was once more Minister of War in the Dupuy Cabinet; after that he devoted several years to the writing of his "Souvenirs," two volumes of memoirs; his book on "Egypt," (1905,) and the "Thoughts," which he contributed to The Contemporain.

In his memoirs, the most interesting thing is his account of the part he played in the formation of the alliance between France and Russia, in 1893, an alliance which is likely to determine the history of this and the next generation. The story is too long to tell; but, on the Russian side, the Emperor, Alexander III., and the Grand Duke Nicholas (father of the present Grand Duke) stretched out

cordial hands which were clasped by Freycinet and the President of the French Republic. Bismarck and his Ambassador at Paris, Count Munster, tried, by all the arts known to them, to frustrate the Franco-Russian Alliance—and of this Freycinet tells an entertaining tale:

In 1889 Freycinet called on Count Munster at the German Embassy. The Count's daughter, Countess Marie, was present. Said the Count: "My dear Freycinet, what possible interest is driving you into the arms of Russia? Believe me, no good thing comes from the east!"—a rather stupid remark from France's eastern neighbor!

"My dear Count," Freycinet replied, between Russia and ourselves there exists an old-time sympathy, which showed itself in Napoleon's days, and later under the walls of Sebastopol. And besides it is quite natural that we should seek a counterweight to your Triple Alliance! That you should not wish to attack us, I believe; but with your new Emperor, who knows what may happen?"

Countess Marie burst into the conversation: "Oh, undeceive yourself! I know Wilhelm well. I often played with him when he was a child. He has deeply religious sentiments. He will never take the initiative in making war!"

Freycinet records the elder Grand Duke Nicholas as saying to him, in March, 1891, "If I see clearly, the French and the Russian armies will form one in time of war. And this being well known, will hinder the war. For no one will desire to attack France and Russia united. This is what I repeat in my family."

III.

General Joseph Simon Gallieni

Minister of War.

GENERAL GALLIENI is twenty
years younger than Charles de
Freycinet, so that we may reckon
him as one of "the boys." But, to speak
justly, General Gallieni had completed,
as he believed, a great and noteworthy

career, and was preparing to pass the evening of his days in retirement in his villa at Saint-Raphael, when the war broke out and called him back again to active service.

In one sense, Gallieni was a much bet-

ter known man than Joffre a year and a half ago. He had earned a high reputation as a soldier, a pioneer, an administrator, in France's great and growing colonial empire; he was exceedingly well known and admired also as an author, the writer of two very popular and graphic books on African travel and of a beautifully printed as well as finely written volume, "Nine Years in Madagascar," the great island, as large as France or Germany, which he practically added to the French domain; as a lecturer, too, as a scientist, as a charming figure in the social life of Paris, he was justly popular; while, outside the War Ministry, General Joffre was hardly known.

Joseph Simon Gallieni is, like General Joffre and General Foch, a Pyrenean; beginning with the Bay of Biscay end of the mountain chain, where General Foch was born, of stock in part aboriginal Basque, one passes, about the centre of the chain, Saint Béat, Gallieni's birthplace; then Foix, Freycinet's home; and, at the Mediterranean end, Rivesaltes, near Perpignan, home of muscatel wine, where Joffre's father was a vineyard owner and cooper.

While Joffre went to the Ecole Polytechnique—just a score of years after Freycinet had graduated from it, young Joseph Gallieni went to the military school of Saint-Cyr—once an "academy for young ladies," for whose benefit Racine's plays, "Esther" and "Athalie," were first played there.

Gallieni received his commission in July, 1870, just in time to enable him to take part-as did Joffre, Pau, and Kitchener-in the Franco-Prussian war. Pau fought in Alsace, Joffre in besieged Paris, Gallieni, seemingly, in the northeast. After the war, with the rank of Lieutenant of Naval Infantry, Gallieni went out to the French colonies in the Indian Ocean, being stationed for some time in the island of Réunion, just south of Mauritius. On his way home in 1875 he touched at some of the islands off the coast of Madagascar, which had belonged for periods of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years to France.

His next service was in West Africa, where, beginning with the small colony

of Senegambia with its capital city Saint-Louis, France was preparing to build up the huge territory of the Western Sudan, while England, beginning at the other side of the Dark Continent, was extending through the Eastern Sudan, with which Earl Kitchener's name is so closely connected.

From the outset, Gallieni showed himself to be at the same time a daring explorer, a benevolent and resourceful negotiator of treaties, and a skillful and effective soldier; and his country, recognizing this, sent him on one expedition after another into the African wilds. During the interval between two of these West African expeditions, Gallieni served in the French West Indies, the island of Martinique being his headquarters; but, so far as I know, he has not recorded his experiences there. There are no "First Impressions of America" among his books.

With Africa, quite the contrary; indeed, one of the best, most entertaining, and most vivid books of travel in that much-traveled and much-described continent is his book on the Sudan, in which he tells the story of his great adventure, starting from the upper waters of the Senegal, piercing the forests and mountain ranges that form the watershed between that great river and the still greater Niger, until he finally reached that river, and, after months of difficult negotiations, succeeded in obtaining a treaty very favorable to the expansion of France.

General Gallieni was one of those who did much to build up an auxiliary army of Senegalese, which has given such a good account of itself in the defense of France against invasion. In 1891, Gallieni, who by that time had reached the rank of Colonel, was transferred from West Africa to the extreme east of Asia, to Tonkin, where, under the inspiration of men like Freycinet and Jules Ferry, France was already building up a valuable Oriental realm-a region which Commander Viaud (Pierre Loti) has enshrined in the literature of France.

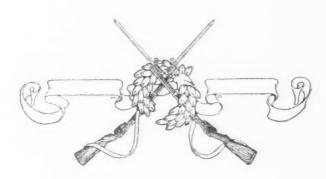
In Tonkin, first as head of a regiment and later as administrator of newly acquired territory, Colonel Gallieni worked hard through four consecutive years, his name being bound up with the organization of territories along the Clear River and at Monkay. He cleared the country of bands of marauders, who had invested it for centuries, and established excellent relations with the neighboring Chinese authorities to the north, assisting in the building of the railroad from Phu-Thuong to Lang-Son.

From Tonkin he returned to France, hoping to enjoy a period of tranquillity at home; but the Minister of the Colonies, M. Le Bon, sent for him, and offered him a mission to Madagascar, which would make him the supreme arbiter, military and civil, of the fate of the great island. Gallieni accepted, and, sailing on the Yang-Tse, and touching at Aden and Zanzibar, he reached Madagascar, beginning the nine years of brilliant service of which he has given so good an account in his best book.

Gallieni's more recent history is better known. On his return to France he commanded successively two army corps, the second of which was stationed at Lyons, of which he was made Military Governor. Then he went to Paris, to the War Ministry, to serve on the Supreme Council of War, and that position he held, as well as the chief position in the Department of Colonial Defense, when the war broke out.

We all remember how, immediately after the Ministerial shakeup in the first weeks of the war—which made M. Viviani Premier and M. Millerand Minister of War—General Gallieni was appointed Military Governor of Paris; how, when the civil Government departed to Bordeaux, he took supreme charge of the city and prepared it for the expected siege, announcing his determination to "fight to the last" in a little address which has become a classic.

We know, too, how after the battle of the Marne when Paris was no longer in immediate danger Gallieni nevertheless bent all his energies to the task of making the city invincible, constructing new concrete trenches with impassable entanglements, placing larger and heavier guns, sweeping entire blocks of residences and shops away to make a clear field for the cannon; measuring with nice accuracy every possible range on all sides of the city. It is, in part, because he has brought this task to the utmost perfection that he is now free to take the Portfolio of War, joining, with the strongest Ministry France has even seen, in the work of "organizing victory."



Shakespeare and Victory

By Sir Sidney Lee

This article by the most authoritative biographer of the great poet and dramatist—his "Life," drastically revised and enlarged, has just been reissued—appeared originally in the Continental edition of The Daily Mail.

"Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide,

Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit

To his full height."

HE poetic fervor which the present war has evoked has at times proved stirring and stimulating. Its power of kindling hope and energy may not have been in direct ratio to its poetic accomplishment. Yet much which has been written has cheered the hearts of our men in action or has helped to alleviate the griefs of their friends at home. At the same time it must be allowed that none or very little of the new poetry has adequately caught the essential spirit of the time. The old Greeks testified from experience to the compelling force of patriotic song in bringing victory to their arms on stubbornly fought fields of battle. In our moment of crisis no Tyrtæus, no Rouget de Lisle, no Thomas Campbell, has arisen to make our triumph certain and complete. Nevertheless, there is no cause for repining. Great poetry such as can render a people every imaginable service in the stress of warfare is at our disposal in all its freshness, although it is no longer new, and does not owe its inspiration to the passing event.

Shakespeare's words are accessible to all the world. Our German foe is making many arrogant and unveracious claims, among which his boast of identity with Shakespeare's spirit is the most ludicrous. Shakespeare is free of the Prussian taint, and no Teutonic casuistry can rob Britons of their exclusive affinity with him. "Yes, this Shakespeare is ours; we produced him; we speak and think by him; we are of one blood and kind with him." In English ears Shakespeare's poetry of war has, by

virtue of its animating vigor, no rival. Englishmen have but to study their Shakespeare in order to recognize that, if a nation's poetry can now, as in older times, lead army and navy to victory, Great Britain stands small risk of failure in today's mighty conflict. It is well to bear in mind Carlyle's moving words, now seventy-four years old: "This King Shakespeare, does he not shine in crowned sovereignty over us all, as the noblest, gentlest, yet strongest of rallying signs; indestructible; really more valuable in that point of view than any other means or appliance whatsoever?"

On every phase of our present situation Shakespeare offers us words of cheering wisdom. Here is one rousing assurance which should be written in letters of gold in every recruiting station:

If you fight against God's enemy, God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:

If you do swear to put a tyrant down, You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain: If you do fight against your country's foes, Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

guerors,

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.

Never was penned a better recruiting speech for Englishmen than this passage:

Dishonor not your mothers; now attest That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;

For there is none of you so mean and base, That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

Many a man of high station today may

justly address to his fellow-countrymen lines like these:

For he today that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition: And gentlemen in England now a-bed Shall think themselves accursed they were not here.

And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

As for what England means to all men and women of British blood, Shakespeare sums up all that is worth saying in the Great Speech:

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,

This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars. This other Eden, demi-Paradise, This fortress built by Nature for herself Against infection and the hand of war. This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall, Or as a moat defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happier lands, This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, * * *

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the

England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

Of watery Neptune.

None saw more clearly than Shakespeare England's destiny to command the seas: "Which He hath given for fence impregnable." For Shakespeare the sea was the "natural bravery" of this island.

Which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and palèd in With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;

With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the topmast.

Surely the voice of prophecy speaks in these verses:

Now all the youth of England are on fire, And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies: Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.

There is prophecy coupled with warning in the familiar words:

This England never did, nor ever shall, Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, But when it first did net to wound itself. * " Nought shall make us rue If England to itself do rest but true.

Many other links could be added to the golden chain. Shakespeare has much to say on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; but he insists with all his angelic strength on the practical and prudent creed:

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a

As modest stillness and humility.

But when the blast of war blow in his ears.

Then imitate the action of the tiger.

Joan of Arc to Edith Cavell

By MARGARET CHANLER ALDRICH

Daughter of England, my once flaming foe,
With sons of France thou hast most nobly died!
Gentle leech-maiden, come where we abide
Who were called Martyrs in the long ago.
Here healing visions light us to and fro
As we pass, shepherding o'er spaces wide
Weak souls so fear-tormented they have tried
To shrink within the graves that bade them, "Go!"
Toward courage thou shalt lead sick terror's ghosts,
Thou who hast latest learned, mid cruel hosts,
What strength the God of Glory giveth love.
Hearts glow like planets traversing earth's wars;
I hear brave soldiers, where the armies move,
Name us together, looking to the stars!

Reading in War Time

By Edmund Gosse

Late Librarian to the House of Lords and author of many standard works on English literature, Mr. Gosse speaks with authority and distinction on war's effect upon reading. His article appeared originally in The Morning Post of London.

HEN a war of great magnitude has been raging without a decision for fifteen months, it is quite obvious that the strain of attention to its daily oscillations becomes relaxed. We cannot recover, and we should long ago have broken down if we had tried to support, the ecstatic concentration of the opening weeks of the campaigns. In October, 1914, every one was in a slightly abnormal state of suspense and almost of delirium. was nothing to be thought of, nothing to be talked of, but the war. I presume that under no conditions and in no age that peculiar tension has been long kept up, except in districts actually suffering from the presence or near approach of an invading enemy. And by sheer accident I happened just now to notice that, at the most critical moment of the Napoleonic wars, when Junot was overrunning the peninsula, and we were in the gravest anxiety with regard to the fate of Wellesley's expedition to Portugal, Samuel Taylor Coleridge writes to a friend that he is absorbed by "the heat and bustle of these disgusting lectures," the subjects of which are to be "Modern Poetry" and "Wordsworth's System of Composition." There were to be sixteen of them, and they appear to have been much looked forward to by a cultivated London audience. It is plain, then, that in the Summer of 1808, when Napoleon seemed on the high wave of success all over Europe, there were a large number of people in London who were still interested in the system of composition of Mr. Wordsworth. We are not to think that they lacked a most sensitive patriotism, but they could not help relaxing to a study of the things they cared about.

What makes it very difficult to form any general impression of what people are reading at this point in the progress of our own war is the difference of temperaments. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is a uniformity of habit among readers today which answers to what existed among the same people before the war. Our strains and anxieties have drawn different minds in various directions, and have torn them into groups. We have good reason to believe that there are persons of some intelligence who "never look at the war news; it is so disturbing!" These find a protagonist in Mr. Punch's old peasant, who flatly won't have it that there is any war going on, and who does not allow the supposition to be breathed in his pres-The violent contrast to these quietists is to be found in the class of people who read newspaper after newspaper, and wear out their eyesight in trying to distinguish Pinsk from Minsk and Dwinsk. Instead of being satisfied with what The Morning Post communicates to them about Strumitza and Valandova, they must be feverishly applying all day long to the "Daily" this and the "Hourly" that, in order to complete and confuse their impressions. If these last were readers of books before the war, they have ceased to be so now.

With readers neither so cold nor so inflamed as those of the extreme groups just mentioned, a good deal of the effect of reaction is, I think, displaying itself. Soon after the outbreak of hostilities there was a tremendous output of purely propagandist, or at least of explanatory, literature. People must have spent a great deal of time in reading these little books, which defended the justice of the Allies, exposed the machinations of Germany, prophesied (sometimes very rashly) of the future, and appealed to the sentimentality of noncombatants. little later there were mingled with these books of circumstance, works which ex-

posed the brutalities of the Germans in Belgium, and appealed to humanity against their violence in France. All these formed a class which appealed, and was bound to appeal, to thousands upon thousands of readers. The literary merit of these books and pamphlets was of the most various quality, and most of it was in its very nature ephemeral. I am only expressing a personal opinion when I say that Owen Wister's "Pentecost of Disaster" seems to me the most likely specimen of it to survive. But it is plain that the longer the struggle is protracted the thinner this stream of special war literature is bound to become. We cannot read over and over and over again about the destruction of Rheims and the infamies of "a scrap of paper." When the colors of the war, have completely blended into history, and the seals of diplomacy are broken at last, a new interest will be awakened, but for the present those questions which can be intelligently discussed in books have become intrenched and stationary, like the battle lines in Poland and Flanders.

In the state of affairs, there seems little room for new interests, but plenty for a resumption of the old. We have attempted to discover what is being read, and the result seems to point to a reaction in favor of old favorites, and friends of seasoned responsibility, whose sobriety can be depended on. A distinguished lady, whose foible is the circle of the sciences, in response to our questioning, somewhat unwillingly admits that she finds it distasteful to look at "popular" scientific books, but still gets pleasure from more abstruse works. This seems to parallel the case of Byron, who, when he was overpowered by anxiety, went out to the Mekhitarist Convent on St. Lazzaro, to study Armenian, because he found his mind "wanted something craggy to break against." The worried brain finds a relief in being subjected to discipline, in being in fact tortured into attention. A study of some sort, difficult yet not impossible, is what seems to be wanted. As some one said who took up trigonometry at a time of acute moral distress, the soul requires a file for the serpent to gnaw. We are acquainted with a family who this Winter have undertaken to read aloud by the fireside the "Diary" of Fanny Burney. There is probably no book in the world which is more peaceful, or in which the tiny events of a secluded life are more emphatically described. But the choice of it for household reading has proved eminently successful, and in the excitement of wondering whether Miss Planta will or will not contrive to induce Mme. Schwellenburg to invite the Colonel to tea, the machinations of Bulgaria fade into momentary insignificance.

A glance at the bookshops gives me the impression that there is a great animation in the realm of autobiography. An extraordinary number of Bishops have simultaneously obliged the town with their recollections. The reminiscences of ancient citizens of Edinburgh, of persons who have languished in foreign prisons, of diplomatists en retraite, of caricaturists, of actors, of anonymous men of business, hustle in the air of Paternoster Row. We must remember that the memories of past time appeal to the elderly, and that these books find their audience among readers who are over military age. In the absence of the young men at the front, Lord Redesdale helps us to forget our disability. It is less easy to understand why there should now be published an essay on "The Pedagogics of Beauty." We could with less effort welcome a discussion of "The Beauty of Pedagogics." There is a faraway flavor of sport and romance about "The Ibex of Sha-Ping," an animal which seems to challenge the mountain tops far from the roar of the "75" batteries. We know nothing of "A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace," but it does not sound like a war publication. Nor have such novels of the present year as have come our way seemed designed to feed, but rather to distract, the attention of readers from the fever of war. But are these anodyne productions largely read? cannot tell.

The announcements of the publishers, moreover, distinguish the attitude of the English reader from that of the French. Since the Summer of this year, Paris has once more begun to put forth a consid-

erable harvest of books. But a mere examination of their titles is enough to show the consciousness among our neighbors of a more imminent danger than is realized on this side of the Channel. The novel has practically ceased to exist, and such exceptions as the remarkable specimens published by Mme. Marcel Tinayre and M. Paul Bourget, merely prove the rule, because they are exclusively occupied with noting down for future purposes the passing effects of the war on social life. It is not too much to say, if we include patriotic verse, history, and sociology, that ninety-nine per cent, of what has been published in Paris during the last twelve months can be included under the heading "Ouvrages sur la guerre actuelle." This represents a totally different state of things from what our publishers' Autumn and Winter lists announce in England, and it shows a much more absorbed concentration on the problems of the war than exists with us. So far as I have observed, not a single important contribution to general literature-to archaeology, or criticism, or biography, or literary history-has been made in France since the Summer of 1914. I think the solitary exception has been an edition of the "Amours" of Ronsard, and I can only suppose that this had been subscribed for by a number of special readers and was ready for distribution when the war broke out. Against this lonely apparition, we have to place a variety of enterprises, the most courageous of all being, I suppose, Mr. Summers's stately edition, in many volumes, of the works of Mrs. Aphra Behn, published by Mr. Bullen. The difference of strain between Paris and London is, therefore, curiously illustrated by the advertisements of the publishers.

Left Behind

[From The Westminster Gazette]

By FLORENCE M. WILSON

He was my friend, an' the same ould land
Was our place o' birth.
The bogs were ours, an' the mountains grand,
An' the warm, brown earth.
Sure, he was but a boy when the bugles blew,
Yet a man it was that went marchin' through
Thon wee white town; an' the childer run
To see him go by; him the soul o' fun!
I mind how he gripped me—whisperin' low,
"Och, Micky, a sojer has hard ways to go,
But God knows 'tis so."

He was my friend, strong, brave, an' kind,
Until Death come.

An' his hands are slack, his eyes are blind,
His lips are dumb.

When my feet slipped an' I went astray,
He'd follow me close on the downward way,
An' he'd say wi' a smile: "What's the use o' a pal,
If he doesn't stand by ye, for good an' for all?
Catch hold o' my arm, Mick. Rise up an' come on!
"Twas always the darkest afore the dawn."

An' now he's gone.

Important War Books In Press

This department will be devoted to significant extracts from advance sheets of books relating to the great European war or to world affairs that are directly affected by the war. The volumes here treated are still in press, though they will appear this month. As stated in our last issue, this is the first time that an American magazine has undertaken systematically to give such anticipatory glimpses of forthcoming books. The object is to give the reader the same sort of information that may be had later by turning over the pages in a bookstall.

Major Bigelow on World Peace

Major John Bigelow, a son of the noted diplomatist and a retired officer of the United States Army, will publish through Mitchell Kennerley a thought-provocative volume entitled "World Peace: How War Cannot Be Abolished; How It Possibly May Be Abolished." He devotes his first chapter to "Illusions of Pacifism," exposing the weakness of all the plans of universal peace now before the world, with special attention to the ideas of Norman Angell and ex-President Taft. His attitude is indicated in this pithy paragraph of his preface:

The signal failure of the pacifists to end war is due principally to their being under the guidance and in-fluence of two classes of persons, of peace fanatics and international lawyers, each building on an imaginary or impossible foundation—the peace people, on the despicable dogma of peace-at-any-price; the interna-tional lawyers, on the fetich of na-Why tional sovereignty. peace cannot be securely based on either of these ideas and how it may possibly be attained, the author has undertaken to set forth or suggest in the following pages.

It is Major Bigelow's belief that universal peace can never be attained by arbitration, by a world court, or by any league of peace. Yet he believes that it will be attained some day along the natural lines of political evolution. Following are some typical passages from the chapter in which he states his conclusions:

International peace is possible only as an enlargement or expansion of national peace. If, then, universal peace is ever brought about, it will be, not by judicial, arbitral or any other mode of settling questions between sovereign States, but by the

obviation of such questions, by their elimination from human affairs; it will be, not peace by arbitration, nor peace by justice, nor peace by agreement, nor peace by compulsion, but peace by government; which means for the world, one people, one sovereignty, one country.

Has the idea of surrendering national sovereignty to a world government been anywhere subjected to a plebiscite? It has not reached the point of being considered by responsible statesmen. It is safe to say that it could not be discussed at a Hague Conference or an Inter-Parliamentary Congress without breaking up the meeting.

breaking up the meeting.

International lawyers have the same interest in national sovereignty that soldiers have in war. National sovereignty is what they live and thrive on. Without national sovereignty the career of an international lawyer would be about as dark and void as that of a soldier without a prospect of war. To abolish these things is to reduce the international lawyer to an attorney and the soldier to a policeman. For a long time soldiers have been held up to popular opprobrium for selfish disingenuousness in apologizing for war. It has apparently not occurred to any one to suspect the motives of international lawyers, who so earnestly defend national sovereignty.

Internationalism, says Major Bigelow, is an abstraction on which nothing substantial can be based. He says it behooves our people to watch closely the "visionary reformers who seek by resolutions of peace congresses and agreements among Chancelleries to divest the United States of its sovereignty and make it a province in an unknown country." Until we can see a world State about to become an accomplished fact we should "hold firmly to our national sovereignty, prizing and preserving it as the vital

principle of our national life." The author concludes:

Under a world government, foreign affairs, diplomacy, and so-called international law will be things of the past. The great incentive of international conflict, competition for the possession of markets, will be forever abolished. All markets being open to every one, it will be a matter of indifference to whom they belong.

World federation means an increase of individual freedom. It will release men from the restraints and relieve them of the burdens imposed upon them by the political and military exigencies of war, and bring about a more general recognition and wider application of the principle that the best government is the

one that governs least. The function of government will be reduced nearer than ever before to protecting the individual against his neighbor, to securing men and women in the exercise of their inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The world State will be governed by individuals for the individual. What democracy has been to Americans, individualism will be to—what shall we say?—to worldians.

The way to all these things, the road to peaceful union, though shorter than the endless one to disunited peace, is very long. Traveling it may be a matter of ages; men may be deterred by its length from entering upon it, but mankind is already on it.

Diplomatic Background of the War

ARTHUR BULLARD has in press with the Macmillan Company a volume entitled "The Diplomatic Background of the War," which the author modestly characterizes as "an introductory textbook, a first-year course in European diplomacy." This, one discovers, is a figure of speech; the book is for the general reader. It is a rapid survey of the diplomacy that led up to the war, followed by an exhaustive discussion of the multitudinous issues that will come up for settlement after the war has burned itself out, when the diplomatists gather around the traditional green table to see what they can save from the general bankruptcy.

The problems of boundaries, of indemnities, of division of spoils, and the like, will be presented by Mr. Bullard in detail. He will show what is most likely to happen if the Allies win, and what course events may take if the Teutons win. For the purposes of the present review, however, it may be best to glance at the section that deals with the diplomatic relations between the United States and Europe.

Remarking that the Monroe Doctrine— America for the Americans—carries with it the inevitable corollary, Europe for the Europeans, the author continues: The issues involved in this war are intricate in the extreme. We would resent any European power taking sides in the Mexican muddle. Our intervention in Europe over the moral issues of this war is equally uncalled for.

Unenlightened public opinion in the nations of the Entente would like to have us protest over Germany's action in Belgium. It is doubtful if their statesmen would. The British Foreign Office is glad that by not protesting on behalf of Belgium we established a precedent which has made it logical for us to turn a deaf ear to the protests of Holland and Sweden and the other neutrals. The French diplomats certainly remember that we did not join the protest when they tore up the Algeciras Treaty. And it is highly improbable that the Russian Government would want any neutral nation to begin investigations of "atrocity charges."

Mr. Bullard discusses both the British and the German violations of our rights as a neutral, and draws a distinction between them. He calls the British interference with our sea trade "stupidly illegal, arrogant, and decidedly unsportsmanlike," but he finds the German submarine methods "inhuman and horrible."

As a general proposition, [he continues,] it can be laid down that no liberal, democratic nation dreams of

fighting over a commercial protest which can be arbitrated and settled by an award of damages. Most of our protests addressed to England since the outbreak of the war have been of this nature. If we had been spoiling for a fight it would have been easy to start one over the bizarre British doctrine that they can, in order indirectly to hurt their enemy, play fast and loose with trading rights of neutrals-rights which they were the first to cham-pion when they were neutral. The idea that, because they do not approve of the way the Germans fight, they can inflict reprisals on noncombatants is as untenable as it is original. At the first opportunity we shall certainly "go to court" about it, and have this amazing pretention thrashed out. But if the English are ready to live up to their arbitration treaty with us, we do not want to fight about it.

The situation of the British public in regard to the legality or illegality of their Orders in Council is peculiar. They know very little about it. The press cen-sorship has prevented discussion. The great mass of the people believe that they are fighting in the cause of international law. ernational law. Any news-which published the facts would be, if not suppressed by the Government, accused of German sympathies and wrecked by the mob. Their papers are allowed to publish news to the effect that the Dutch are trading with the Germans, but a calm statement of the fact that the Dutch have the same right to trade with Germany that the English had to trade with both sides in the Russo-Japanese war, or that we have to trade with England and France and Russia would be regarded as seditious.

This fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. Our controversy rankly illegal for them to blockade officers. The sea lords are sailors, not international lawyers. want to do Germany as much harm as possible, and the fact that it is rankly illegal for them to blockade Holland, rankly in conflict with the stand taken by their Government before, does not appeal to them as important. It is rumored that there have been serious disputes in the British Cabinet over this matter. It is probable that Sir Edward Grey was personally opposed to the policy of blockade which has thrown Sweden on the German side and has alienated the sympathy of almost all the neutral nations.

The volume closes with a strong plea for widening the Monroe Doctrine by intrusting its enforcement to a league of all the American republics:

A defensive league of American republics would be more effective than any single-handed warning to Europe. To maintain the Monroe Doctrine unchanged is to needlessly and offensively assert our political supremacy in the New World. Our neighbors to the south very naturally hesitate to admit their hopeless inferiority. And no league worth the name is possible without their cordial co-operation.

English Character: Today as Yesterday

A CURIOUS war book has recently been published in Germany—a new edition of Theodor Fontane's English experiences in the year 1852, entitled "A Summer in London." The well-known German critic, Samuel Saenger, has written an introduction to the book, in which he says that England is the same today as in those days of Peel and Cobden. He calls special attention to Fontane's chapter, "Parallels," from which we translate the following excerpt:

England and Germany compare as form and content, as appearance and reality. In contrast to those things that, from the great bridge to the tiniest needle, are unequaled in England, formality is decisive. You need not be a gentleman; so long as you have the means to appear as one, you are a gentleman. You need not be in the right; so long as you possess the formula that seems to be right, you are such. You need not be a scholar so long as you belong to scientific societies, and if you have but the inclination and some talent, you may pass for a scholar. Everywhere we meet with appearances. Nowhere else stands the gate so wide open for charlatanism to enter as in the British Isles. No place is it less liable to criticism, and here

as nowhere else do glitter and glorification lend value to a name.

The German exists in order to live; the Englishman exists for the purpose of representing something. In Germany one lives happily so long as one is comfortable; in England it is a case of being looked up to, honored. The German lives for his own sake; the Englishman does not want to give up anything, but exacts praise, honor, admiration. The Englishman is always for representation, so to speak, even when he is by himself. He knows that practice makes perfect, and goes on the supposition that what one does at home wins reward abroad.

We speak of English comfort, and quite correctly. But we must not interpret this word wrongly. The Englishman has thousands of comforts, but he is himself not comfortable. He owns the softest carpets, the best bed clothing, the keenest razors. His dressing table is a whole bazaar, an exposition in miniature. He has umbrellas that one may put in one's pocket; he has everything that money can buy—and still he is not comfortable.

And why not? The Englishman lives like a Prince, at least as a Minister of State. He is ever ready to receive, to grant audiences, play the host at home or elsewhere. Three times a day he changes his clothes. In the drawing room or at table he is a strict observer of etiquette. He is everything possible that is nice and big, and yet, in the midst of our astonishment there comes to us a sense of utter homesickness after our little Germany, where representation does not bother, but where one knows what it is to live quietly, and so comfortably.

Appearances and power constitute a fixed idea for the Englishman. Of course, it requires some ability to play such a rôle, and the least important Englishman has more dig-nity and oratorial gift than a whole company of German state officials. I happened to live in the house with a young man of what one would consider average education, and when his birthday came around we arranged some little surprise in his What was my astonishment honor. when, without the least sign of timidity or wavering, he made a speech which, so far as concerns fluency and timeliness, I have never heard surpassed.

If this had been in Germany we would simply have had a jolly good time with each other, clasped hands and later declared that our emotion was too much for us, so that we could not find words to interpret our feelings. Whether this popular English gift of keeping up appearances is reflected from that higher art of pretense that characterizes the nation's government is difficult to say. I think there has been a leavening of the whole mass.

The schools reflect the characteris-Take the tics of the two nations. German gymnasium and the English cadet schools. What variety in the gymnasium! Next to the son of the nobleman, who lives with the director and pays heavily for his tuition, sits the son of the villager, who receives most of his foodstuff from home and even uses some of it for the purpose of paying his room rent. He wears a long, faded coat in contrast to the fineries of his aristocratic neighbor, who does as he pleases, even to despising his teacher. the farmer boy need not mind his poverty, for he is shrewd and attentive, and soon gets above the son of the nobleman, who is relegated to the last bench. The faded coat is to us just a side issue, and he who studies and knows becomes a leader. The gifts of mind take precedence over the gifts of birth and heritage.

In the English cadet school it is entirely different. A sense of aristocratic feeling pervades everything. Appearance has the call, if, in fact, it does not take supersedence of everything else. Similarity in appearance and in modes of living is carried to an almost annoying extreme. The coats are just of such a length. The neckties sit exactly so. The parting of the hair is without the slightest deviation. You cannot distinguish between high and low.

In the dining room there are other surprises. Equally stiff, we find the first and last classes sitting at table. Knives and forks are held in the same positions. As for the school room, the aristocratic character of the school exacts that a Howard, a Mowbray, a Sutherland, occupy the first places, even though they may have nothing more than their names and their titles.

In a few words: England is aristocratic; Germany democratic. We hear constantly about English liberty, but as a matter of fact, aside from their citizen rights, no people are further removed from democracy. Hence the stereotyped form of English living. The small ones strive with the big ones; the poor with the wealthy. And with all that, the hat still comes off quickly when the lord appears, and a Baronet and a Member of Cabinet is still the object

of devotion. Thackeray, of whom we may say that he was every inch an Englishman, tells the whole story in his "Vanity Fair."

In conclusion: England is prac-

In conclusion: England is practical, Germany idealistic. The same nation that places appearance above

fact, that moves heaven and earth in the service of egotism, is practical from one end to the other. And we? We, who love the truth and search for the reality of existence, we lose in our search the reality sought, and become dreamers.

"Great Russia: Her Achievement and Promise"

A COMPREHENSIVE and significant volume on Russia and her problems, entitled as above, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. The author, Professor Sarolea, is a widely known English educator, author, and lecturer. He devotes several chapters to showing that Russia, as a nation, apart from its autocratic government, stands for freedom and for the liberation of oppressed nationalities. In the case of Poland, he contends, it is not Russia, but Prussia, who is the main culprit. This is his prophecy:

Like the war of 1812 liberating Europe, like the war of 1825 liberating Greece, like the war of 1878 liberating Bulgaria, the war of 1915 will ultimately be a war of emancipation. The treaty of peace which will destroy German militarism will also culminate in the reconciliation of the two great representatives of the Slavonic stock, who both in the past have been the victims of Teutonic militarism.

After devoting a hopeful chapter to the future of Poland, Professor Sarolea gives the next to the problem of the Russian Jew. The two problems, he says, are indissolubly connected. It is impossible to liberate the one race without liberating the other. The author continues:

You cannot erect in Poland a free, self-governing State, and at the same time exclude from that State the most enterprising, the most intelligent, the wealthiest section of the community.

Not only is the Jewish problem the most important and the most urgent of all Russian political problems, it is also the most difficult. Russian reactionaries invariably assume that it concerns Russia alone. Unfortunately it concerns the whole wide world. It is impossible to discuss the position of the Jew in the empire of

the Czar apart from his position in Europe and America.

But the Jewish problem cannot solve itself in other parts of the world as long as it has not found a solution in Russia, which is the new Palestine, which is the very heart and centre of Israel. The Jewish problem cannot solve itself as long as five million Hebrews remain the victims of a most odious mediaeval oppression. Unfortunately, in the course of the last twenty years the position of the Jew in Russia has not become better; rather has it become worse.

The Jew is still cooped up within that huge Polish ghetto called the "Pale." He is still forbidden access to the land. He is still tracked by the police and periodically decimated by organized massacre. And the pogroms are becoming more frequent and more savage. He is still forbidden entrance to the civil service. He is still largely excluded from the liberal professions, only from 5 to 7 per cent. of Jews being allowed into the Russian gymnasia and the universities. The Jew has had no share in the partial political enfranchisement which followed the Russo-Japanese war, and he is suffering throughout the present war more than any other nation, more even than the martyred Belgians and Serbians.

The worst of the present legislation against the Jew is that it defeats its purpose. It is not only odious; it is gratuitous. It is futile. It is politically insane. We are told that the Jew must be denied access to the land for the protection of the helpless moujik, but the present legislation, by preventing the Jew from owning land, from becoming an independent farmer, makes him instead a constant menace to the independent farmer, dooms him to the odious profession of a usurer and a publican.

Professor Sarolea's last chapter is devoted to the relations between Russia

and Germany. Noting that every Russian Czar has married a Princess of German blood, and that the relations between the two Courts continue to be close in spite of the war, he concludes with this warning:

Let us be under no delusion; as the war is being protracted, as the economic and military pressure increases, as the decision is being delayed, there exists, at least, a remote danger of a breach in the European alliance. I admit that the chances are very remote, but Germany may be depended upon to make the most of those chances, and to use all the influence she has got in Russia to compass her ends.

We have seen how entirely German power has been artificial and imposed from above, how it has been the outcome of the dynastic connection. But in the meantime the German influence, supreme before the war, still subsists and still constitutes a danger which it would be extremely unwise and unstatesmanlike to ignore or to underrate. We must, therefore, guard ourselves so that when the day of settlement comes the subtle and subterranean German forces shall not make themselves felt, and that the Teutonic monarchies shall be frustrated in their supreme effort to retain a power which has been so fatal to the liberties of Europe and to the free development of the Russian people.

Our Relations With Japan

THE discussion of "Japanese Expansion and American Policies," (The Macmillan Company,) by J. F. Abbott of Washington University, which will be published during February, ought to have a calming influence upon the perennial fears of certain citizens of this country. Its timeliness and interest are emphasized by the present division of opinion upon how prepared the nation needs to be for possible attack upon either its east or west coast. Mr. Abbott, who has lived much in Japan, considers the past and present relations between that country and the United States, from all sides and in all their phases.

Early in the volume he pays this tribute to the diplomatic abilities of our first representative in Japan, Townsend Harris, who was sent as Consul immediately after the visit of Commodore Perry, and who won his way through every sort of obstruction to the conclusion of a treaty, so skillfully drawn that it served as the model for all subsequent treaties entered into by Japan with other foreign nations.

After discussing the relations, understandings, and agreements between Japan, Russia, and the United States in the early years of the present century, Mr. Abbott has this to say of the consequences of the activities of Philander C.

Knox as Secretary of State during the Taft Administration:

The net result of Mr. Knox's Japanese policy was nil from the standpoint of either diplomacy or of practical achievement. this does not mean that his proposals were unimportant. On the contrary, their effect upon American-Japanese relations has been most pro-found and permanent. They mark the end of the "elder brother" period. There still remain many thousands of the older generation in both countries who cannot forget the amicable relations that used to exist, or the attitude of disinterested helpfulness of American officials toward Japan, that meant so much to the latter in her early struggles for a place in the Eastern sun. But from now on, America and Japan, as nations, can never again be on the same old footing. Each will always suspect the other's motives. Perhaps the situation could not have been avoided sooner or later. Both peoples merely have emerged from a period of national adolescence, with its natural enthusiasms, into maturity, with its cold practicality and its own selfish interests. Yet good feeling between alien peoples is a valuable political asset, and Mr. Knox's activities have done a good deal to destroy the former American-Japanese friendship without gaining any corresponding advantage.

Mr. Abbott not only narrates the history of the relations between Japan and the United States and traces the causes of the varying states of feeling of each for the other, including a long account of the situation on the Pacific Coast, but he also has something to say of the results to be expected from whatever policy we may adopt:

The interests of America, Japan, and China are so diverse, and at the same time so interrelated, that if the three nations can work in harmony each will profit vastly more than if each attempts to shape its future independently or in conflict with the others. America wishes the

"open door" in China, Japan wishes the equivalent of a Monroe Doctrine for the East. If America supports Japan's contention, and Japan America's, Europe will be forced to acquiesce, and peace in the Pacific will be assured. In a word, we must abandon, once and for all, the anti-Japanese policy inaugurated by Knox; more than that, we must abandon the laissez-faire, indifferent policy that many advocate today. Rather our policy should be one of active co-operation, an alliance, if you will, though not necessarily one in the conventional military sense.

A Historian in Haste

CHARLES SANFORD TERRY, Professor of History in the University of Aberdeen, is bringing out through the Dutton press the third and final volume of "A Short History of Europe," in which he has covered the vast stretch of years from 476 to 1914. The earlier volumes won high praise from European critics for their accuracy and scholarly poise. One turns with curious interest, therefore, to Professor Terry's pages on the present war, written in the fevered atmosphere of the hour.

The difficulties of the historian who tries to write with finality, even on the early events of a war, while the war is still in progress, are exemplified at some points in the following excerpt:

No fact is more striking in the circumstances attending the out-break of war than the amateurish lack of perceptiveness of the German Foreign Office and its representatives abroad, and their inability to gauge the situation with even a remote degree of accuracy. Germany counted on Turkey rallying India and Egypt to a holy war. In fact, the Mohammedan world viewed her with less than indifference. For the first time in the long history of British India its native soldiery fought for the British Raj on the soil of Europe. Without demur Egypt accepted Great Britain's detachment of her from Turkey to become a British protectorate. Turkey's action also permitted Great Britain to settle herself irrevocably at Basra, on the Persian Gulf, the very Mecca of Germany's hopes.

Nor were these the only conse-

quences of Turkey's ill-considered intervention. Early in 1915 Great Britain and France began to knock at the gates of Constantinople itself, and ships of war and an increasing host patiently assaulted the strength of the Dardanelles. Their appearance suggested the extrusion of Turkey from Europe as probable, if not imminent, and threw the whole Balkan world into anxious reckoning of the situation.

Albania, deserted by her German Mpret, again faced an open future. Serbia again turned hopefully toward the Adriatic. Bulgaria and Rumania, to some degree within the orbit of the German powers at the outset of the war, showed an increasing disposition to balance the situation to their own advantage; Bulgaria envisaging the rectification of the disastrous treaties of 1913; Rumania eager to join hands with her Latin kindred in Transylvania. Greece, also, where a philo-German court and staff were unable to coerce popular emotion, clamored to enter a campaign which, for her own sake, she feared the great powers might bring to an end unaided.

Professor Terry's final paragraph is inspired by courage of prophecy rather than by achieved events of history:

The Balkans, released from the sinister influence of Germany and Austria-Hungary, at length saw before them a settlement based on the only sure foundation—that of the national principle. Poland was encouraged to hope that the crime of the eighteenth century against her would be expiated. The artificial State which the Hapsburg so long

had held together in defiance of the national principle faced the prospect of dissolution. And the long decay of Turkey, so baneful in its effect on Southeast Europe, seemed likely to end in her expulsion whence she had come to trouble Christendom five centuries before.

A War Witness's Cry: "Prepare!"

ONE of the best of the early eyewitness books on the war was Eric Fisher Wood's "The Notebook of an Attaché." A second book by Mr. Wood, entitled "The Writing on the Wall," will be issued by the Century Company about the time that this notice reaches the eyes of the public. It is a call to Americans to prepare for defense, and is inspired by the author's harrowing memories of European battlefields and devastated homes. He says:

We who have beheld the present gigantic struggle with our own eyes feel and understand how far-reaching it is, and how much more far-reaching it may well become. When we return from Europe and find our countrymen apparently asleep to all this, we are utterly amazed at their apathy. We become possessed by an almost irrepressible impulse to shake them until they are thoroughly awake; we long to open their sleepy eyes to the full significance of the facts.

Mr. Wood urges the futility of treaties and of arbitration, and declares that to expect arbitration without preparedness is ridiculous, a contradiction of terms. A minimum total of 2,500,000 men, he estimates, would be necessary to defend our Atlantic States from the attack of a single great nation. As it is manifestly undesirable to try to maintain a standing army of any such size, the alternative is a system of universal compulsory military service based on the plan that has been so successful in Switzerland and Australia. On behalf of this method the author says:

If such a system were adopted by the United States every growing boy would be constantly under inspection by trained surgeons and military experts. His physical weaknesses and mental defects would be considered and, as far as posible, remedied. It is now well recognized that a large proportion of the ineffective, criminal, or insane members of society suffer from physical defects that could so far be modified during childhood as to make useful citizens out of potentially dangerous persons.

The women of Australia at first so strongly opposed the plan for compulsory military training that they retarded and nearly defeated its adoption; within two years' time, however, the wonders which it had wrought in their own boys converted them into its most ardent advocates.

According to Mr. Wood, the nation is not in sympathy with President Wilson's moderate preparedness plans. The author also expresses emphatic distrust of the judgment of Secretary Daniels. Here are a few typical paragraphs:

Two seasoned army corps of 40,000 men, once gaining foothold on our shore, could work their will with us for at least six months. There are several great nations any one of which could within a month land a dozen such corps upon our coast. We must therefore, until we have adopted the Swiss system, make such a disaster as improbable as possible; this can be accomplished only by an immediate and systematic extravagance in naval construction.

President Wilson, in his message to Congress, recommended the building of only ten battleships in the next five years; whereby in effect he recommends building even fewer battleships in future than we have per year averaged to add to our navy in the past.

Great Britain has been saved from invasion not by submarines and coast defense vessels but by her capital ships which alone control the seas. This lesson is one for America soberly and seriously to consider.

The reconstruction of our army and our navy, however, even though it is attempted with vast appropriations of money and countless numbers of men, will not of necessity give us an effective army or an efficient navy. All the wars in history have proved that it is always organ-

ization and discipline which win against numbers. At this moment preparation for defense has already become in the minds of the majority the one great national problem, the rational solution of which will in the next few years elect Presidents, develop statesmen, and undermine many a popular politician. Even now laggards are running to cover or hastening to enlist in the popular cause.

"The Story of the Submarine"

THE important part played by the submarine in the present war, and the doubt still expressed by some naval experts as to whether the final balance of efficiency will be in its favor or against it, lend special interest to "The Story of the Submarine," (The Century Company,) by Farnham Bishop, to appear this month. Mr. Bishop narrates the history of the submarine from the earliest attempts to put the idea into material form, which were as long ago as the days of King James I. of England, who himself journeyed in a submarine in the Thames. A goodly part of the book is devoted to the work and achievements of American inventors, beginning with Dr. David Bushnell, the Connecticut Yankee who during the Revolutionary War built a submarine that came to grief. Of him Mr. Bishop says:

Bushnell found the submarine boat a useless plaything and made it a formidable weapon. To him it owes the propeller, the conning tower, and the first suggestion of the torpedo. The Turtle was not only the first American submarine but the forerunner of the undersea destroyer of today.

Robert Fulton's submarine experiments and his attempts to interest first the French, then the English, and later the American Government in submersible boats are described and discussed at length. This excerpt shows how he anticipated while in France a twentieth century war scheme:

Fulton had planned a submarine campaign for scaring the British Navy and merchant marine out of the narrow seas, and so bringing Great Britain to her knees, more than a century before the German Emperor proclaimed his famous "war zone" around the British Isles. In one of his letters to the Directory the American inventor declared that:

"The enormous commerce of England, no less than its monstrous Government, depends upon its military marine. Should some vessels of war be destroyed by means so novel, so hidden, and so incalculable, the confidence of the seamen will vanish and the fleet will be rendered useless from the moment of the first terror."

The struggles and eventual triumphs of the two Americans, John P. Holland and Simon Lake, are told with much detail, and their inventions described. The following account of Mr. Lake's dealings with the Krupps is interesting in its bearing on the German conception of the value of a "scrap of paper":

When the Krupps first took up the idea of constructing submarines for the German and Russian Governments the great German firm consulted with Mr. Lake, who was at that time living in Europe. An elaborate contract was drawn up between them. The Krupps agreed to employ Mr. Lake in an advisory capacity and to build "Lake type" boats both in Russia, where they were to erect a factory and share the profits with him, and in Germany, on a royalty basis. Before he could sign this contract Mr. Lake had to obtain the permission of the Directors of his own company in Bridgeport. In the meanwhile he gave the German company his most secret plans and specifications. But the Krupps never signed the con-tract, withdrew from going into Russia, and their lawyer coolly told Mr. Lake that, as he had failed to patent his inventions in Germany, his clients were perfectly free to build "Lake type" submarines there without paying him anything, and were going to do so.

Mr. Bishop sums up the value of the submarine in warfare as follows:

As scouts in the enemy's waters they are invaluable. As commerce destroyers they do the work of the swift-sailing privateers of a century ago. In the Fall of 1915 British submarines in the Baltic almost put a stop to the trade between Germany and Sweden. But to blockade a coast effectively submarines must have tenders, which must have destroyers and light cruisers to defend them, which in turn require the support of battle cruisers and dreadnoughts, with their attendant host of colliers, hospital ships, and

air scouts. Nor can a coast be long defended by submarines, mine fields, and shore batteries if there are not enough trained troops to keep the enemy, who can always land at some remote spot, from marching around to the rear of the coast defenses. This war is simply repeating the old, old lesson that there is no cheap and easy substitute for a real army and navy.

"Italy and the Unholy Alliance"

UNDER the foregoing title W. O. Pitt, an English author, is about to issue through the press of E. P. Dutton & Co. a popular history of Italy's struggles for liberty in the last hundred years. The book is written with special reference to the Triple Alliance, which the author calls "unholy," and to the circumstances in which Italy entered and withdrew from it.

Mr. Pitt holds that the Italians were virtually forced to enter into this alliance in order to save their national existence; that they faithfully complied with its terms, often against their own interests, but that Austria and Germany repeatedly failed to do likewise. In his introduction the author sums up the recent phases of the subject as follows:

Italy's quarrel is with Austria, and it is a quarrel that extends over a century. Not a year of those hundred has not given Italy some strong reason for just resentment against Austria. For the first half of the hundred years Austrian troops held Italy in bondage to the worst form of tyrannical misgovernment that disfigured Europe during the nineteenth century, by cruelties almost too hideous for realization. Throughout the second part of the hundred years, Austria has ruled a province of Italy with an iron hand, maintaining it by armed force as a constant menace to the peace of Italy.

Throughout her struggle for her very existence, Italy has been loyal to her friends, wherever she could find them. She has fought her way to national existence, and to something like national prosperity, through unexampled difficulties. Now, freed from her unnatural alliance, and mindful of her ancient and glorious heritage, she has cast in her lot with those who are fighting for freedom.

The body of the book is a rapid narrative of the outstanding events of Italy's century of romantic struggles for unity and independence, from the days of Napoleon and of the Holy Alliance to the heroic times of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, and to the war in Tripoli and the nation's entrance into the present conflict.

In 1882 Italy, under Premier Crispi, had already signed the Triple Alliance for a term of five years, although the fact was not disclosed until the following year. Tracing the effects of this unnatural union through the subsequent years, the author comes to the theme of his final chapter, "Why Italy Went to War":

During the Tripolitan war, as it has been shown, Italy realized the disadvantages of the Triple Alliance. As Signor Salandra said in a speech delivered to the Italian Chamber on June 3, 1915: "It is impossible to estimate how many Italian soldiers perished, and how much treasure was expended by Italy through the impossibility of taking direct action against Turkey, which knew herself to be protected by our own allies from every attack endangering the vital spots in her armor."

Regarding the attempt to use Italy against Serbia in the Balkan wars the author quotes Signor Salandra's words: "Impartial history will declare that Austria, having found, in July and October, 1913, that Italy would not be a party to her aggressions on Serbia, plotted with Germany to bring off a surprise." The opportunity was the crime of Serajevo, the surprise was the bombshell of July, 1914.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS OF THE MONTH

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE NEW YORK TIMES.

THE KAISER AND THE CZAR

J. A. M.—Is not the power of the Kaiser over the people of Germany absolute? Has he as much power as the Czar of Russia? Can the Kaiser alone declare war?

THE Kaiser's power cannot be said to be "absolute." Germany is a constitutional monarchy, and the Emperor derives his power far less from that actually granted to him as Emperor of Germany, which is relatively slight, than from the facts, first, that as King of Prussia he controls the seventeen Prussian votes in the Bundesrat, and, second, that the Imperial Chancellor is responsible, not to the Parliament of the Empire but to the Emperor himself. The Kaiser has power to declare defensive war, and to define the term "defensive"; for any war of offense the consent of the Bundesrat is necessary. The Kaiser has not as much power as the Czar, who is acknowledged as an "autocrat"; the Czar in the famous October manifesto of 1905 voluntarily limited his legislative power by decreeing that henceforth no measure was to become law without the consent of the Imperial Duma, and since 1906 the power of Government has been exercised normally by the Emperor only in concert with the Duma and the Council of the Empire. But in certain circumstances the Czar can "raise fresh loans" by his own authority, and when the Duma is not sitting he can "issue ordinances having the force of law"; also he can prorogue the Duma as often as he pleases, and can proclaim a "state of siege" anywhere and at any time.

THE RUSSIAN NAVY

W. M.—The Russian Navy, which was rated as sixth before the outbreak of war, numbered at that time nine modern battleships, four cruiser battleships, six older battleships, six first-class cruisers, twelve second-class cruisers, five thirdclass cruisers, eight gunboats, 141 destroyers, twenty-five torpedo boats, and forty-three submarines. The personnel of the navy numbered 52,463 men and officers.

THE LARGEST GERMAN WARSHIPS

W. M.—The largest warships in the German Navy, of which authentic information is available at this time, are the Luetzow, the Ersatz, Hertha, and the Derfflinger, each with displacement of 28,000 tons, draught of 27 feet, indicated horse power 100,000, and the following guns: Eight 12-inch, twelve 5.9-inch, and twelve 3.4-inch. The Derfflinger was completed in 1914; the others had not vet been finished at the outbreak of the war. Details are not available regarding the size of the Worth and the "T," which were building in 1914, and which were to have eight 15-inch and sixteen 5.9-inch The König, Grosser Kürfurst, guns. Kronprinz, and Markgraf, which were completed in 1914, and are smaller than the first-named ships, carry each ten 12inch, fourteen 5.9-inch, and twelve 3pounder guns, as do several still smaller ships. At the end of 1914 Germany had thirteen warships completed carrying 12-inch guns.

THE BALKAN STATES

R. J. T.—Will you please tell me just what the expression "Balkan States" means? I know what the Balkan States are, but why are they called that?

THE countries known as "The Balkan States" occupy the Balkan Peninsula, the easternmost of the three great southern peninsulas of Europe, which in its turn takes its name from the mountain range of the Balkan. This great mountain chain, running down into the peninsula, is a continuation of the southern Carpathians or Transylvanian Alps. The strict limits of the Balkan

Peninsula place its base on a line from the delta of the Danube to the head of the Adriatic Sea, but part of the territory thus defined lies outside what is conventionally designated as the Balkan Peninsula.

THE ZABERN AFFAIR

J. A. M .- The following brief résumé and study of "consequences," which answers your question both as to the facts and the significance of the Zabern affair, is taken from the International Year Book for 1914: "Political issues of prime importance were involved in the Zabern affair. The incident in itself was trivial enough—the arrogant bearing of a young German Army officer, a nobleman, in an Alsatian town had led to a conflict between the garrison and the townsfolk. But as the Imperial Ministry supported the garrison officer, and as the Kaiser supported the Imperial Ministry, in defiance of the Reichstag's overwhelming vote of no confidence, the dispute over the Zabern incident assumed the aspect of a battle for civil liberty and for responsible government. If the officers in question, Lieutenant von Forstner and Colonel von Reutter, were allowed to escape without punishment, it would mean that army officers could henceforth with impunity ride rough-shod over the civil population; if the Government continued to disregard the wishes of the Reichstag, one more triumph would have been scored for autocracy. Late in December, 1913, the court-martial sentenced Lieutenant von Forstner to forty-three days' imprisonment for violence and abuse of military privilege. Early in January the court-martial acquitted Colonel von Reutter of the charge of improper usurpation of police power which had been brought against him for supporting young von Forstner in the feud between the garrison and the town. Colonel von Schad, also involved in the case, was likewise acquitted. Furthermore, a superior court-martial shortly afterward acquitted von Forstner, on appeal from the lower court. It was an unqualified triumph for the military aristocracy. In order to prevent further trouble in Zabern the obnoxious young Lieutenant was transferred to a command in Prussian Poland, and Colonel von Reutter was given command of a distinguished grenadier regiment at Frankfort-on-Oder. The Zabern incident came up for discussion in the Reichstag in January, as well as in the Legislatures of Alsace-Lorraine, Prussia, Bavaria, and Baden, but protests were futile. In April the Prussian Government published a new regulation for troops under Prussian military administration regarding the use of arms in time of peace, and serving to give at least a clearer definition of the prerogatives of the military."

THE SANJAK OF NOVIBAZAR

SELLECK SEELY.—What is the sanjak of Novibazar? Please give me a little history and description of it.

NOVIBAZAR (New Market) was, prior to the Balkan wars, a sanjak of European Turkey, in the villayet of Kossovo. Its population was about 170,000. It is now-or was before the present war-divided between Serbia and Montenegro. It is a mountanious region, watered by the Lim, which flows north into Bosnia. Before the Balkan wars about three-fourths of the population were Christian Serbs, and the rest were chiefly Moslem Albanians, with a few gypsies, Turkish officials, and about 3,000 Austro-Hungarian soldiers. massacre of Serbian Christians in the sanjak, in July, 1912, was one of the contributory causes of the Balkan outbreaks. The local trade of the sanjak is largely agricultural. The following summary of history practically to the Balkan wars is quoted from the Encyclopaedia Britannica (1911): "The sanjak is of great strategic importance, for it is the northwest part of the Turkish Empire, on the direct route between Bosnia and Saloniki, and forms a wedge of Turkish territory between Serbia and Montenegro. The union of these powers, combined with the annexation of Novibazar, would have impeded the extension of Austrian influence toward Saloniki. But by the treaty of Berlin (1878) Austria-Hungary was empowered to garrison the towns of Byelofolye,

Priyepolye, Pleulye, and other strategic points within the sanjak, although the entire civil administration was left in Turkish hands. This decision was enforced in 1879. The chief approaches from Serbia and Montenegro have also been strongly fortified by the Turks." By the Treaty of Bucharest, July 25, 1913, Novibazar was a part of the territory granted to Serbia, but subsequent agreements with Montenegro included about half the original sanjak of Novibazar as a grant to the smaller nation. The population of Serbian Novibazar, according to the Statesman's Year Book of 1914, was before the outbreak of the present war 133,401. The capital of the Turkish sanjak was the town of Novibazar, with a population of about 12,000, on the site of the ancient Serbian city of Rassia. Properly speaking, Novibazar is not a "sanjak" at present, as that word is only applied to a Turkish administrative district of the second grade.

ВОНЕМІА

J. A. K.—Please give me some facts about the nation of Bohemia, its original race, the population of Bohemia, its history in the past, and its relation to the Hapsburg throne.

BOHEMIA, called by its Slav inhabitants Cechy, is a former kingdom of Europe and a present crown land of Austria. The country is peopled mainly by Czechs or Bohemians, who are Slavs; but about two-fifths of the inhabitants are Germans, and a keen racial rivalry has existed between the two elements in the population. Bohemia is still an agricultural country, although manufacture and commerce have developed greatly of recent years. Next to agriculture, however, mining holds the first rank; Bohemia has the richest mineral deposits of any of the crown lands of Austria; these include lignite, coal, iron ore, silver ore, and gold ore. Bohemia has 130 members in the lower house of the Austrian Reichsrat. It has its own Diet, of 242 members. Its population in 1910 was 6,769,598.

In the sixth century the country was peopled by Slavic immigrants, under the common name of Czechs. By the close

of the ninth century their petty chiefs had been converted to Christianity, mainly by the Germans. By the close of the twelfth century the line of the Dukes of Przemysl, rulers of Bohemia, was recognized as a kingly house, and their State formed part of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germans. In the thirteenth century Bohemia was for a time one of the most powerful realms of Europe. Then the King was conquered by the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, and his kingdom dismembered. Later, German colonists were encouraged, and under Charles IV. (1346-1378) the welfare of the country was greatly promoted and the University of Prague, the first in the empire, established. Later, Bohemia was the seat of the great religious movement inaugurated by John Huss and Jerome of Prague, an anticipation of the Reformation. The Hussite movement and wars quickened the national spirit of the Czechs, and arrested the process of Germanization, but internal dissensions made a united Slav kingdom impossible. In the sixteenth century the estates of Bohemia bestowed the crown of the country upon Ferdinand of Hapsburg, who was head of the house of Austria, and was chosen King by a portion of the Hungarians; this laid the foundations of the present Slav-German-Magyar State of Austria-Hungary. The crown of Bohemia soon became virtually hereditary in the House of Hapsburg. The desire for national Slavic development known as the Slavic movement was strongest in Bohemia, where the attempt was made to hold a Pan-Slavic Congress, (Prague,) 1848. "Since then the effort of the Czechs to regain their autonomy have played an important part in the history of the empire." Up to the outbreak of the present war the racial and national tension in Bohemia was exceedingly serious, and the permanent irreconcilability of the Czechs was the chief menace to the stability of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF FRANCE

G. M. STEWART.—What was the national debt of France before the outbreak of war? What is the pres-

ent national debt of France, including the allied loan and the "victory" loan? How does the French national debt compare with those of the other powers?

THE national debt of France listed before the outbreak of war was \$6,436,-129,000, (American Whitaker, 1915, latest figures available, 1913.) Assuming that subscriptions to the French loan of victory reach a total of \$4,000,000,000, the total debt of France at the present time would, according to the best estimate available at the moment, be in the neighborhood of \$16,800,000,000. By the listing before the war, which is chiefly for the fiscal year ended in October, 1913, the largest national debt was that of France, with Russia second, the United Kingdom third, Italy fourth, and Spain fifth. From the outbreak of war until October of this year Germany had been the largest borrower, Great Britain the second, Russia third, France fourth, and Austria fifth. Germany's debt has increased by more than 500 per cent., Great Britain's by about 160 per cent., Russia's by about 50 per cent., while that of France has increased by less than onethird. This does not, however, include the loan of victory.

ITALY'S WAR PROCEDURE

E. P.—Why did Italy, in prosecuting her offensive, not land troops on the Dalmatian coast where they could have operated with the Serbians and Montenegrins? Was not the Austrian Navy not only inferior to Italy's, but practically shut up about Pola? What are the military reasons why an army, thus landed, having a base on the Adriatic, with a friendly country on the back, could not have operated in such a way as to seriously disturb the Austrian offensive?

THE principal reasons for the conditions stated in your question are that there are no railroads connecting the Dalmatian coast with Serbia; that if Italy adopted the course you sketch the Teuton forces would pour through the passes of the Alps and overrun Italy where she has no defense; and that Italy's reason for entering the war was solely to recover the Trentino and Istria from Austria; Italy has had nothing to do with Serbia. The Italian line of defense could not fol-

low any other line than the Isonzo. It is true that the Austrian Navy is shut up about Pola, also that the Austrian Navy is inferior to that of Italy; Italy would have no trouble in sending troops by boat to Saloniki; but Italy is not at war with Germany.

THE ITALIAN OFFENSIVE

GEORGE GRANESE.—Kindly tell me if the Italians have possession of the first line of the Austrian land forts?

IT is necessary to remember that there are two distinct battle fronts in the Italian campaign—one in the Trentino and the other along the Isonzo. In the Trentino, what may be considered to be the first line of Austrian defense is the line of forts which guard the passes of the Alps, which enter the Trentino from without—that is, from the Italian side. These have practically all fallen and are now in Italian hands. A typical case is offered by the four or five forts guarding the entrance to Storo, which comes in just near the head of Lake Garda. All these fell very shortly after the declaration of war.

Along the Isonzo front, however, the situation is somewhat different. Gorizia may be regarded as one of the forts of the first line of Austrian defense. But this has not yet fallen. The same holds true of Tolmino, somewhat north. On the other hand, Plava, Monfalcone, and several other points which are fortified have fallen into Italian hands. On the whole, however, it could not be said that the first line of Austrian land forts on the Isonzo front, which is the only offensive front, have fallen.

FORD AND THE PENAL CODE

J. S. V. V.—Does not this quixotic mission of Henry Ford violate the provisions of the United States statute regarding self-constituted diplomatic missions? Will you kindly quote the law on that matter?

THE law in question, Section 5 of the United States Penal Code, (1799,) reads as follows: "Every citizen of the United States, whether actually resident or abiding within the same, or in any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, or in any foreign country, who, without

the permission and authority of the Government, directly or indirectly, commences or carries on any verbal or written correspondence or intercourse with any foreign Government or officer or agent thereof, with an intent to influence the measures or conduct of any foreign Government or any officer or agent thereof in relation to any disputes or controversies with the United States, or to defeat the measures of the Government of the United States, and every person, being a citizen of or resident within the jurisdiction of the United States or in any place subject to the jurisdiction thereof, and not duly authorized, who counsels, advises, or assists in any such correspondence with such intent, shall be fined not more than \$5,000, and imprisoned not more than five years; but nothing in this section shall be construed to abridge the right of a citizen to apply, himself or his agent, to any foreign Government or the agents thereof for redress of an injury which he may have sustained from such Government or any of its agents or subjects." To state whether or not Mr. Ford is violating this law is, of course, not within the province of the Query Department.

THE DACIA

M. J. C.—Please give an account of the Dacia, from purchase to the present time.

DEC. 30, 1914, Edward N. Breitung announced that he had purchased the Hamburg-American liner Dacia, then at Port Arthur, Texas, and would use her to ship cotton to Germany. The United States Government approved the transfer, and the boat was placed under American registry Jan. 4, 1915. Four days later the British Government issued a warning that she would be seized if caught trading with any of the enemies of Great Britain, and on Jan. 12 the United States Government received a formal warning to that effect. A request that England allow the vessel to make one voyage to deliver her contract cargo in the time set was refused. A final warning was issued by Great Britain Jan. 27. On Feb. 1 the Dacia set out from Galveston en route for Rotterdam, with her cargo, 11,000 bales of cotton, to

be transshipped to Bremen. Her German crew had been replaced by Americans. After a halt at Norfolk, Va., she finally set sail for Europe Feb. 12. On Feb. 28 it was reported the Dacia had been captured in the English Channel by a French cruiser and taken to Brest, to be held for the action of the French prize court. France on March 23 offered to buy the cargo if her owners would establish their American citizenship; on May 20 the French Cabinet passed a bill to reimburse the owners. On Aug. 1 the French prize court announced that the Dacia was confiscated.

The court found that there was no proof that the transfer to American registry was not made to save the ship from capture according to the rules of war, but, on the contrary, the ship, under her new flag, was making a voyage for which she was loaded while under an enemy flag. Therefore, the court found the transfer "tainted with fraud and against the rights of belligerents," and ordered the ship confiscated as a prize. The judgment of the court was based on Article 56 of the Declaration of London.

The case was appealed from the prize court decision, and was still at that stage when the boat, renamed the Yser and in use by France, was sunk in the Mediterranean by a German submarine while conveying to Bizerta the passengers rescued from the Italian steamer Elisa-Francesca. The news reached this country Nov. 10. Passengers and crew were saved. It has been generally considered that a claim for indemnity by the owners of the Dacia against the French seizure would be upheld by the State Department here.

AMERICAN FOREIGN-BORN POPULA-TION

J. V. R.—Figures of the number of foreign-born American residents of the nationalities you name are as follows: English, 876,455; Irish, 1,352,155; German, 2,501,181; French, 117,236; Italian, 1,343,070; Russian, 1,602,752; Belgian, 49,397; Austrian, 1,174,924; Serbian, Bulgarian, and Montenegrin, listed together, 21,451; European Turkish, 32,-221; Asiatic Turkish, 59,702.

THE ALLIES' BLOCKADE

C. B. H.—How is it possible for the Allies to accomplish anything of importance by shutting off the food supplies to Germany without practically starving their own soldiers held prisoner in Germany? Will not Germany or any other nation give a decided preference to their own men on the firing line, and, if necessary, let their prisoners starve?

UNDOUBTEDLY Germany will not give to its prisoners any greater ration than to its own soldiers. Consequently, if its own soldiers should starve, naturally, the prisoners of the Allies who are held by Germany would be starved also. This is strictly in accord with international law. It is strictly not in accord with the most humanitarian practice that has been customary in such cases. Usually it has happened that when a nation is unable to feed its prisoners it turns them loose, but there is no obligation on Germany to do this.

From the Allies' point of view, the "sacrifice" of their prisoners in Germany to gain their national ends is doubtless on the same plane as the "sacrifice" of their soldiers at the front with the same object; in other words, a nation must expect and take for granted that the carrying on of a war and the winning of a victory will mean the death of many of its soldiers.

HANS VON WEDEL

C. H. THORLING.—Was Hans von Wedel, whose name has been frequently mentioned in connection with Franz von Rintelen in the fraudulent passport cases and other German activities in this country, shot in the Tower of London upon conviction by court-martial some time last October?

SO far as we have record, under his name, he was not. There have, however, been a number of spies executed in London during the past few months whose names have not been mentioned in the dispatches. The latest record of Hans von Wedel by name was published March 9, when it was stated that the United States Government wanted him for supposed activities in the plot to get spurious passports, and that he was believed to be a prisoner in England.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

M. B. G.—The outstanding events in the Argentine Republic in the years following 1904 were as follows: In July. 1905, Congress passed a law providing for the conversion of the national debt; a measure providing for the conversion of the foreign debt was adopted by the Chamber in August. In February of that year a military insurrection occurred in the Provinces of Buenos Aires, Santa Fé, and Cordoba, but was suppressed in a few days. In June an abortive uprising took place in Santiago del Estero. In August an anarchist attempt was made on the life of the President. In October, 1905, strikes among labor and railway employes led to the proclamation of a state of siege. President Manual Quintana, who assumed office Oct. 12, 1904, died in March, 1906, and was succeeded by the Vice President, Dr. Figueroa Alcorta.

In 1908 an appropriation of \$27,000,-000 was approved to improve the harbor of Buenos Aires. In the Spring of 1909 there were serious labor disturbances, and in November of that year the Prefect of Police was killed in Buenos Aires and the President declared martial law for sixty days. Diplomatic relations with Bolivia were temporarily severed in 1909, and in 1910 the boundary dispute between the two countries went on; in January, 1911, through the good offices of the United States, diplomatic relations between the two countries were resumed. Argentina celebrated its one hundredth anniversary May 25, 1910; the International Agricultural Exposition was held in Buenos Aires in July of that year. In 1911 there was a great deal of privation in the country owing to the failure of the corn crop, and in January and February of 1912 there was a serious railroad strike. In 1912 difficulties with Italy over the Argentine quarantine regulation, which had begun in the previous year, were settled by the signing of a sanitary convention by the two countries. The mediation of Argentina as one of the A B C powers during our trouble with Mexico in 1914, and recent "Pan-American" relations, are too well known to need restatement.

THE EUROPEAN WAR AS SEEN BY CARTOONISTS

[French Cartoon]

The Equation



-Le Rire, Paris.

GERMAN SENTRY: "Our 420's kill 75 of them; but their 75's, alas! kill 420 of us.

Samson in the Balkans



-© Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

THE ENTENTE DELILAH: "I cut his hair off to the roots in 1912, but it has all grown out again!"

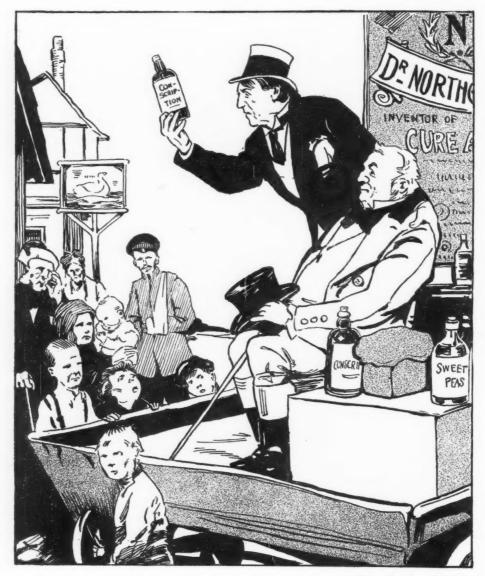
Proof Against His Blandishments



-From The Bystander, London.

THE GERMAN: "I schmile und schmile, but she dake no nodise of me vodeffer! I expect she is vaiting for somepoddy else!"

Compulsory Service



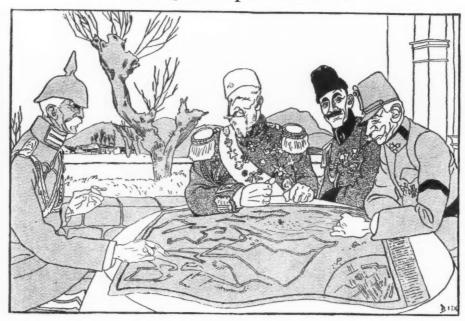
-From London Opinion.

Dr. Northcliffe: "This fine medicine is going to cure all the ills from which this poor gentleman is suffering."



UNCLE SAM: "What shall I do? If I enter the war, then I shall have to use my munitions, without payment, against the enemy, whereas now I can sell them for a good price to my friends."

The Quadruple Alliance

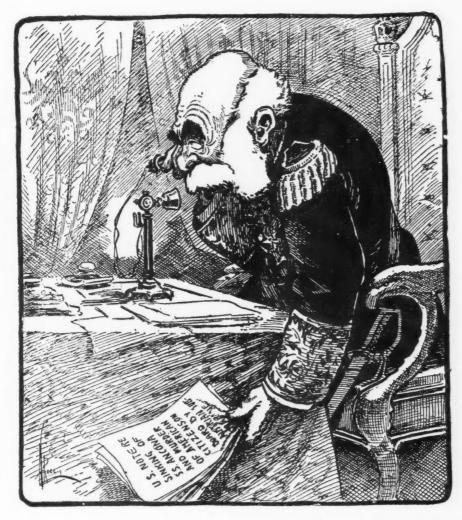


The Quadruple Entente



-5 Simplicissimus, Munich.

Expert Advice Re S. S. Ancona



-From The Star, Montreal.

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "Wilhelm, I have just received a nasty note from President Wilson demanding disavowal, discontinuance, punishment, and reparation. What shall I do?"

THE EXPERT: "Procrastination it, und it forgetten will be soon!"

A British Autumn Elegy



-© Jugend.

"The stock of the Entente in the Orient is falling!"

A Breach of Good Taste



-Travaso, Rome.

FERDINAND: "Sire, my country also may be the victim of Serbian aggression."

FRANCIS JOSEPH: "Do not speak of rope in the house of one who has been hanged."

[Refers to the alleged resentment in Austria toward her German overlords.]

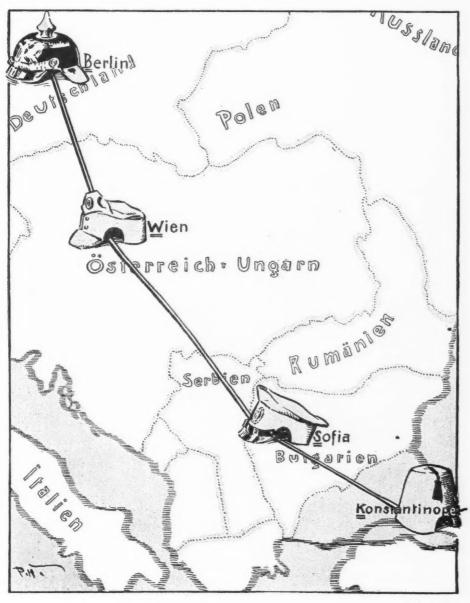
The Yankee Popgun



-From Hindi Punch, Bombay.

Uncle Sam: "Now, then, fear and tremble! Here goes my popgun." German Eagle: "Ha, ha, ha, ha—"

The Berlin-Vienna-Sofia-Constantinople Express



-Ulk, Berlin.

Puff, puff-and the enemy is backed off the track!

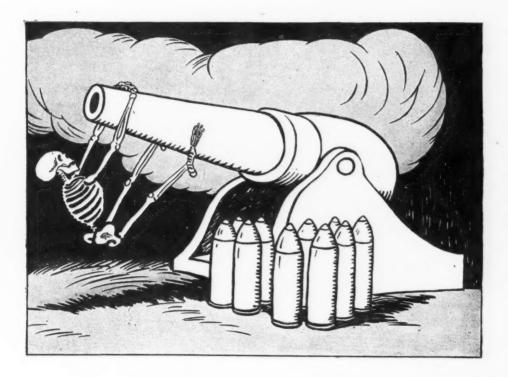
His Sad Quandary



-Numero, Turin.

"Among the kinds of suicide I might choose this—a little more complicated, but surer."

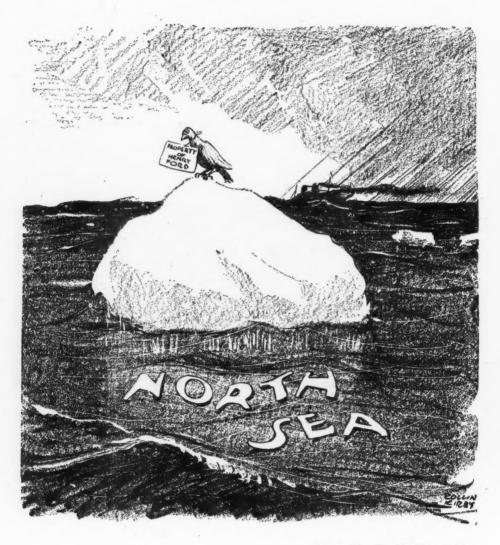
A Tribute of Affection



-Campana de Gracia, Barcelona.

"Ah, my dear! You don't know all the sweet hours you have brought me."

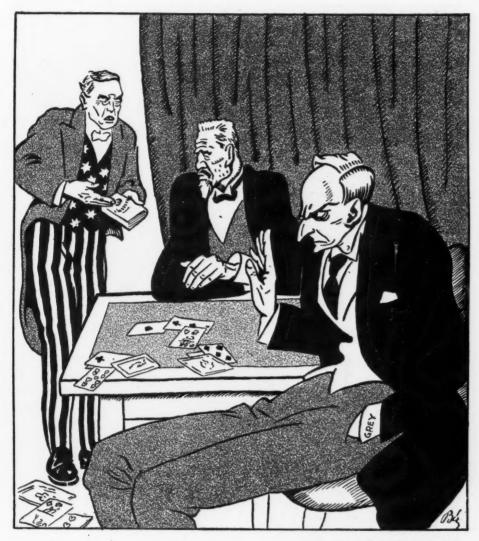
Abandoned



-From The World, New York.

While the Ark of Peace Puts About.

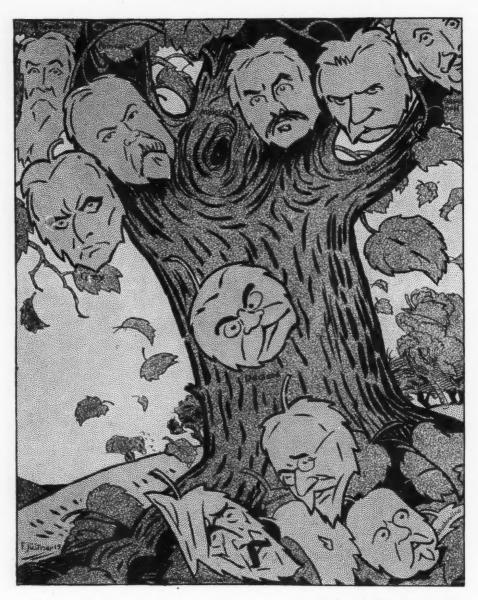
Fair Play!



.- From Borsszem Janko, Budapest.

President Wilson urges Grey, the British Foreign Minister, and Bethmann Hollweg, the German Chancellor, to play fair with a new deck of cards. Grey apparently declines.

Death Gathers All



-© Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.

"I see them fall, leaf after leaf!"

An American Threat



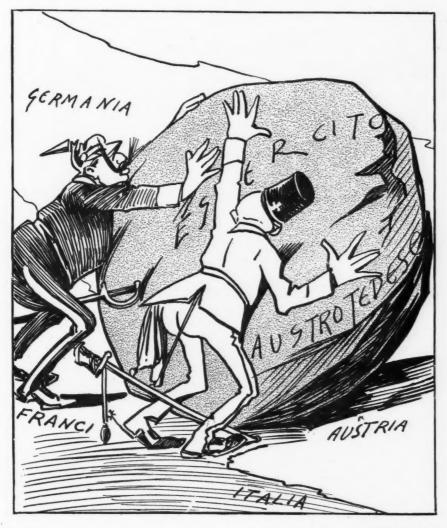
-From Pasquino, Turin.

AMERICA TO GERMANY: "Beware! If you continue to insult me, I will make you pay dearly—(to himself)—through the goods I am exporting to you."



-From The New York Herald.

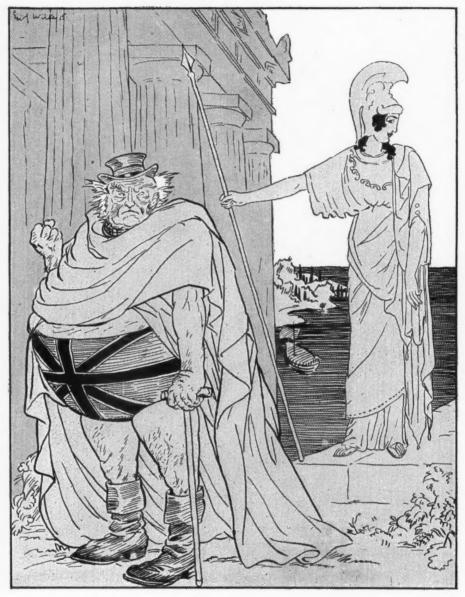
The Labor of Sisyphus



-Fischietto, Turin.

The two companions are "all in," and the rock itself, no matter how resistant, by rolling hither and you through Europe, will at last be worn to sand.

The English Zeus and the Greek Maid



-@ Jugend.

"She has scorned me when I came as an ox, a swan, a cloud, and a shower of gold—and if I attempt to approach her as a Dreadnought, then she laughs!"

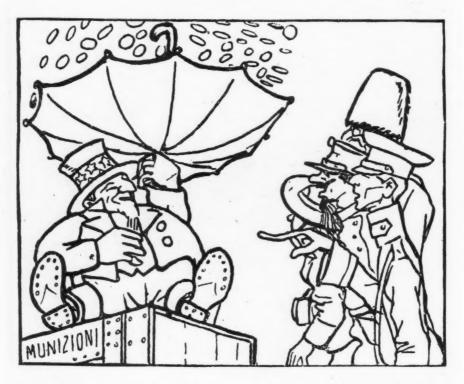
Flying Peace Kites



-From The Bystander, London.

THE KAISER (to VON BUELOW): "Strafe the thing! It doesn't seem to rise at all."

The Munition Seller



-From L'Illustrazione, Milan.

The Disinterested Neutrality of Uncle Sam.

An Old Game



-From The Bystander, London.

The Greek King is amusing himself at an old game, which usually ends badly.

William at Constantinople



-L'Asino, Rome.

MAHOMET: "Accept it! It is a keepsake of the last massacre of Christians."

Progress of the War

Recording Campaigns on All Fronts and Collateral Events, From December 11, 1915, Up to and Including January 11, 1916

CAMPAIGN IN EASTERN EUROPE

Dec. 11-Russians repulsed at Volhynia.

Dec. 12—Germans fortify the Bug River and strengthen their Brest-Litovsk line.

Dec. 19—Russians check an offensive near Lake Miadziol.

Dec. 25—Russians seize an Austrian post near Buczacz.

Dec. 28—Russians attack fiercely on the Dniester and from Bessarabia.

Jan. 1—Russian Army crosses the Styr River. Jan. 2-4—Russians capture heights near Czernowitz.

Jan. 7—Russians take Czartorysk town and fire on Austrian trenches before Czernowitz.

Jan. 9—Teutons driven across the Stripa River.

Jan. 11—A general evacuation of forward bases by Austrians and Germans is in progress.

CAMPAIGN IN WESTERN EUROPE

Dec. 11—French guns batter Meuse trenches.
Dec. 13—British occupy crater in front of Givenchy and bombard the enemy near Ypres.

Dec. 19—Allied guns check German gas attack near Ypres.

Dec. 21-29—Savage fighting around Hartmanns-Weilerkopf results in carrying of positions by the French.

Dec. 30-Jan. 2—Germans regain lost ground in the Vosges.

Jan. 3—German mine drives Allies from Artois trenches,

Jan. 5-8-Germans shell Nancy.

Jan. 9-French withdraw from Hirzstein.

Jan. 11—Violent artillery duels in the Champagne and Argonne districts.

BALKAN CAMPAIGN

Dec. 11—Allied Council decides to persist in the campaign and to send heavy forces to Saloniki.

Dec. 12—Allies retire from Lake Dorran to the Vardar Valley.

Dec. 13—Allies fall back to Saloniki base and the last yard of Serbian territory passes into the hands of their enemies.

Dec. 14—Bulgars occupy Greek frontier in following the retreat of the Anglo-French Army.

Dec. 15—Greek Army evacuates territory from Dorran to Saloniki, leaving it in the hands of the Allies. Dec. 16—Allies have effected a landing on the Albanian coast to relieve the Serbs; Greece and Bulgaria agree upon a neutral zone.

Dec. 18-Allies fortify Saloniki heights.

Dec. 24—Battle between Serbs and Bulgars east of Elbassan, in Albania.

Dec. 25—German guns open on Allies on Greek front.

Dec. 27—Austrians beaten by Montenegrins in Sanjak region.

Dec. 28—Operations of the Central Powers against the Anglo-French Army in Greece temporarily suspended.

Dec. 30—British land 60 miles east of Saloniki

Jan. 2—Montenegrins report successes over the Austrians.

Jan. 4—Bulgars reach Luma in Albania.

Jan. 10-Austrians shell Lovcen.

Jan. 11—Austrians take Mount Lovcen and occupy Serane in Montenegro.

ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

Dec. 11—Austrians recapture advanced posts at Monte Video.

Dec. 13-Italians gain near Gorizia.

Dec. 17—Gorizia fortifications in ruins, but Austrians hold out.

Dec. 18-Italians capture Noore Peak.

Dec. 25—Austrian offensives before Gorizia and in the Corso fail.

Jan. 5—Italians advance in the Riva and Corso zones.

Jan. 6-11—Fighting continues in Riva and Corso zones; no decisive results.

TURKISH CAMPAIGN

Dec. 11—Turks continue Gallipoli bombardment.

Dec. 19-Allies shell Ari Burnu.

Dec. 21—Announcement that British have withdrawn from Anzac and Sulva Bay, Gallipoli.

Dec. 25—Turks silence allied guns at the

Jan. 9—Allies abandon last positions on Gallipoli Peninsula, escaping from the Turks without loss.

CAMPAIGN IN ASIA MINOR

Dec. 13—British repulse Turkish attacks at Kut-el-Amara.

Dec. 15—Arabs attack the British near Matruh.

Dec. 23-Russians in battle near Teheran.

Dec. 27—Senussi tribesmen, advancing along the Egyptian coast, drive the British out of Matruh; Russians defeat German-Turkish force in Persia.

Dec. 30—French land forces on an island off the coast of Asia Minor, ready to deliver a blow at any Teuton-Turkish force that may operate against Egypt.

Jan. 2-9—Turks besiege Gen. Townshend at Kut-el-Amara.

Jan. 10—British force under Gen. Aylmer rushes to save Kut-el-Amara, defeats the Turkish army trying to check its advance, and pursues it.

Jan. 11—British relief force halted at Sheikh Saad, twenty miles from Kut-el-Amara.

AERIAL RECORD

The Allies made many air raids on the western front to prevent the enemy's concentration of troops. Bombs were dropped on Metz, and sixteen British aircraft bombarded Comines, damaging the railroad station and the German aerdome. On Dec. 14 a German seaplane destroyed a British aeroplane off the Belgian coast.

Raids over Italy and Austria continued. On Dec. 13 an Austrian aeroplane squadron dropped bombs on Ancona. An Italian flotilla raided the Valley of Chiapovano on Dec. 15.

Teuton aeroplanes bombarded Scutari.

NAVAL RECORD

In the Black Sea, two Turkish gunboats and a German submarine were sunk and the Turkish cruiser Sultan Selim, formerly the German cruiser Goeben, was damaged.

Another Turkish transport was sunk in the

Sea of Marmora.

Two Belgian relief ships, the Levenpool and the Leto, and the British battleship Edward VII. were sunk by mines.

In an engagement off Durazzo an Austrian squadron was routed and two destroyers were lost

The Russian fleet bombarded Varna, causing considerable damage.

Two British monitors were sunk in the Tigris by the Turks.

A German armed steamer surrendered to the British on Lake Tanganyika.

The activities of German and Austrian submarines in the Mediterranean Sea continued. Among the vessels destroyed were British ships Clan Macfarlane, Glengyle, and St. Oswald, the French steamer Ville de la Ciotat, the Peninsular and Oriental liner Geelong, the Japanese freighter Kenkoku Maru, the Japanese liner Yasaka Maru, and the British passenger liner Persia. Fully 250 persons lost their lives on the Persia, including Robert N. McNeely, an American Consul.

MISCELLANEOUS

Greece is still in a difficult position. Teutons were allowed to follow the Allies in their retreat across the border, but Bulgars were barred. Germany sent an informal inquiry to the Cabinet asking if the use of Greek territory by the Allies was not considered a breach of Greek neutrality.

England passed through another crisis on conscription. On Jan. 4 Premier Asquith introduced a compulsory military service bill in the House of Commons. passed its first reading. Sir John Simson and three Labor members quit the Ministry. Herbert Samuel, Postmaster General, was appointed Home Secretary to succeed Sir John Simon. Important changes were made in the army. Gen. Sir Douglas Haig replaced Sir John French as Commander in Chief of the forces in France and Belgium; Sir Charles Monro succeeded Haig in command of the First British Army in France, and Lieut. Gen. Sir Archibald Murray was sent to the Dardanelles to replace Monro. Gen. Sir John Eccles, commander of the forces in Mesopotamia, was compelled by ill-health to return home. Sir Percy Lake, Chief of the General Staff in India, succeeds him.

On Dec. 11 the French cruiser Descartes seized six persons, Germans and Austrians, from the American steamers San Juan, Coamo, and Carolina. In reply to a protest from the United States Government, France ordered their release. On Dec. 29 British authorities took two German sailors from the American ship John Twohy, and the American steamer Hawaiian reported that two of her seamen had been seized at Barbados.

The United States has protested to Great Britain against the seizure and censorship

of American mails.

In a note delivered to Secretary Lansing by Ambassador Spring-Rice, Dec. 13, England replied to the charges made by Consul General Robert G. Skinner that British shippers were profiting by Great Britain's blockade measure to the detriment of American trade.

Austria-Hungary replied to the American note on the Ancona on Dec. 15. This reply being unsatisfactory, Secretary Lansing, under date of Dec. 19, cabled a second note to Vienna. On Dec. 29 Austria sent a reply, granting every demand made by the United States.

Following the sinking of the liner Persia Secretary Lansing instructed the American Ambassadors at Berlin and Vienna to make informal inquiries that might lead to the identification of attacking submarines.

The German Government has sent written assurances to the United States pledging safety for passenger ships in the Mediterranean Sea and promising to punish submarine commanders who violate it. Austria and Turkey are to join in this pledge. Germany has also agreed to pay indemnity for the Lusitania outrage.